THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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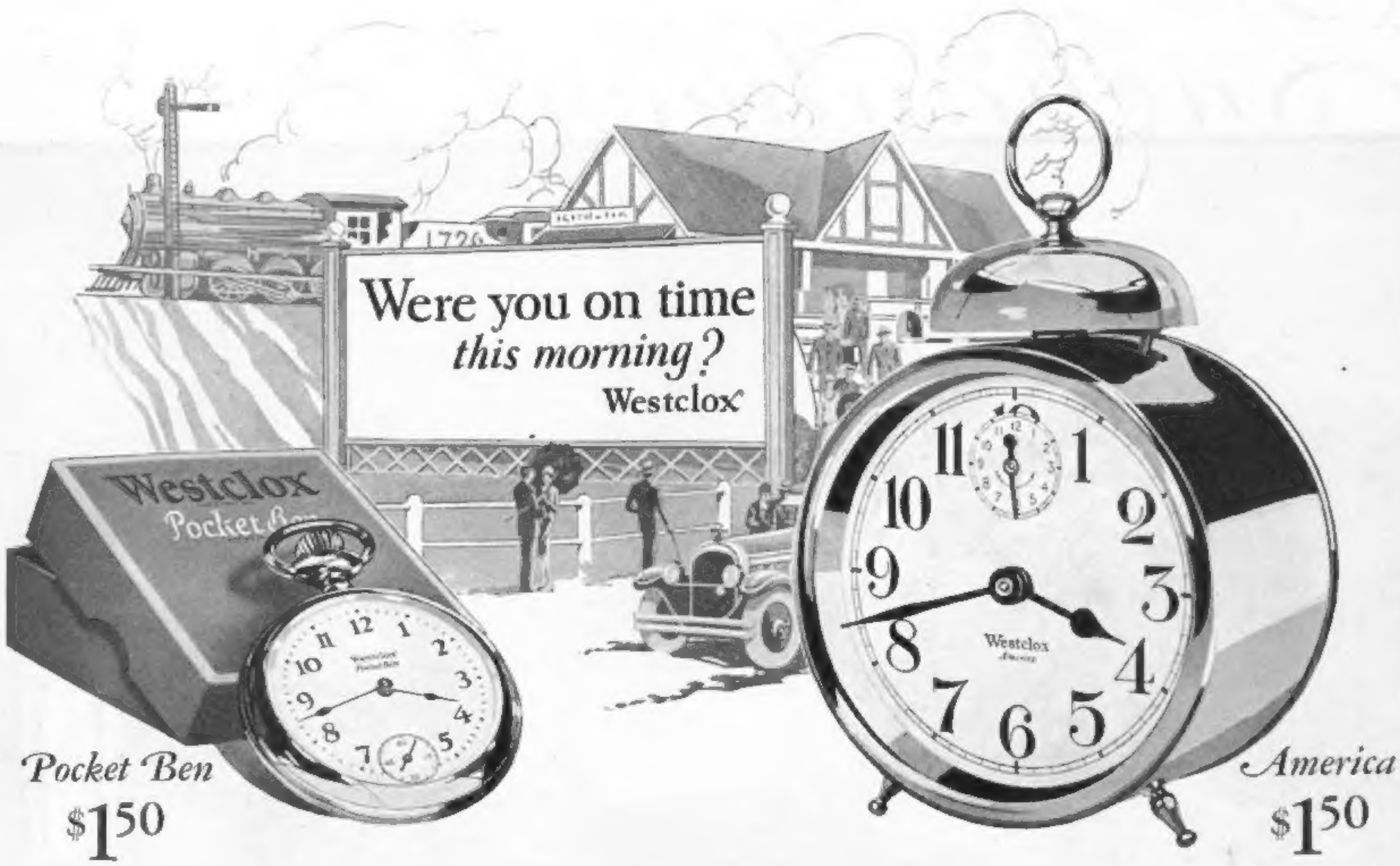

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout, B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
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MISS LA MARNE IN PERSON

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE small but growing town of Gabina was entertaining royalty—not the old-fashioned kind of royalty that still sits on the dwindling thrones of Europe, but the new kind which is known from Capetown to John o'Groat's, from the Horn to Hudson Bay, in remote hamlets which never heard of Oscar II, or even of Alfonso XIII. Marna La Marne was appearing in person before the first run of her picture at the brand-new theater—the Crystal Palace. Of course, Gabina had many picture houses. Two of its old theaters had been converted, and there were several small placarded doorways between shops, but the Crystal Palace was the first modern building designed for the purpose.

The architect had felt that Victorianism was coming into fashion and had found his inspiration in the Albert Memorial—a bloated, gigantic Albert Memorial. In the lobby was an exact copy of the great Winterhaltern portrait of Prince Albert and the Queen, and such of the royal children as had got themselves born at the time, playing like kittens about the royal feet.

The orchestra was to play Waldteufel waltzes and the sentimental songs of the day. The ushers were to wear those brown tail coats and peg-top trousers which seem in modern theatrical circles to be considered the absolutely correct costume for any period not the present.

Miss La Marne herself was to appear in a crinoline beneath billows of pink tulle flounces and water lilies. The picture was called Men and a Maiden, and told the story of chastity triumphing over tremendous odds against a background affording every possible contrast.

Somewhere in That Dark Space Paul Must be Sitting, Listening

The best suite—the bridal or royal suite, in the Plaza Central—once the Central House—had been engaged for Miss La Marne. It was on the second floor, and the trolleys turning the corner shrieked horribly all night long, but this made no difference to Miss La Marne, who was not spending the night.

She had driven all the way from New York, where she was choosing her dresses for her next picture and taking a needed holiday; for, contrary to popular opinion, the work of screen stars is long and arduous. She had driven in what it would be mere sacrilege to call anything but her limousine, and she was driving back after the show.

She arrived at the hotel about five o'clock and passed rapidly through the lobby to the rhythmic clicking of cameras. She did not stop then for a word with the press; she did not bestow a smile, or even an autograph; but, muffling her collar about her face, went straight to the elevator. It was understood that she was hurrying to exchange the simple sables and gardenias of afternoon for the conventional ermine and orchids of evening, and she had barely four hours to do so. The press respected necessity and waited their allotted time for an interview.

The bell boy had been doing all that he could do for royalty—that is to say, bringing up the bags and then turning on every light in the sitting room, the bedroom and the bath, so that it glowed with all the relentless brightness supplied by the Gabina Power and Light Company from the falls of the Gabina River. Before he went he took one good look at her in the illumination he had made. He saw her sleek golden hair, her huge shiny brown eyes; and then, as she nodded a thank you, he saw the curving smile of her modeled lips, the flash of those even blue-white teeth, and with a faint gasp he left the room and did not speak again until he was descending in the elevator. The elevator man, of course, did not usually wait for bell boys, but he waited this afternoon in order to hear the report on Miss La Marne.

The boy said softly, "She certainly is beautiful." And then, after a second, he added: "Yes, she certainly is beautiful."

Mr. Green, the manager of the hotel, was in Miss La Marne's sitting room, expressing the profound happiness of the hotel in a process which he rather optimistically described

as entertaining her. Her maid was flouncing in and out of the room, seizing some bags and repudiating others, and all the time calling loudly for the hotel electrician to come and change the plug for her electric iron. And the great Mr. Julius Cavalho, the head of the company with which Miss La Marne had her latest contract, was there, silent, in a fur-collared overcoat, leaning on a beautiful ebony cane, while his eyes traveled over the room relentlessly, observing whether anything had been omitted that might contribute to Miss La Marne's comfort.

But to none of these people, all important in their own way, had Miss La Marne paid the least attention. She was standing at the window, twisting the cord of the shade and staring down into the square—or, as Mr. Green called it, the plaza.

"We are proud of our plaza, Miss La Marne," he said, looking over her shoulder. "That building across the way is our library. You can't see the full effect, because we are just adding a new wing."

"The library, is it?" said Miss La Marne, and gave a short and somewhat bitter laugh. She and Mr. Cavalho exchanged a glance.

"I hope," said Mr. Green, about to withdraw, "that Miss La Marne will find everything quite comfortable. If there should be anything she wants ——"

"Oh, I shall be all right," said Miss La Marne, in a tone which suggested that the rightness would arise more from her lovely nature than from the accommodations of the Plaza Central. She had turned now to the center table and was tearing open letters and telegrams and boxes of flowers without paying any real attention to any one of them.

"If there is anything she might require ——" said Mr. Green, very confidentially, to Mr. Cavalho.

"Yes," said Mr. Cavalho; "a few more vases for flowers."

"I don't think —— Why, yes, of course," replied Mr. Green, suddenly reflecting that the five-and-ten in the next block was open on Saturday evenings.

"No, not at all," said Miss La Marne; "it isn't necessary. Put all these in the car and send them round to the children's ward of the hospital. . . . I suppose there is a hospital?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Green; "we have the finest hospital west of ——"

"And say, 'With Miss La Marne's compliments,'" said Mr. Cavalho.

"No, don't," said Miss La Marne.

"The children will get a lot more kick out of it if you do," said Mr. Cavalho.

"All right, do—with my compliments."

Mr. Green paused at the door. "Mrs. Keith Lansing has called a number of times on the phone," he said. "She asked if you would call her as soon as you arrived."

"I don't know who she is," answered Miss La Marne, opening a telegram and letting it fall from her fingers like a dead leaf from a branch.

Mr. Green just closed his eyes for a second. "You don't know who she is?" he repeated. "You don't know who Mrs. Lansing—Mrs. Keith Lansing is?" Marna shook her head without looking up, and he turned to Mr. Cavalho. "Quite the most distinguished person in Gabina, socially and financially. She owns the very ground on which the hotel is built—a great lover of the arts, Mr. Cavalho—quite a center of culture."

Mr. Cavalho merely nodded his head. He was still looking for defects in the furnishings.

"Oh, I remember—she asked me to dine—as if I could dine out before an appearance," said Miss La Marne.

"Exactly, exactly," said Mr. Green. "And now I think her hope is that you would go to her house after the performance—for a little supper. I'm sure you would meet an interesting little group there."

His voice faded away. He wanted to be loyal to Mrs. Lansing and yet he suddenly saw that to Miss La Marne nothing in Gabina was likely to be truly interesting.

"I'm motoring back to New York after the show," said Miss La Marne.

Mr. Green summoned all his courage. "Oh, Miss La Marne," he said, "if you would call Mrs. Lansing yourself ——"

Miss La Marne looked up and laid one lovely hand with cherry-red finger tips upon her sable-clad breast.

"I?" she said. "Telephone?"

Mr. Cavalho was a kind man—so kind he did not want anyone to suffer too much for their social errors. He smiled gently at Mr. Green and said that he himself would telephone the great lady. He was dining with the owner of the theater and would be back at the hotel at eight—the hour set for Miss La Marne to see the press. Then he would escort her to the theater.

She Asked for Something to Read—Good But Interesting

Mr. Green was grateful. He again explained the enormous importance of Mrs. Lansing—again to utterly deaf ears. Discouraged, he had almost closed the door behind him when he remembered a message. He reëntered.

"Oh, Miss La Marne," he said, "there is a lady downstairs who claims she is an old friend of yours—a Miss Hedges."

"Claims!" cried Marna, apparently maddened by the word. "What do you mean—claims? She is the best and oldest friend I have in the world. Send her up at once."

Mr. Green sighed. What could you do with people like this?—who did not understand about Mrs. Keith Lansing, and yet were impatient because you kept a high-school teacher waiting. He descended to the hotel parlor—a room of maroon-colored curtains and long mirrors above marble shelves, and reassured the lady who claimed to be a friend that such appeared actually to be the case.

Left alone with his beautiful star, Mr. Cavalho, still leaning on his cane, said severely: "You terrify me, Marna. Why that wise crack about the library? When you told me—you promised me ——"

"Of course," said Marna. "I just said that about the library to see if he had any hint about it. It's just as important to me as to you, Julius."

"You're impulsive, Marna. Promise there won't be any scenes. Who is this woman who is the best friend you ever had?"

"Why, just a girl I've always known. It's a girl, Julius—it isn't my husband."

"You promised me, Marna, that you would make no effort to see your husband."

"Have I made any effort?"

"And that if by any chance you did see him, you would not allow any suspicion to arise in anyone's mind that he was or had ever been your husband."

"This isn't Paul, Julius. This is a woman—an old friend of mine."

"You are impulsive, Marna. Do remember that your public looks upon you as a young—an almost infantile virgin? And if they found out that you were twenty-five and had been married and divorced—separated, I mean—your value—the value of your pictures would go down 75 per cent."

Miss La Marne spoke severely. "Julius," she said, "I know that just as well as you do—better. You've a dozen stars, but I've only myself. I don't want to see Paul—at least, not unless he wants to see me, and it certainly doesn't look like it—not a line, not a flower from him; the mayor—the United Theater owners—but nothing from my own husband. I don't want to see him, but I do want to know how he is—how he's getting on."

"I can't see, considering the way you parted, that that's any of your business."

Miss La Marne slowly drew off her hat. It was so tight that as she did it her eyebrows were drawn upward and she looked for an instant like a Chinese beauty.

"Oh, Julius, you're married, and you must know that the person you've been married to—is always your business. You may leave them, you may hate them—I dare say you may even be divorced from them—it makes no difference, they are always your business—darn it! There's a lot of nonsense talked about marriage, Julius. It isn't romance and it isn't friendship and it isn't a business partnership, but it's a kind of terrible responsibility for the other person that you can never entirely shake off."

"I wish you'd let it all alone," said Mr. Cavalho, not hopefully.

"What I really ought to do is to divorce him and arrange a marriage between him and Carrie."

"Can't he arrange it for himself?"

"He doesn't realize what he wants, probably. Of course no one knows what a man requires in marriage so well as a woman who has been married to him."

Cavalho smiled, shook his head and gave up the point. A natural wisdom combined with a long experience in managing people over whom he never had quite complete control had taught him the philosophy of concession, of yielding a little more than the nonessentials. It was his theory to help where he was not obliged to hinder.

He had a great affection for Marna. Only in the theater and its allied worlds do friendships like this flourish. Cavalho was a man not yet fifty, credited with stormy love affairs, and yet his relations with his beautiful star were sexless—sexless, but not in the least cold. He worked for

her, thought for her, consulted with her, shielded her where she needed protection and pushed her forward where she needed publicity. He had come all the way from New York with her, and was taking a midnight train for the coast only because she was always nervous at the prospect of an appearance on the stage. To an outsider it would have seemed that only passionate love would impel anyone to take so much trouble, but it was merely a normal theatrical friendship of a rather high order.

Now he paused a moment at the door. "I wish," he repeated, "that you'd let it all alone. If he wants to marry the girl, can't he arrange it for himself?"

"But he isn't arranging it; and, after all, Julius, you must admit that I know what is best for Paul."

He smiled sadly at this universal illusion of wives and ex-wives, and left the room.

Seven years before, when Marna La Marne was Mollie Mason and barely eighteen, she had come to Gabina to pay a visit to Caroline Hedges, who had just received the appointment as assistant teacher of English in the new Gabina High School. Carrie had been two years ahead of Mollie in the normal school. She had an elegance and cultivation that gave her prestige among the other girls, and Mollie had been one of her most devout admirers. Carrie not only possessed prestige herself but she could bestow it on others, and she had only to mention two or three times the young assistant librarian and Mollie was on her knees to him, too—even before she had seen him. Of course, like every future school-teacher, Mollie was eager to improve herself; but this was not the motive that led her one afternoon early in her visit to present herself at the desk of the library of Gabina and ask for advice as to her selection of reading matter. She went to the high desk, and addressing the top of a bent light-brown head asked for something to read—good but interesting.

The connective between the two adjectives amused the assistant librarian. He raised his eyes from Drayton's Nymphidia and found himself looking at the loveliest creature that even a poet could invent. He smiled.

"You've had hard luck with the classics, I see," he said. He recommended Jane Eyre and the Moonstone, and thus became the director of her reading, very soon of her thinking, and before so very long of her whole life.

He himself was a romantic—the last member of a good old family that had gone quietly to seed in the district in which it had first settled; though Paul himself had not gone to seed, unless a clear determination never to engage in the great game of making a fortune could be so considered. His only possessions were an income of a few hundred, a funny little Dutch cottage made of stone and built so close to the river that the back steps led to a boat landing, and a great and absorbing passion for English verse. Out of these simple ingredients he thought it possible to make for himself a happy life. He had worked his way through Yale, had been the class poet of his year and had come home to devote his life to writing verse. His native town made him assistant librarian—a post which did not interfere with poetry. Everything went well with him until, looking over his desk, he saw Mollie peering up at him.

Her stay in Gabina was short, but it had momentous consequence. She and Paul fell in love with each other almost at once; and with that strange blindness that comes to people absorbed in their own passion, they forgot all about Carrie's, although both of them knew and one of them had said that Carrie and Paul would make an ideal couple. They flaunted their love before her, they confided in her, they expected—and received—her sympathy, and they both constantly assured her that she was their best friend and they owed all their happiness to her. And Carrie, instead of hating them, thought how much better fitted Mollie was, with her sweet temper and her beauty, than she herself, with nothing but her devotion; for Carrie was unconquerably humble-minded.

For a time Paul and Mollie were very happy. To Mollie, Paul with his long figure, his aristocratic hands, his powers of writing verse, his knowledge of books and foreign tongues and history, and above all, his handsome dark-blue eyes—seemed like a being from a different and superior world; while to him she was quite simply the incarnation of all beauty—beauty at once of body and of spirit.

Mollie lived in a village about twenty-five miles away from Gabina. Every Sunday Paul came out on the ten-o'clock trolley and spent the day. Her uncle and aunt, with whom she lived, considered him very aristocratic, and consented, without being asked, to what they considered an engagement. Mollie considered it so also. The only cloud upon their mutual love was Paul's reiterated statement that he was temperamentally unsuited to matrimony—not a very dark cloud from Mollie's point of view, because she was temperamentally incapable of believing it. When he said that domesticity killed love—that he would adore her forever if she lived in a tower—she thought such vaporings the sign of an interesting but impractical imagination. Her creed was simple—that two young people who loved each other got married as soon as it was possible.

The possibility came to them sooner than they expected. Paul was offered a full librarianship in Goresport, Ohio. The salary, though small, was twice what he had been receiving, but it was a salary on which any man might venture to marry a good manager—and Mollie, as Paul knew, was an excellent manager. She was in the seventh heaven at the news—so beautiful and joyous that Paul could not bring himself to tell her that he had intended to ask her consent to his refusing it.

They were married immediately in the little church in her own village, and for their honeymoon started immediately for Goresport. They took a small—a very small—flat, for real-estate values in Goresport were booming at the moment; and Mollie threw herself into the

(Continued on Page 95)

"Such Wonderful Buildings for a Town of its Size. . . . Your Library, Now—I've Been Admiring Your Library"

SO INGENUOUS—By Struthers Burt

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Charley Seemed to Have No Sense of Mine and Thine Where Young Women Were Concerned. The Fact That Cynthia and Viel-Castel Were Definitely and Publicly Engaged, With All the Formality of the European Standard in That Respect, Bothered Him Not in the Least

KNOWING well my own country, I was naturally somewhat puzzled. There are, of course, wide variations of accent, voice and use of phrase, but, as is the case with all nations, those above a certain level of education speak more or less a common language. The question is a horizontal, not a perpendicular one. And this young man, as I say, puzzled me; also, he annoyed me, despite his charm and good looks.

He came from Charleston, and Charleston people do, to be sure, speak with a soft, slurring tongue and use, here and there, local expressions, but a prosperous young lawyer from Charleston, educated at Harvard, the scion of a distinguished family, is very much like a prosperous young lawyer everywhere else.

He does not talk like a negro from the Sea Islands, he does not use "ain't" exclusively, he is never so childlike and candid and almost rosily provincial. He is especially not any of the last three when his face and clothes so belie his conversation and attitude.

This Charles Mason for whom we had been waiting for almost a month was a tall, slim, graceful fellow of about thirty, with carefully brushed black hair, deep-set and amused eyes, a straight nose, and about his mouth little lines of determination, experience and humor. You were astonished when this mouth opened and the soft voice said:

"I sutinly am right glad tu meet yu, Mr. Hamlin. My Aunt Aurelia has sure done some tall braggin' on yu. Says yu just about made this hyar winter fer her. She's sure got an awful fine place hyar, ain't she? Yourope? Nos-suh. Except for th' wah, when I was ovah hyar fer half a year, this is my furst visit. I ain't rightly acquainted yet."

The sort of babbling, good-natured, hard-to-stop conversation that at once determines a man in your mind as a harmless house dog, nondescript and anxious to please.

I was not only disappointed because Charles Mason was so good-looking and, therefore, otherwise would have been such a presentable specimen of my countrymen—as it was, he was somewhat embarrassing—but I felt definitely let down.

Here was a conclusive argument, a breathing, walking and talking argument disproving the statements I had been making, not, at moments, without anger, to his distinguished Aunt Aurelia. Americans—at least so Charles Mason would seem to show—were as uncouth, as childish and childlike as she thought them. This argument between Aunt Aurelia and myself had been going on at intervals ever since I had met her and become her neighbor—a relatively humble neighbor—six months before.

You must understand that Aunt Aurelia and I lived in a small town in the south of France. Aunt Aurelia lived on the hill, in what had once been the château of the district, and I lived in the valley at her feet. Had Aunt Aurelia been a medieval lady, every morning she and her maids would have emptied the slops down into my diminutive garden, for between the southern walls of the château and myself there was nothing but a hundred feet or so of dazzling sunshine and a straight precipice, covered with vines, and, where an inch of earth could find lodgment, cactuses and flowering bushes. If it hadn't been for the red-tiled roof of my little peasant house, Aunt Aurelia could have seen everything I did.

But Aunt Aurelia didn't care what I did. Aunt Aurelia didn't care what anyone did, so long as he or she acknowledged Aunt Aurelia's charm, magnificence and position.

For the most part, the world was merely a pageant to be observed and commented upon; for the most part, to Aunt Aurelia, there was only one real person, and that real person was Aunt Aurelia. Otherwise she was mildly interested in a few elderly dukes, the exiled royal family of France, and a succession of bright-eyed young men, of dubious nationality, who followed her around and acted, each in turn, as her secretary. These might have been Greeks, Levantines, or merely Europeans born on the border lines between countries.

An extraordinary creature, Aunt Aurelia—the famous Miss Whitling. You know her statues. A combination of released artist and aloof grand lady. One of those rare people who not only keep their cakes but also continuously eat them. Had she had a trifle more sense of humor and reality, she would have been a great artist; had she had a trifle less sense of humor and reality, she would have been a complete grand lady. As it was, she got along pretty well, anyhow. If she wanted to embrace the particular young Levantine who at the moment was her secretary, out on the south wall of her garden, by moonlight, and in full view of the little town below her, she did so.

But, on the other hand, you couldn't take advantage of this fact—or rather, facts—in the cheery modern fashion. You couldn't twit Aunt Aurelia, even when you got to know her well, about these mature and probably harmless incidents, so openly arrived at, nor, on the other hand, could you congratulate her. They were obscure, muffled and romantic. Completely Victorian. You were torn between fear that Aunt Aurelia would make a fool of herself by marrying one of these secretaries and fear that she would make a fool of herself by not marrying one. So far, apparently, she had done neither one nor the other. Having preserved a rather beautiful figure and a stately if somewhat stricken face, she was convinced, I am sure, that all these youthful Levantines, tried one by one and cast aside, were attracted by her beauty, her fame and her wit alone.

She did not know what youthful Levantines will do, or are forced to do, in order to keep highly paid and comfortable jobs.

Poor lady! A magnificent woman if she hadn't been so horribly cultured and if she had been born twenty years or so later, or if she had had a fairly brutal and not too civilized husband, or someone to contradict her at least eight times a day.

Aunt Aurelia represented the American artistic upheaval of the early 90's, and that wing of it the members of which, shaking the crude soil of their native land from their feet, had settled permanently in Europe. There, for a while, Aunt Aurelia had had a tremendous vogue, carving Italian angels for American churches, and French fauns and dryads for American drawing-rooms, which—angels, fauns

and dryads—added to an independent income, enabled Aunt Aurelia to live in châteaux and take an interest in the exiled royal family. Even when Americans began to suspect that perhaps there were American angels, too, and the popular taste in fauns and dryads demanded less clothes and more action, Aunt Aurelia's vogue continued and, among the more conservative, her reputation. By this time her prices were such that, old-fashioned or not, to possess one of her statues was to label yourself as being rich, anyhow. Among the newer arrivals at Palm Beach were a dozen or so Whitling fauns and dryads. They were the sort of thing referred to with deliberate casualness.

You said: "Oh, yes; this is a little Whitling I just picked up." You know, the way you refer to a racing stable or a foreign car.

Aunt Aurelia could afford to disregard the Brancousi scoffers, and I certainly would not have challenged her in any detail—her stately progress was too amusing, if nothing else—had it not been for her patronizing attitude toward her own country and for the way in which, as a subsidiary of this attitude, she was perverting a sweet girl cousin who lived with her—one Cynthia Scarlett. At least I thought Cynthia sweet, although I knew little about her. But then, after you pass forty, something happens to your brain and character in this respect and you are likely to think any pretty creature under twenty-five fundamentally magnificent if only given a chance. You spend a vast amount of time and energy counseling young women; trying to bring to the surface their innate finenesses and real characters. Sometimes, when you have been partially successful in the latter respect, you are not so well satisfied.

But Cynthia really was sweet, I think, and fairly intelligent, and she was certainly extremely pleasing to the outer eye. Like her third cousin, Charley Mason, soon to meet her for the first time, she was tall and slender and graceful, but light where he was dark, with close-cropped bronze hair and brown eyes and a good deal of color. It appalled you, gave you a sense of wasted effort when this product of so many American generations, of American exertion and visions and hopes, this lovely culmination of things American, echoing the sentiments of her cousin Aurelia, pronounced some such judgment as this:

"Oh, no, I couldn't possibly live in America again. I would be bored to death."

"How long has it been since you have been there?"

"Eight years."

"And you think it is boring? It's rather an exciting country, you know. Even its enemies find it that."

"You don't understand. Exciting for business men, possibly, for men who work, but not exciting for women. It lacks charm."

"Well, that depends on the way one looks at things. The idle men of Europe, whose object it is to amuse idle women, are becoming slightly anachronistic even in their own lands. I could imagine a man who works being very exciting to a woman. . . . What would you do if you fell in love with an American?"

"I couldn't."

Whereupon Aunt Aurelia's precise contralto would probably take up the thread of the conversation.

"I have every consideration for my countrymen," she would say. "I respect them in certain ways immensely. Also, I have numerous American friends, and individually there are many with grace and cultivation. But the United States is not the sort of place where people like Cynthia and myself are happy. I am an artist, Cynthia a young woman. Why not face the facts? I know my own country well. I go back at least once every five years and spend a month or two. Marvelous, quite. But the tempo! The spiritual values!"

Face the facts! What were the facts about a prodigious half continent? About any country, for that matter? And: "I know my own country well. I go back at least once every five years and spend a month or two." Aunt Aurelia was so reasonable, so calm, so assured, so ignorant that the attacking forces fell back baffled and in disorder. They did not know where to begin. They felt that to get anywhere with Aunt Aurelia they would have to sit down and talk to her for at least twenty-four hours, doggedly and without interruption. Besides, Aunt Aurelia had a cold gray eye, turning from amusement to sudden concentration, which made you feel, when you crossed her, like a harried fish seeking ineffectual shelter from the shadow of an eagle's plunge.

Tempo, materialism and childishness—those were Aunt Aurelia's favorite catchwords, and I got well used to them before the winter was over. With her pink, childish lips, Cynthia, childlike, repeated them, thinking herself a most experienced young woman. She did not know that the older you get—save you be an Aunt Aurelia—the less given to large, bland statements you become, the more you know yourself to be a child—a child in the face of a baffling, mysterious universe where even the oldest king, the wisest sage are children too. That childlike fellow—Goethe; that mere baby—Plato!

Meanwhile almonds began to blossom in my little sunny garden and the nightingales settled down to their most professional sort of singing, and suddenly three important things happened to our small world.

Aunt Aurelia got a new secretary—a dark young man named Arnold Kraemer, who claimed to be a Bavarian—a visitor arrived in the person of the Baron Hugo de Viel-Castel, supposed to be Italian, of French descent, who stayed and stayed and stayed, and made love to Cynthia; and one day—a day in April, when we were sitting in the château garden after lunch—Aunt Aurelia, opening her mail, announced the coming of her nephew, Charley Mason.

The last, it seemed to me, was received with more portentousness than the occasion warranted. A sudden silence fell upon the languid, flower-scented proceedings. Hugo de Viel-Castel, sitting beside Cynthia, his black sleek head bent over her, raised this head, stared at the horizon and twisted his small black mustache. Only Arnold Kraemer was unmoved. He nibbled his fifth chocolate mint in the manner of a contented secretary.

"Why? What's the matter?" I asked. "Doesn't anyone like him?"

"I was thinking," said Hugo de Viel-Castel, "how pleasant thees little party has been. Now we will have to take thees Charley Mason around with us wherever we go."

He had said too much. Aunt Aurelia looked at him sourly. "Not in the least," she said. "He is quite capable of taking care of himself. It will be a pleasure to see him."

You couldn't attack, unscathed, anything belonging to Aunt Aurelia, even if it was American. Moreover, she disliked presumption. Hugo de Viel-Castel, an astute young man, perceived his mistake and gnawed at his mustache with his lower lip. Aunt Aurelia turned to me as a fellow citizen.

"You will like him very much," she said. "He is charming—although I haven't seen him for ten years."

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"Will You Fight a Duel With Him, Hugo, if He Tries to Kiss Me Again?" "That," Said Viel-Castel, "Would Suit Me Perfectly"

SWEET SOUNDS ON THE AIR

By Joseph Hergesheimer

PERHAPS. At times. But not, by any means, invariably. If the radio existed solely on the base of sweet sounds, it wouldn't, the whole truth is, exist. The static alone would see to that. For example, in the first three weeks of the past February there was not a night free from static—a night even comparatively free. February, it was agreed, was the freest of all months from static. There were even mild explosions on WJZ; and when there is any disturbance at all in Chester County on WJZ, all the rest is hell. No other word could be adequate. The weather, of course, was unusual—it was not a commonplace to have persistent lightning throughout a February evening—but then weather is always unusual. It is almost always different from what is expected. Normal. Normal weather, I am convinced, has no existence. At least now. Perhaps, in the past, winter could be safely counted on to be an affair of immaculate cold, stars and snow. I remember, it seems to me, such winters.

Anyhow, outside of WJZ, for more than three weeks the sweet sounds on the air were sadly and loudly confused. Cannon and insane disembodied saxophones, the shattering noises of aerial rolling mills, interrupted all the sequences of orderly and seductive notes. Especially in stations more than a hundred miles away. It was possible, through all this, of course, to confine my radio to WJZ. I would then have continuously enjoyed the most engaging sounds—string quartets, jazz, orchestras profane and serious—beautifully serious—the piano, two pianos, the violin, the marimba, one voice or a hundred—perhaps two hundred—and the organ. Personally I could do very well without the organ. It seems to me to be a singularly mechanical and weary instrument. I didn't even like it in churches, where it had a certain appropriateness to the stained-glass windows—church music in the eighteenth century, with viola and flutes, was quite another and lovely affair—but in a radio an organ was no more musical than the rumbling of an oppressed elephant. It was bad, playing arrangements made for it, but incredible, launched into the gay silliness of contemporary tunes. I have heard Ice Cream, You Scream played on an organ, and you wouldn't believe it. No one would believe it.

PHOTO, BY HAROLD STEIN, N. Y. C.

Madame Jeritza. In Oval—Lucille Chalfant, American Coloratura Soprano

Getting Polish by Radio

ANYHOW, again, until static is eliminated there can be no certainty about the sweet sounds. It wouldn't, as a matter of fact, be wholly unreasonable to set a radio at WJZ and never shift it. Except—where I was concerned—to shut it off through the lectures. I was totally unable to profit by them. I didn't, I was afraid, want to profit in that manner from a radio. It was solely a source of pleasure. In addition, more than once I had been convinced that I was listening to France or to Spain, when it was nothing but a lesson in one of those languages in the city of New York. I once listened, inarticulate with excitement, to an entire recital in a strange, an entirely foreign, speech. It turned out to be Polish night in Camden, New Jersey.

Aside from that, there was a curse on talking on the radio—the radio enormously increased the potentiality of speech and it demanded a corresponding importance. Humor must be instantaneous; it could have no period of explanation or preparation. The first word must be funny; if it wasn't, there were, together with an almost universal impatience, a hundred other things waiting for the mere turn of a wrist. Only subjects of overwhelming and immediate interest, speakers of great reputation, had any luck at all. The rest were hardly more than stray phrases heard in a rapid shifting among kilocycles. There are, naturally, people who listen to the milder lectures, but they cannot be many. There are, too, exceptions—I once listened, enchanted, to a woman explaining, for the benefit of all women to whom she and the air were audible, the mysteries of feminine undergarments. She devoted a great deal of time to the brazeer. The brazeer! I realized finally that she was concerned with that important trifle girls now called a bras. From the brazeer she went generally into langeray. Very ray. However, lecturers were not often so engaging.

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF NATIONAL BROADCASTING CO.

Yes, I got no good from the lectures nor did I enjoy what plays I sometimes inadvertently brought into being—the melodramas and the comedies. The threats of a villain issuing from the staid walnut cabinet of my radio had no power to appall me. I wasn't touched by the suffering of the heroine. The comedies, if possible, were worse. They were sprightly. Abominable quality. It was impossible to credit their arch humors. Games—football games—and prize fights were better. The bands and cheering of the first, the dramatized action, could be exciting—the voice of a spectacle—and the prize fights were, for me, illuminated by a kind of satirical comment. Quite unplanned. I didn't like them; and their description, blow by blow, was even more incredible coming, apparently, out of nothing into the tranquillity of my dining room:

"A short jab over the heart. A hard right to the mouth. A nasty hook in the stomach." Knock-outs and nausea. I could, in addition, hear the voice of the crowd—a far from reassuring sound. It wanted nothing less than death. It was, still, Roman. Nineteen hundred years had been powerless to change that. There was humor in the descriptions of prize fights—a quality, heaven knew, absent from broadcast banquets. Smooth and conventional remarks, pale wit, punctuated with a hollow and rattling applause. Even the weather was better—the areas of depression, the temperatures of cities, the movements of the clouds. The stock quotations were far more reasonable. Banquets to admirals, or for generals, were frequent—the national anthem on the brass, a threatening clearing of throats, and dry—very dry—and very long toasts.

Ada and Lucy and Cornstarch

ON THE other hand, what, I found, was widely complained of—the purely commercial announcements between numbers—I greatly enjoyed. I thought that Ada, with all her Egyptian—or was it Phœnician?—troubles, and Lucy of Lammermoor were vastly improved by periods explaining the particular beauty of a particular starch, the virtues of a washing machine or the reliability of a garage. It was so American, and I happened to like America. I liked the United States and I did not, unembellished, like Ada or Lucy. I was entirely willing to go further than that—I did not appreciate the grand-opera school of singing. Nor grand-opera songs. They were, naturally, improved by the absence of the visual grand opera; it was not necessary to suffer from the persons of the singers, but the sounds themselves, to my ear, were not sweet. They were, far more often, hideous. I do not, I cannot, believe in them. I am cold to the spiritual agony of a lady surrounding with arpeggios the body of her dead lover. I have no essential faith in the ability of anyone, condemned to be smothered, to sing. The almost exhausted negro blues did not fall among my pleasures. I could not, with benefit, listen to a short and uninteresting phrase repeated twenty times; particularly when the phrase was drawn, wailing, twenty times its excusable length. I Got the Railroad Blues, lifted in monotonous lament in St. Louis, was not insistently engaging in West Chester—not after its tenth unvaried repetition. A second assertion that somebody done somebody wrong was little if any better. Yes, the commercial statements, direct or indirect, were far superior, fresh and actual and serious. Anyhow, why not? Who, after all, was going to pay for so much entertainment? Who and why? The sale of radios would never in the world do it. There was a very national and authentic American genius; it was not for grand opera, it might be material, but, at the moment, it could not be changed; and rather than undertake the heavy nobility of its improvement in the future, I prefer to accept and enjoy it, to recognize its undeniable humor.

There were, in addition to static and fading and vocal woppery, two primary interruptions of sweet sounds in the air. The first, without doubt, was overcrowding. I had no idea how an improvement in that could be secured in a republic under the present convenient view of the Constitution. In the variety of government I would prefer—a limited monarchy—there would be a ministry of the air; it would be comparatively easy. The situation would be considered impersonally, as a whole, and channels of sound

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MRS. HERBERT HOOVER

Portrait of an American Lady—By Elizabeth Frazer

IT WAS reception day at 2300 S Street. Not one of the regular cabinet Wednesdays, when Mrs. Herbert Hoover, admittedly one of the most popular and accomplished hostesses of Washington official circles, was wont to receive five or six hundred guests with the same natural and friendly ease with which Mrs. Jones of Main Street might entertain a few friends; for receptions are part of the warp and woof of the normal daily life of a cabinet member's wife, and as such have become second nature to Mrs. Hoover. But this afternoon was something different. For the D.A.R.'s were holding their annual convention in Washington and Mrs. Hoover had tendered them a garden party, with special honors paid to the delegations from Iowa—Mr. and Mrs. Hoover's native state—and from California, their adopted state.

The pleasant Georgian house on the hill, gracious and homelike but not at all palatial or magnificent, was ready to receive the guests. Sunlight streamed through the spacious rooms. Open wood fires crackled cheerfully on the hearth in the drawing-room and in Mr. Hoover's study, for the sunny spring afternoon held a chill; sprays of apple blossoms made a splash of delicate pink against the dark paneled walls; the windows, opening on a broad veranda which runs the entire rear length of the house, gave glimpses of woodland vistas; the stone balustrade on the veranda was gay with potted tulips. Here, in mild weather, the Hoover family, father and mother, sons, grandchildren, nieces and house guests, collect for a real sit-down American breakfast before scattering to the day's work.

Out behind the house lay a strip of sunlight-drenched woodland. Here were no sunken gardens or jeweled lawns manicured to the last degree of formal perfection, but a gently sloping hillside of natural unlandscaped woods, soft underfoot with creeping vines, the trees clad thinly in the first tender fuzz of lucent green. For early in her youth Mrs. Hoover, *née* Lou Henry, answered the call of the wild in drowsy old Monterey by the Pacific, and she has been answering it ever since, a love of unfettered nature being one of her deepest characteristics. So in this little space of open greenery squirrels whisked in and out of the branches, a vivid cardinal flew down to light on the threshold of Mr. Hoover's study and a fat friendly robin sauntered forth to watch the colored boys hurrying through the trees with pitchers of lemonade for the refreshment table down by the pool. A country home, not a stiff urban residence, with sun and birds and trees for nearest neighbors.

The Outdoor Woman

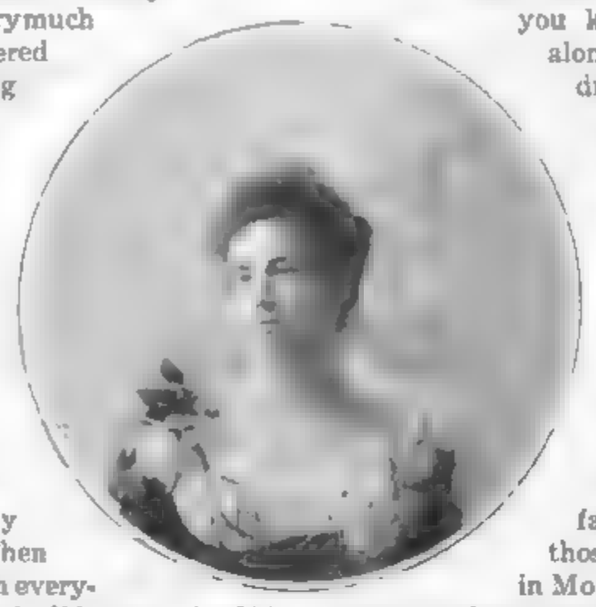
AT A FEW minutes before three, Mrs. Hoover appeared downstairs in a brown chiffon and lace gown which matched her eyes, her soft gray hair, unmarceled, banded coronet-wise about a distinguished head. And as she is very distinctly a personality in her own right, as well as being the wife of the most conspicuous candidate of the Republican Party for the presidency, and may be, if the electors of this country consent, the First Lady of the land, she merits a scrutiny as she pauses on the threshold of the drawing-room to cast an alert glance over the scene.

In the first place, one notes that she is easy, natural, self-possessed—beautiful, in fact, though in the stresses and strains of Washington social life she has lost some of the vivid coloring which marked her earlier years. But she is still youthful, vital; her eyes, wide planted, direct of gaze, are whimsical, humorous, as is also the curve of a wide mobile mouth. She moves lightly, gracefully, is quick to laughter, vivacious in speech. An inimitable story-teller, warm-hearted, spontaneous, very much alive. A woman with a big-calibered nature and decided charm, not dwelling in petty things. Life has been so generous to her that she can afford to be warm and generous to life.

We had a few words before the steady stream of guests set in, and some talk later on. She spoke of Monterey, her girlhood home.

"I was born in Iowa," she said, "but my parents went out to California when I was still a child—made several trips back and forth—and finally we settled in Whittier, where my father, a banker, started a bank. Then came the big slump in the 90's, when everything crashed. But my father's bank did not crash; he pulled things through and nobody lost a cent; he was always proud of that. But prosperity was finished in that section. My father said there was no use sitting down in the middle of a wheat field for the next ten years waiting for a comeback, and so he pulled up stakes, went north and established the family at Monterey.

"I was a tall, lanky girl then, not overstrong, and as my father loved the out-of-doors and had no son, he took me with him camping, fishing, tramping over the foothills and up into the high Sierras, spending days and nights in the open. He taught me to make a camp fire, cook, pitch tents, instructed me in woodcraft; and we enjoyed intensely every moment of these excursions. It was a fine start in life and it accounts directly for my interest in the Girl Scout movement today; for I realize how much those early years meant to me, how they developed my independence and stimulated my love of the country.



In China in 1901

"My mother didn't care so much for these excursions. She didn't mind if she could go in a surrey—do you know what a surrey is?—and carry along a mattress to sleep on, but she didn't really enjoy roughing it. So, usually, my father and I would start off alone. We'd walk down the road a piece and then take off across the fields—in any direction, camp when and where we felt like it. I was young, eager, adventurous; I loved every stick and stone of the countryside, rode like a boy and the days went by like a dream.

"A few years ago, when my mother died, I thought it might distract my father from his grief to revive some of those early memories. So I picked him up in Monterey and then I motored him east clear across the continent, camping out every night. A Filipino servant did the rough work, pitching tents, and so on, but I did all the driving and cooking; and my father, who was nearing eighty, enjoyed it heartily. He is now eighty-three, and yet last year he went on a camping trip in the high Sierras, which did him no end of good. And so my love of out-of-doors, fixed in me as a child, is a perfectly natural heritage from my father, who taught me to enjoy roughing it when I was young and impressionable."

The Keynote of Her Character

THE first influx of guests was arriving; she broke off, rose and took her position at the head of the receiving line for a steady three-hour ordeal of handshaking.

"But it's not an ordeal," she assured me, laughing. "I really enjoy it." And watching her, natural, spontaneous, it was quite evident that she did; she was like a strong and graceful swimmer perfectly at ease in familiar seas.

But before getting on with her story, let us linger a moment in this girlhood setting, for it strikes the keynote of a very deep-rooted trait in her character which shaped her entire later life and made her such a magnificent companion of her mining-engineer husband when the two began to roam the remote outtrails of the world.

Drowsy, picturesque Monterey, capital of the old Spanish province Alta California, full of quaint Spanish reminders, tiled adobe houses with fig and orange trees in the patios, iridescent abalone shells bordering the paths, miles of lonely beach, with tiny white-breasted sandpipers scampering along the foam and hell-divers riding the crests of the long breakers to intensify the solitude, and with the westering sun making a glittering track across the long smooth swells of the tranquil Pacific to China just across the way. Here, with horseback riding, swimming, tramping and camping, with her father for guide, philosopher and friend, the girl led a large, free, joyous existence,

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On the Back Porch, 2300 S Street, Washington, D. C.

A LIVERPOOL LOCHINVAR

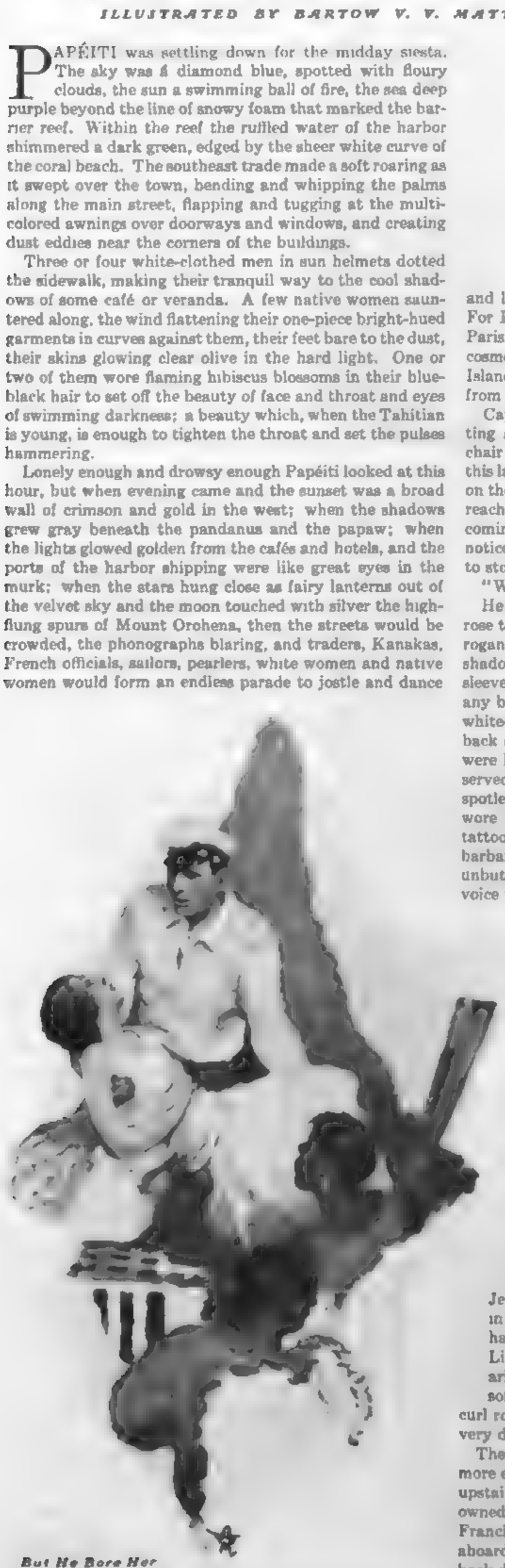
By Albert Richard Wetjen

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

PAPÉITI was settling down for the midday siesta. The sky was a diamond blue, spotted with floury clouds, the sun a swimming ball of fire, the sea deep purple beyond the line of snowy foam that marked the barrier reef. Within the reef the ruffled water of the harbor shimmered a dark green, edged by the sheer white curve of the coral beach. The southeast trade made a soft roaring as it swept over the town, bending and whipping the palms along the main street, flapping and tugging at the multicolored awnings over doorways and windows, and creating dust eddies near the corners of the buildings.

Three or four white-clothed men in sun helmets dotted the sidewalk, making their tranquil way to the cool shadows of some café or veranda. A few native women sauntered along, the wind flattening their one-piece bright-hued garments in curves against them, their feet bare to the dust, their skins glowing clear olive in the hard light. One or two of them wore flaming hibiscus blossoms in their blue-black hair to set off the beauty of face and throat and eyes of swimming darkness; a beauty which, when the Tahitian is young, is enough to tighten the throat and set the pulses hammering.

Lonely enough and drowsy enough Papéiti looked at this hour, but when evening came and the sunset was a broad wall of crimson and gold in the west; when the shadows grew gray beneath the pandanus and the papaw; when the lights glowed golden from the cafés and hotels, and the ports of the harbor shipping were like great eyes in the murk; when the stars hung close as fairy lanterns out of the velvet sky and the moon touched with silver the high-flung spurs of Mount Orohena, then the streets would be crowded, the phonographs blaring, and traders, Kanakas, French officials, sailors, pearlers, white women and native women would form an endless parade to jostle and dance and laugh the night away. For Papéiti is Papéiti, the Paris of the Pacific, that cosmopolitan city of the Islands to which men come from all the world.



But He Bore Her Willy-Nilly Down the Boat Companion, as Shoes Sounded Along the Deck Above and Shouts Came From the Lounge

Captain Barlow was sitting sprawled in a wicker chair beside a marble-topped table outside of Mac's Hotel this late morning when Marion first saw him. Mac's stands on the corner near the beach road and one has to pass it to reach the main street. It was quite natural then for Marion, coming up from the quay and at loss for directions, to notice Tom Barlow, sprawled out with his iced beer, and to stop beside his table.

"Where," she said, "is the Hotel Marseilles?"

He looked up abruptly, and then setting down his glass, rose to his feet and touched his cap. He looked almost arrogantly young and powerful, standing erect there in the shadows under Mac's awning. Against his white shirt, sleeves rolled up, collar unbuttoned, his skin was a mahogany brown from a year in the Line Islands. He wore his white-topped, blue-peaked uniform cap perched carelessly back on his head to expose sleek black hair, and his eyes were like twin blue sapphires set in his tan. Marion observed his well-pressed white duck pants falling straight to spotless canvas shoes, observed the wide blue silk sash he wore in place of a belt, observed even the blue-and-red tattooing on his muscle-barred arms and a hint of the same barbaric designs showing on his chest where his shirt was unbuttoned. He was, she decided, rather nice looking. His voice was pleasant and deep. She was so absorbed in his tattooing that she had to ask him to repeat his directions, and then, with a friendly smile and nod, she went on up the street toward the hotel.

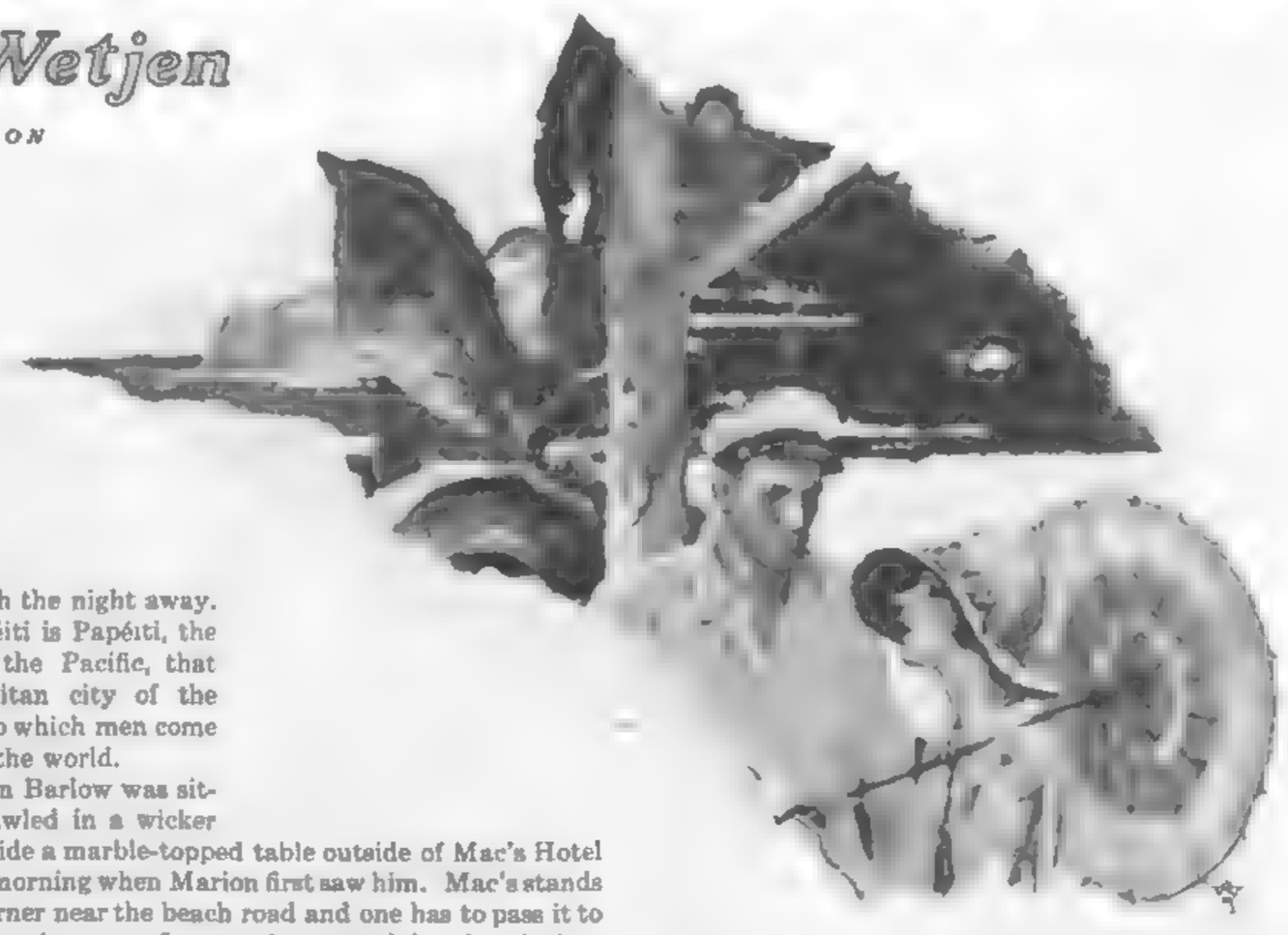
Barlow stood still for quite a while after she had gone, watching her ankles moving beneath her wind-blown short white skirts, watching her hand pressed on top of her wide-brimmed floppy straw hat which the never-ceasing trade threatened to send spinning over the palms. At length he lifted his cap, thoughtfully scratched his head while he sat down again. A small swarthy-skinned man in stained duck pants and a cotton singlet came out of the hotel idly to flick at flies with a ragged towel.

"Who is she, Jerry?" said the solitary customer, and Jerry, following Barlow's gaze, peered under one hand up the street.

"She come off de yacht," said Jerry. "I dunno 'er name."

Barlow nodded, finished his beer and, declining Jerry's offer to bring another, strolled down the street in the direction of the Hotel Marseilles. When you have spent a whole year cruising and trading in the Line Islands, where white women are usually missionaries' wives, a pale, clear-skinned face with violet eyes, soft lips and wisps of golden-brown hair escaping to curl round white ears is apt to remain with you and prove very disturbing.

The drowsy half-caste clerk at the Marseilles proved more enlightening than Jerry. The girl who had just gone upstairs? She was Miss Marion Renfrew. Yes, her father owned that yacht in the harbor. They had come from San Francisco to cruise in the Pacific. Yes, they were living aboard. Whistling softly to himself, Tom Barlow strolled back down the street, his hands in his pockets and his cap tilted back. Well, anything might happen in the Islands. Of course her father owned a yacht, but then Tom Barlow owned the Tiafura, and wasn't one shipowner as good as another? He whistled a bit louder as he reached the quay and stood looking affectionately at his schooner, twin masted, painted white as to hull and deck houses, with varnished masts and spars. She lay astern and a bit to port of the yacht, a magnificent craft with a battleship-gray hull, bright-work houses and many brass ports and rails. Her solitary funnel was squat and wide, and her stumpy masts supported an aerial for wireless. Down one side hung a bright-work companion with white manropes strung through gray stanchions, and a small white-painted gasoline launch bobbed deserted beside the lower grating. Well, all that meant money—thousands and thousands. Tom Barlow whistled louder than ever and absently jingled a handful of francs in his pocket.



He Looked Almost Arrogantly Young and Powerful, Standing Erect There in the Shadows Under Mac's Awning

It was hot on the quay, though the trade swept cool and sweet against the face and made the sun bearable, and the young trading captain, his eyes narrowed against the sun sheen on the water, and wild and impossible dreams running through his head, must have half dozed as he stood, for at least he lost count of time and forgot to whistle. He was roused eventually by the crying of sea birds as they dipped and dived beside a small barkentine anchored near the Tiafura, evidently to capture scraps just thrown overboard. Tom Barlow shrugged good-naturedly, took his hands from his pockets, resumed his whistling and went down to his dinghy, tied to a ringbolt set in the quay. And then, just as he was about to cast off, a flicker of white caught his eye, and he looked up to discover Miss Marion Renfrew standing above him and shading her eyes with one hand as she looked anxiously toward the yacht.

First Barlow twisted his head to look too. The yacht's deck seemed to be deserted. There was probably a man watching the gangway who was supposed to bring the launch ashore when needed, but evidently he had fallen asleep in the midday heat or had gone below for a smoke. Sailors are sailors whether they serve in yachts or trading schooners. Tom Barlow smiled.

"May I," he said, "take you out?"

"Oh, I couldn't bother you," said Miss Marion Renfrew. "I expect the quartermaster will see me before long. I usually whistle for him, but I forgot the whistle today."

"No trouble at all," he assured her. "I'm going out to my own ship just astern of the yacht."

"Well, really ——"

"I'd be delighted if you would."

She laughed then. He really was very nice and she liked his smile. She came down the steps and he steadied the dinghy while she clambered into the stern sheets and sat down. He let go the painter, settled himself on the stretcher, slid out the oars and pushed off. He pulled with the short sturdy stroke of the deep-water man, his arm muscles hardening as they took the strain, his breast bunching as he reached for each new pull. Marion trailed

her fingers absently in the water for a while, aware that he was watching curiously, and then she thought to find out who and what he was.

"I'm Marion Renfrew," she said, looking up at him, smiling and friendly. "I suppose you know," she added.

"I heard so," he answered calmly. "And you'd better take your fingers out of the water."

She looked startled. "Fingers? Why?"

"Sharks," he said. "It isn't likely to happen, but I've known it to, once or twice. They come up with a rush and take your arm off."

"Oh, yes. I'd forgotten about the sharks. I suppose you know a lot about such things."

"Five years in the Islands," he observed. "I was second mate of a full-rigged ship out of Hull before I got the trading bug."

"So you're a trader. I've heard a lot about them, Mr. ——"

"Captain Barlow. That's my craft—the Tiafura. We only came in last night from a year in the Line Islands."

"That sounds exciting. Do you ever see any savages I mean, the real fellows with spears and knives and all that, like Melville and London wrote about?"

"Sometimes we do. The Solomons are pretty wild yet, and the Bismarcks. They cut off a schooner at Malaita last year."

Marion was sitting forward with her hands clasped round her knees by this time, and she was saying to herself: "This is the sort of thing I want to hear about. This is the South Seas, right out of the books. All we've met so far are officials and hotel men, but this is something different and real." It was. This was genuine—this man and his talk of far-flung islands and schooners being cut off. He had lived and sailed. What was the use of cruising the South Seas if you didn't get under the surface, find out what really went on, get honestly in contact with the life. Besides, he was very nice. A clean-looking young man. She never remembered seeing anyone so tanned, or with such blue eyes. There he sat, heaving back and forth at the oars, adventure in the flesh. And she was sitting opposite him and they were both moving across the harbor of Papéiti, down in the Society Islands, below the Line and in the heart of the Pacific. She could half close her eyes and see herself, and the glamour and romance of it caught at her throat.

"I wonder, perhaps, if you wouldn't show me over your schooner sometime?" she suggested. "I'd really like to hear about your voyages."

"Any time," he said, a curious light flickering in his eyes and his lips smiling. "I'll be here for a week. Then I'm sailing for Brisbane."

They came alongside the yacht, and it was an adventure in itself to watch him ship his oars, grasp the companion boat rope, thrust the launch aside and draw the dinghy close for her to step out. His every motion reflected power and grace. She did not believe he could be awkward if he tried. Once on the companion grating, she hesitated and then abruptly made her decision. After all, the cruise was supposed to be for her amusement, and so far she had been rather indifferent, except for the few days when they had stopped at Apia and Suva on the outward run from San Francisco. It was all right for father and the rest to laugh at her, but she did get considerably more fun out of what they called her "queer characters" than she did out of anything else the trip had provided so far.

"Wouldn't you like to see the yacht?" she said. "We've all the afternoon before us, unless you're busy."

"If I was busy I'd certainly forget it for this chance," he answered coolly. "But I haven't seen a white woman and scarcely a white man for some months, so you'll have to excuse my manners."

He had made fast his dinghy and stepped on the grating beside her even as he spoke, and she felt a little restrained for a moment when he put a hand under her elbow to start her up the steps. They were on deck then and the sleepy quartermaster was apologizing and she was waving him aside with the assurance that everything was all right.

"Would you like a drink first?" she inquired. He refused that and they went for'ard under the awnings. He did not talk very much, she noticed. He seemed, in fact, rather astonished, in a quiet way, at the manner in which the yacht was fitted. His eyes roamed over the snowy decks, the wicker chairs, the hammocks, the phonograph and radio, the electric fans, all under the awnings and looking cool and restful with the trade roaring softly over the rail. He inspected the foc'sle head, the windlass and the anchors with a professional eye, and then she took him aft to the dining saloon, the music room, the lounge, the galley, and finally, to her own staterooms, which he surveyed with a whistle and with his hands in his pockets.

"Never thought there were ships fitted like this," he admitted.

She felt a little gratified, as if somehow she was responsible for all the grandeur and luxury. After a while they went out on deck again and sat down under the awnings. It was surprising what a lot they found to talk about now. She curled up in a chair with her feet tucked under her and her eager young face resting in the palm of her hand, while he leaned back, lighted a cigar, and then quite at home, rested his feet on another chair.

He gave her a long story about a cruise he was once on in the savage Bismarck Archipelago, and from there rambled through other incidents in his life. She learned he had been born in Liverpool, just off Paradise Street, and had gone to sea at thirteen. He was a third mate at twenty, second mate at twenty-two, and holding a master's license. Now he was twenty-seven.

"You mean to say you're only twenty-seven?" she insisted. "Now—after all you've seen and done?" She could hardly believe it, though his youth was written in his face and in the superb health of his body. "Why, I'm twenty-five and this is only the second time I've been out of the States. I had a year in Paris two years ago. Eddie that's my brother—he's twenty-three and has just left school."

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It Seemed to be a Battle of Wills, and They Were Drawing Farther Apart. But Under it All Marion Was in a Tumult

AMALGAMATED SPORTS

By W. O. McGeehan

The Dartmouth Hockey Team in a Practice Session on the Ice at Lake Placid

THE promotion of professional sport is a business, and as such must be conducted along business lines, with all the gestures of big business. Take baseball as far as the big leagues alone are concerned. There is something like $50,000,000 invested here in real estate, goodwill and human chattels, and that is what they would call in the sporting world serious money.

This is only a fraction of the investment in what I call the ivory industry, for there are only sixteen clubs in the big leagues and only fifteen baseball parks. There are minor leagues and minor-league parks down to the Class D and still lower. Eight years ago all those with their money invested in the promotion of baseball realized very clearly that they were business men and that their investments demanded business methods and organization. This realization resulted in the appointment of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis as baseball overlord, with the title of baseball commissioner.

Various other reasons were assigned for this step, but it is quite clear that the magnates, in taking this step, felt that they were making for business stability in their industry and forestalling the possibility of the business being brought into the courts and kept there. What Will Hays was expected to do for the motion-picture industry, Commissioner Landis is doing for the ivory industry.

The institution which they call organized baseball must be maintained by numerous agreements and compromises for the good of the game, which means also its financial good. I should say most emphatically its financial good, and this is no slur on the sincerity of the national pastime. If it is to guarantee impeccable honesty, any game must be self-supporting.

If a baseball club is earning enough money to pay satisfactory dividends to its stockholders, that club will spend money cheerfully for new players. If it is not, it will sell players and poke along on what it can make when it plays teams with more colorful and more valuable athletes.

Madison Square in Wall Street

IT SEEMS that there always will be weak clubs, just as there always will be weak businesses and newspapers and magazines. But at the same time there must be eight clubs in each of the major leagues. Also, any major-league magnate will tell you that there must be only two major leagues, and he will assure you that if there was a menace of a third league it would spell ruin to the business of organized baseball.

That bold financier, Mr. Tex Rickard, has indicated how the gentlemen with their savings invested in the ivory industry can achieve stability by one drastic move. If you will examine the tables of the New York Stock Exchange, you will find listed there every day the stock of the Madison Square Garden Company. It has no par value. In the Street it generally is known by a name that I fastened on it, Cauliflowers Common.

This name is given because it is supposed that the prize-fight exhibitions given at this place pay most of the profits. This is not strictly true. Madison Square Garden is made to pay dividends through staging a number of professional sports and other entertainment. Two weeks of six-day bicycle racing, for instance, bring in gate receipts of about $500,000, and the cost of staging this is comparatively small.

No doubt Tex Rickard dreamed the dream of Madison Square Garden alone, but he could not make it materialize without the help of practical financiers.

It could not be done on what is known in the Regular Army as jawbone or on the race track as a shoestring, but it is surprising how far jawbone will go and to what lengths a shoestring may be stretched.

Henry Ford started with a little bicycle shop and an idea. Mr. Rickard started with a saloon in the mining camp of Goldfield, Nevada, and an idea that sport was a business. The result is that one branch of sport is recognized by the supreme authority as to what constitutes a business, the New York Stock Exchange.

Mr. Rickard has worked with the frankness and the directness of the Westerner. No sport of any character, excepting perhaps poker, interested him for the sport's sake. He instinctively was a business man, always alert to the business opportunities of what amused others.

The trend is in the same direction with the promoters of other sports. The baseball magnates will resent the term "trust," but organized baseball is something of the sort. Whether the patrons and the promoters recognize the fact or not, there is a combination, or corner, in ivory, just as Mr. Rickard's Madison Square Garden corporation has organized and combined the cauliflower industry.

Carr, of Yale, Demonstrating Perfect Form in His Specialty, the Pole Vault

The Vision of a New Industry

IT IS only a short step for the baseball magnates to take in the making of professional baseball just as frank a commercial project as Mr. Rickard's cauliflower industry. I am very much of the opinion that it will come, and that in the not-so-distant future you will find listed in the New York Stock Exchange baseball stocks which automatically will be nicknamed the ivory group.

Mr. Rickard was proud of being a factor in putting prize fighting, once a decidedly fugitive sport, on a sound business basis and making it respectable through affiliation with Wall Street. Before the great news was announced, he told me of it in confidence, because I had known him since he promoted the Gans-Nelson fight in Goldfield and saw the vision of the cauliflower industry even more than twenty years ago as he stood behind his bar.

"This is the proudest time of my life," said Mr. Rickard. "I am telling you, because you saw the start of it. I am getting boxing into Wall Street. First I got it to the Curb, and now in a few days it will be in the big exchange and big people will be interested in it."

From the tone he used, he felt that this was a greater achievement for the advancement of the art patronized by the late Marquess of Queensberry than the resurrection and rejuvenation of John L. Sullivan for a bout with Jack Dempsey. From a practical point of view, he was right. The placing of the cauliflower industry in Wall Street as a neighbor to steel, motors and radio was an accomplishment that would have been regarded as a

mad dream in the days when Sullivan and Kilrain were eluding sheriffs' posses to find a bit of turf for their fight.

"When the fight business is in the market it will be safe too," said Mr. Rickard. "Those big financiers will have their money in it and they will not let anything happen to it. A lot of people will buy shares, because the shareholders will have the first choice of tickets for the big fights. Why, the time will come when so many people will hold shares that there will hardly be anyone at one of the big fights who is not a shareholder."

Having thus placed the cauliflower industry on this solid business basis, Mr. Rickard and his confreres looked around for other sports to commercialize and stabilize. For years Canadian promoters had been trying to form an international hockey league with teams in some of the larger American cities. Mr. Rickard never had seen a hockey game, but he was willing to be convinced if the process were not too expensive. He agreed to let some of the Canadian promoters put in an ice-making plant in the new Madison Square Garden at their expense, and, in addition, to let them have certain dates at the Garden at the top guaranty price. Hockey was introduced—and instantly found a clientele in New York, Boston, Chicago and Detroit.

Strength and Weakness in Baseball

MR. RICKARD and his confreres became interested, for it could be seen that there was money in the new industry. They became responsible for a second league affiliated with the first, just as the American League of Professional Baseball Clubs became affiliated with the older organization, the National League. In uniting their interests the superpromoters of the hockey business did not hesitate to plagiarize the business methods of the baseball financiers.

In the struggle to form the American League of Professional Baseball Clubs to fight the National League on terms of equality, it was necessary for some of the stronger clubs—financially—to help the weaker clubs—financially. I do not think the magnates will deny, now that it is over, that there were times when certain baseball magnates held stock in more than one club. All that is past now.

This was a business secret in the old days, though comparatively an open one. It was felt, and with some foundation, that public confidence would not be strengthened to any extent by the knowledge that baseball was syndicated. In this the baseball magnates are more self-conscious than Mr. Rickard. He proclaims the idea that he wants to establish a chain of arenas including all the big cities and to promote prize fights, hockey and what not in them. He can see nothing wrong in that, and from a business man's point of view there is nothing wrong.

But the legend of the baseball business is that there is an intense rivalry bordering on actual hatred among the cities with baseball clubs. This feeling is encouraged to sustain the interest. That is why the magnates did not divulge the fact that there was a time when a magnate in Chicago also had a financial interest in the baseball gate receipts in Boston and Washington and perhaps in a few other cities. It would be too much to ask the fans to believe that a Chicago magnate would hate Washington gate receipts or Boston gate receipts if he shared or hoped to share in them.

But when the weak clubs were strengthened, the American League announced that the temporary help had been withdrawn and that the clubs were on their own resources. There is no reason to believe that the announcement was not absolutely true.

There was one startling paradox in the baseball business. This was the case of a baseball club which became so strong in a baseball way that it became one of the weak ones financially. This was the club of Mr. Cornelius McGillicuddy, more familiarly known as Connie Mack, the world's champion Athletics. This was such a perfect baseball machine that the fans became tired of seeing those beautifully coördinated athletes win baseball games. The attendance and gate receipts fell off.

Naturally, the running of a baseball club, being a business, cannot thrive on pennants and batting and fielding averages alone. It must pay dividends. If the club does not sustain interest and bring them in at the box office, something has to be done. Mr. McGillicuddy scrapped the almost perfect baseball club and sold his athletes one by one. Former members of the Athletics drew customers in other settings, and Mr. McGillicuddy, in his efforts to build up another almost perfect machine, did better in a financial way than he did when the Athletics were at their best.

Jack Dempsey Initiates Tex Rickard Into the Mysteries of a Right Hook at the Madison Square Garden Gym

Now matters of this sort would be handled in a more businesslike manner if Mr. Rickard and his associates had charge of the ivory industry and could apply their methods. I will state right here that Mr. Rickard and his associates are trying to get their tentacles on the ivory industry, and that one of these days you may see listed on the New York Stock Exchange a new stock, which may or may not be called Organized Baseball Preferred and Common.

They probably will refer to this one as Ivory Preferred or Common, as they call the Madison Square Garden Corporation stock Cauliflowers Common. Judging from the present healthy condition of the baseball business, it will start right out with a substantial par value.

Setting the Stage for "the Battle of the Sesqui," Philadelphia, 1926. In Oval—Members of the Annapolis Wrestling Team Working Out in Preparation for Intercollegiate Contests

From a Business Standpoint

AT THE current writing, Rickard and his backers are bidding for the Polo Grounds in New York. Rickard makes no bones of the fact that their idea is to discontinue the playing of baseball in this inclosure and to remodel it into an arena for the staging of prize fights, open-air hockey games and other sports. Rickard has announced calmly that he will arrange to have the baseball part of the business transferred to the Yankee Stadium on the other side of the Harlem River.

This, of course, would be merely a preliminary step to the inclusion of all the clubs in all the big leagues. The new corporation would have fifteen baseball parks—there being only one park for the two clubs in St. Louis—and the new corporation would be able to utilize all of them for some of the chain sports already organized or in contemplation.

Naturally, this sort of organization would make for the reduction of overhead in baseball. With the heated competition minimized it would be easier to regulate the control of the players' salaries and other items, where an expert and an organizer of the type of Rickard would find considerable wastage in expenditures.

From a sporting point of view the fans might view such a project with suspicion, but from a business point of view

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GETTING A SHOW ON

"You Have Brought This Play," Said Mr. Clark Slowly and Impressively, "to the One Man in New York Who Is Capable of Giving It the Production It Deserves"

By Don Marquis

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

I'M INTERESTED in your play, Mr. McInnis. It's a beautiful thing—a beautiful thing!"

And the great theatrical producer leaned back in his chair, with his long legs stretched in front of him, and gazed not at young Herbert McInnis, the tremulous author, but at the ceiling. In fact, Mr. Danesbury Clark seemed to be looking right through the ceiling. He seemed to be staring at the heavens, his eyes threading splendid vistas, his spirit floating among golden visions.

"Beautiful," he murmured again, his fingers touching almost reverently the script that lay before him on his desk. "It's been years since I've read a script that has thrilled me as this has done."

And Mr. Danesbury Clark went into the silences again, with a look of worship on his face. Herbert McInnis did not like to say anything or do anything that might break the trance; he enjoyed seeing the great manager overwhelmed by the beauty of his drama in this fashion.

He wouldn't have guessed, at a casual glance, that Mr. Danesbury Clark was so susceptible to beauty; he looked so commonplace, with his bony frame and his loose leathery skin and his long nose that turned up at the end with such a shrewd quirk—the quirk of a nose more apt to insinuate itself into financial affairs than to go sniffing after art and æsthetics. But you can never tell, Herbert reminded himself.

He ventured finally, "Thank you."

Mr. Clark's eyes fell from the ceiling—or from the heavens beyond it—for an instant to the typewritten words on a sheet of paper clipped to the cover of One Woman's Way; then his gaze sought the upper air again.

"Drenched—drenched in beauty," said Mr. Clark.

Herbert risked a glance at the typed legend fastened to the script and caught the first two lines:

Reader's report for Mr. Clark: This play, One Woman's Way, is drenched ——

Mr. Clark looked full at him then, and Herbert didn't get a chance at the third line. He had, somehow, the feeling that perhaps the next two words of the report might be: "in beauty."

"You have brought this play," said Mr. Clark slowly and impressively, "to the one man in New York who is capable of giving it the production it deserves. I shudder to think what might have happened if you had taken it to the ordinary Broadway producer, the typical Broadway producer."

And Mr. Clark, as good as his word, paused and shuddered.

"Yes, sir," said Herbert, feeling that he must have had a narrow escape from something dreadful. But he was puzzled, too, for he had always thought of Mr. Clark as being the typical Broadway producer.

"Of course," went on Mr. Clark, "you realize what this play is. You realize that you have written a tragedy?"

"Why, yes, sir," said Herbert. He suppressed an impulse to add: "I wrote it."

"You mustn't feel too bad about that," said Mr. Clark, pleasantly reassuring. "We can do something about that."

"Do something?" said Herbert. "But ——"

"We'll begin," went on Mr. Clark, "by changing the last act. There is no man in America—there is no man in the world!—who has as much reverence as I for genius, for the ideas and imagination of the author. I will fight to defend the ideals of the author—I always have fought—against directors, against actors, against my partners, against critics, against theater owners, even against the public itself. I have lost hundreds and hundreds of thousands of dollars in the last thirty years, fighting for authors; battling to save their artistic integrity. And some of them—in fact, almost all of them, Mr. McGinty ——"

"McInnis," corrected Herbert.

"Of course. McInnis—Norbert McInnis. Excuse me. I was about to say, almost all of these authors have been ungrateful. They seemed not to realize that I was helping them. Authors do not as a rule realize how much they need help, Mr. McManus."

"McInnis," said Herbert.

"Of course! McInnis! Pardon me. What you have written here, Mr. McInnis, is romantic tragedy. You may not fully realize it, Mr. McInnis, but it is full of romance. Romance!"

Once again the great producer lapsed into a trancelike state. "Romance—romance," he murmured again, and smiled. "I shall help you—I shall help you, Mr. M'Comas."

Herbert forbore to correct him this time; it seemed a pity to break in on his ecstatic visions.

"Hilda," said Mr. Clark, "must not shoot herself at the end."

"Olga," said Herbert, "is the heroine's name."

"Olga—of course! She must not shoot herself. She must shoot her lover instead, and become reconciled to her husband. We shall retain your tragic finish, Mr. O'Dennis; we shall keep your artistic ending, but at the same time we shall give the public the spectacle of a reconciliation. And a happy note at the end; a note of uplift and hope and spiritual significance. They like that, Mr. McCandless—they like that—and, after all, would a woman of Hedwig's character necessarily shoot herself? Would Hedwig ——"

"Olga," said Herbert. "And McInnis."

"Of course! Excuse me. But you get my point about the note at the end—the spiritual note—don't you?"

"I think so," said Herbert, not quite sure whether he did or not.

"Shall we sign the contracts now, or when you have brought me the rewritten last act, Mr. McKenzie?"

Herbert gathered a little courage. "Do you mean," he asked, "that unless I rewrite the last act you won't want the play?"

"Who—I? Not want the play!" Mr. Clark looked plaintive and injured. "But I wish—I wish indeed—that it were altogether a question of what I want. I always want exactly what the author wants. The greatest possible crime is to tamper with the dreams of the poet. But on the other hand, we must be practical, Mr. Macmonnies; we must realize that the public and the critics are not like you and me. They do not have our dreams! The theater must pay its way. The question for you is: Do you want a production?"

Herbert did, very badly. He needed money; he craved recognition.

"All right," he said sadly, "I'll rewrite the last act. But that will make changes all the way through."

"A mere detail," said Mr. Danesbury Clark airily. "I don't mind a little work." And then he said, with a happy air of having just thought of it that very moment, "Plays, Mr. McMorris, are not written; they are rewritten."

So Herbert went away and rewrote his play. It took him a month and it wasn't the same play. But it was a play, and still a pretty good play, he thought. He had managed to save what he considered some of the best moments. And what he wanted was a production.

Mr. Clark was delighted to see him, when Herbert was ushered into his office again.

"Ah, yes," he said brightly; "this is the play where Hedda shoots her husband in the last act." He reached eagerly for the script.

"Her lover," corrected Herbert. "And is reconciled to her husband."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Clark. "Of course. I remember. A beautiful play. I think I remember telling you that I consider it a play drenched -just simply drenched—in beauty! Leave it with me, Mr. McClennan—leave it with me. I shall read it tonight."

But it was another month before Herbert heard that Mr. Clark wanted to see him, and when he reached the great producer's office he was introduced to two men whom he had not met before: Mr. Frederick Simms and Mr. Willis Pendleton. Mr. Simms was a keen-looking, blithe youth of fifty, a man who had had a success or two in the theater himself and was now known as a play doctor. Mr. Willis Pendleton was an enormously fat man from head to foot, but out of the general shapelessness of his face there stuck a sharply curved beak like that of an eagle, and on either side of this nose, which should have belonged to a thin man, was a twinkling, beady black eye. Mr. Pendleton was a director. They had read his play. Mr. Clark, with a wave of his hand, indicated that they were to tell Herbert what it needed.

"Kid," said Mr. Simms pleasantly to Herbert, "you've written a great play—a great play! It needs a little tinkering, though—a little expert carpenter work. Plays"—and Mr. Simms' face took on the look of a person about to utter a most original remark—"plays are not written; they are rewritten."

"Yes, Mr. Simms," said Herbert, but with a sinking heart. Something told him already that Mr. Simms himself was going to rewrite One Woman's Way.

"Now, then, kid," said Mr. Simms, "I've got a great idea for the first act. I'm going to have that aboard ship. See? Aboard ship! You get me? Well, all through the act you'll hear the engines clanking. See? Effect of realism. They like that. Gives background to the drama."

"O'Neill's Hairy Ape—that's where you got that idea, Simmy," observed Mr. Pendleton from the depths of his avoirdupois.

"Well, suppose I did," said Mr. Simms amiably. "They liked it, didn't they?"

"Yes, Pendleton," said Mr. Danesbury Clark, turning on his stage director, "they liked it, didn't they? Simmy's right—they liked it."

"But," said Herbert, "my play hasn't anything to do with ships, or the sea, or ocean travel in general; no one crosses the ocean or has reason to cross the ocean. It all happens in one ordinary interior setting and with only seven characters. I thought producers liked a small cast and one setting, on account of the expense."

"Mr. Gillis," said Mr. Danesbury Clark reproachfully, "I have never been the person to spare any expense when I wanted to do a thing artistically perfect."

"But - " began Herbert.

"Now, kid," said Mr. Simms, "you've got to realize from the start that writing for the theater is not like writing for newspapers and magazines. Plays are not written; they are built." And again Mr. Simms took on the look of one who has just loosed upon the world a brilliant and original epigram.

"Built," agreed Mr. Clark. And even the fat and beaked Mr. Pendleton murmured "Built."

"Now, I got an idea that'll give some interest to the last act," went on Mr. Simms. "That's the pistol Olga shoots this bozo with. The pistol, see? I'm gonna have a silencer on that pistol. See?"

"That's from Broadway—that silencer," sneered Mr. Pendleton.

"Well," said Mr. Simms, "suppose they did use it in Broadway. Huh? They liked it, didn't they?"

"Yes, Willis," said Mr. Clark, "you can't deny that they liked it, can you?"

Mr. Pendleton was apparently silenced. But Herbert spoke up: "But why a silencer?" he asked. "There's nobody about to hear the shot anyhow. It happens in a remote Long Island country house, and it makes no difference to the plot or the dramatic situation if it should be heard."

"Now, kid," said Mr. Simms, "you're wrong! You got to realize plays are different! You got to make 'em believe it in a play. See? Mebby, in one of those Long Island houses there might be somebody passing by who would hear. A bootlegger or somebody."

"Yes," said Mr. Danesbury Clark, evidently impressed, "a bootlegger!" And then, his face lighting up with inspiration: "A lady bootlegger!"

"We've had lady bootleggers," said Mr. Pendleton with a faint, fat sneer.

"Well," said Mr. Simms, "they liked 'em, didn't they?" He made a note on the cover of the script, to introduce a lady bootlegger into the plot. "Comic-character woman," he murmured. And then he continued: "Now, this silencer for the pistol, kid—it'll have to be planted in the first act. See? A little dialogue will do it. Olga's fond of shooting that pistol, see——"

So Herbert Went Away and Rewrote His Play

"Hedda Gabler," sneered Mr. Pendleton.

"But," went on Mr. Simms, disregarding the interruption, "she don't want to make a row and disturb people. Nice little scene with the husband about that."

"No, with her lover," said Mr. Pendleton.

"Freddy is right. The husband's better," said Mr. Danesbury Clark.

"Well, anyhow," said Freddy Simms, "whichever one it is, he brings this silencer to her on her birthday. See? Nice touch! He hasn't forgot her birthday. You get a chance that way to plant how long they been married and why things have cooled off. See? And why she has taken on this soul mate—what's his name—Leonard. . . . Got to keep her sympathetic, kid! They like that. And then, in the scene on board ship she can be shootin' at the sea gulls. And that makes me think of another stunt we otto work—a bird in a cage is a nice thing——"

"Leah Kleschna?" muttered Willis Pendleton, trying to remember.

"And this bird in the cage—say, it's a canary," went on Mr. Simms—"represents something to Olga. See? It wants to get out! Like she does out of her marriage. Get me, kid? We can have her say to it, 'You want to get out, don't you, Dicky? Well, so do I!' And then she lets it out. See, kid?"

"They'll like that," said Mr. Clark. And even Willis Pendleton nodded his approbation.

The upshot of this interview was that Herbert agreed to be reasonable about the proposed changes and acquiesced in an arrangement whereby Mr. Simms was to receive part of the royalties for making them. . . . What Herbert wanted was a production. . . . After the other two were gone Mr. Clark said to him that he had practically come to terms with the popular actress, Eleanor Bartley, to play the part of Olga.

Herbert, whose heart was nigh to breaking at what was to be done to his play, plucked up a little hope again. For Miss Bartley had a great reputation; she might carry his drama to a popular success, even if it were somewhat mutilated.

"Eleanor Bartley—fourteen letters in her name," said Mr. Danesbury Clark, looking mystically at the ceiling.

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It Was Now a Comedy With Music—Not a Big Vulgar Girl Show, or Anything of That Sort, But a Jolly, Tuneful Little Thing, Full of Mischief and Kicks and Capers

NORTH OF NOWHERE

Outside the Door Craddock Yelled: "Come On, Joe! We're Here for You!"

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

HE USED to say it was North of Nowhere, for the very simple reason that you wouldn't get anywhere, if you went south, until you crossed sixty-five miles of the gulf. It was to laugh, all that now, because six months more finished him up and retired him, and he'd be very sure never to locate again until the four points of his compass were complete about him.

The bungalow windows looked out on those sixty-five empty miles. Locate again? He grunted. He'd never have to do anything again. Fifteen years of his salary, plus found and allowances, and every penny of it tucked neatly away in first mortgages. A trim little cottage somewhere, like this bungalow he'd built fifteen years before, and a sensible middle-aged woman to do for him. Magazines the day they came out on the news stands, instead of a six months' collection of stale ones on the first spring steamer. A tobacco jar comfortably full. Newspapers and phonograph records, a fire and his own man for twenty-four hours of each day. And the woman a good cook. Omelets made from fresh eggs. Coffee—he wondered if he knew what good coffee tasted like. And real maple sirup once more, and baked beans—baked all day with just enough molasses to put that brown porky crust on top. Fresh pork too!

He frowned slightly and drummed his fingers on the windowpane. There never had been a cook like Mary, and there probably never would be. He strolled restlessly back and forth in front of the windows, hands sunk deeply in his pockets, and head bowed. For three years the memory had faded slowly in his mind, under the yoke of work he had placed on his shoulders, until it was a poor pressed flower now, with the last of its fragrance just a soft sigh in the corridors of time. But in six months he would have to face it on that last day, face it again in all its hurting pain, when he said good-by and left her upon the hillside forever—the price she had paid to help him build his little empire for a company far, far away in warm, carpeted offices.

The priest from the little chapel on the cliff top—the Chapel of Our Lady of Tears—was trudging up the path to the bungalow, his shovel hat tilted forward over his eyes and his great fur ear muffs sticking out from under it like black fuzzy wens. Craddock opened the storm doors and shook his gloved hand as he stamped in.

"Well, Father, how goes it?"

Father Cyprien smiled and his washed blue eyes seemed about to melt and run away into tears. He beat his hands together and drew off his gloves to blow upon his delicate-veined fingers.

As he always did, Father Cyprien said, "It is a nice prospect you have from here—of the bay and the river and the gulf."

"Yes," said Craddock. He pushed a chair up to the fire. "Sit down. I'll have something warm for you shortly."

"No," said Father Cyprien. "It is on a mission that I come. It is Old Massick. He has not much longer. I stopped by on my way. I think you should go to him. He is not of us and I hesitate to intrude. His wife says he is worried because he has not gone to church for twelve years. You are a Presbyterian, as he is, so I think if you went, perhaps it would be for the good. If you read something from a Presbyterian book maybe, or just talked ——"

"But I don't know ——" Craddock laughed. "I mean, I am hardly a preacher now, am I?"

"You are a little of everything here"—Father Cyprien shook his head—"and when a man is old and the candle flickers, one must go to him and bring him as close to his God as may be. Twelve years is a long time to be without communion. Here." He handed the superintendent a black leather book. It was marked at the Twenty-third Psalm. "It is a beautiful thing and the same for all people. I think everything is the same for all people when they are old. Go now, my good friend."

Craddock mumbled something and shrugged into his coat awkwardly. "All right," he said.

"It is well," said the priest. "We work well together. It will be lonely when you go next spring. The ice is in at Île des Lacs, and the last schooner leaves tomorrow."

"I know," said Craddock. "The Pucelle d'Orléans—Massuel's boat. I'm going to tell him to pull his freight tonight if the ice is in at the Île. Can't have him stuck to feed free all winter."

The priest and the superintendent went out together and wended their way down the steep hillside in single file. Craddock had once imported two cows for fresh milk, but they had both fallen on that treacherous hillside and broken their necks. He and Mary had had a joke together about those cows. How their off legs would grow longer and their near legs shorter, so they could stand upright on the path.

Massick was the odd-job carpenter at the rossing mill. He had a long, thin Highland face that was all hollowed jaw and great coarse nose. His thin silver hair was smoothed back over his temples where his gnarled old wife had brushed it, and his cheeks were spiked with incredibly stiff white stubbles. He opened his eyes as Craddock tiptoed in, and with some difficulty shifted his quid to his other cheek.

"Well, now," said Craddock, "what's all this I hear about you lyin' about like a lazy old bum? Won't work or nothin'. I come down to beat you up!" He grinned.

"You ain't a-goin' to, boss. I guess I know when my time's up. I ain't a-never goin' to git outa bed."

"The hell you ain't!" boomed Craddock. "What about that sluice shorin'? Got to be done, an' that's flat. I got an idea that removable L braces is the stuff, an' we oughta have a couple of dozen on hand for emergencies like last spring. I was just goin' to tell Andrews t'come over and talk t'you about 'em."

"Andrews kin do it hisself," said Massick. "You ain't a-foolin' me none, boss. My time's up. I got a little money put away, but it ain't enuff fer t'git the ole woman to her datter's down St. John way. Could you kinda give her washin' or suthin' t'help out till spring?"

"Sure I could," said Craddock. "Listen, Tom: there ain't no one who ever worked fer me who didn't git taken care of, was there—not if he done his job?"

"Nope," said Old Massick. "Well, I guess that's all."

"Look," said Craddock. The blood flecked the veins in his cheek bones—tiny veins that had been ruptured into

red lines by fifteen winters of dry cold. "Look! I ain't much at this, but maybe as you and I are fellow Presbyterians, maybe you'd like me to read to you a bit." He opened the book hastily as Old Massick's watery eyes swam with unshed tears.

"Joe," he mumbled, "you allus was a good boss." Craddock read slowly and ponderously in the dying light of the northern afternoon. Mrs. Massick came presently with a shaky kerosene lamp. Together they leaned over the bed.

"Well," she said, "I guess you done him a power o' good, Mr. Craddock, callin' him Tom an' the like, an' reading." Two tears rolled down her hollow cheeks. She smoothed the silver hair once more and took the quid out of Old Massick's mouth, to put it carefully on the shelf above the bed. "But it was his time, I guess."

L'Eveque

As Craddock came up the hill he stopped and stared out across the gulf. A long winter ahead and maybe he wouldn't get out himself. Maybe he'd stay for good, as Old Massick would stay—and Mary. He walked into the lighted boarding house and poked his head into the kitchen.

"Hello, Josephine," he said. "Old Massick is dead. Give Mrs. Massick what odd jobs you can—not too much—and tell Simms to credit her pay on the books."

Andrews and Logan were in the sitting room. Andrews said, "Those L beams are all done for Number 1 sluice, sir. What about another dozen for the sluice up at Town 9?"

"Yes," said Craddock. "Get after 'em tomorrow and try out St. Pierre in Massick's job. The old fellow's dead."

"Yes," said Andrews. "Heard about it."

Craddock went up the hill to his bungalow.

Two days later the ice came in, and Old Tom Massick was buried in the company's pitiful little inclosure on the hilltop. Snow fell limply down on bared heads as Craddock read the service above the shallow grave. The winter was on.

Joseph Craddock was forty-eight. Ever since he could remember he had worked hard and furiously with his two great hands and the rugged untutored brain God had given him. It was a good brain and it had got him further than most men's brains had got them. But it was getting old and no one knew it better than he did. It wanted to curl up quietly in warm rooms and lose itself in detective stories and, by gosh, it had worked hard enough to deserve it. It wanted to loll lazily through long moving-picture films and thrum idly to simple music. After Tom Massick's death, a nimble fear began to dance through it in the long winter evenings. At the last—the very last—it might be cheated. It worried Joe, that fear; he'd worked long and hard for these last few years that were left to him and he wanted to have them. It was what Mary had died for and it would mean that she had died in vain if he lost them. Fifteen years at Epiphany River! Hacking and hewing pulp North of Nowhere, so that a lot of city slickers could have newspapers that he couldn't get until the spring steamer brought them in.

He became very cautious as the first real cold shut in. He dosed himself feverishly at the first sign of a cough, and he was very careful to change his socks if his pacs got wet through. Health became almost a religion with him. He stopped all drinking but an occasional nip when he had been up to Nine and trekked back in the biting cold. He was careful what he ate and careful what he did.

It was around the first of December when they brought L'Eveque in to him at the office. Four of the men from Town 8, Range 4, had lugged him down. L'Eveque smiled his great white-toothed smile, but his face was drawn into gray ridges of pain and his right leg was wrapped in huge folds of corded burlap sacking. He slumped down in a chair and caught the knee in his mittened hands. The red cheeks of the stove bloomed in the corner of the tiny room and melted the ice from the seams of L'Eveque's parka. Craddock came over.

"Hurt?"

"She ver' bad *à la nuit*. She ache' *boocoup*."

"H'm. What did you do to it—freeze it?"

"*Non*," said Napoleon MacDonald. "He chop. One, two, t'ree toe. Ver' bad. Smell?"

A thin green odor knifed through the heated air and bit into Joe's nostrils.

"H'm," he said. "Well, looka here. You boys take him up and tell Josephine I said he was to have the front room in the boarding house." He turned to Simms, the clerk. "Beat it up the hill to the bungalow and take the big medical chest and them books on top over to the house. I'll be along in a minute. Get some whisky from the store—rye."

As soon as he unwrapped the burlap and the filthy bandages underneath, Joe saw he had a job ahead of him. He made a bichloride solution in a kitchen basin and left Napoleon to swab L'Eveque's infected leg. It was in pretty bad shape. He went back to the office and got Simms to put through a call to Wingan, forty miles away, for the Hudson's Bay doctor. At five the answer came back. Corrish was upcountry on an epidemic of smallpox and couldn't be reached for three days. That would be five days or better before he could get to Epiphany.

Father Cyprien

When he got back to the boarding house, L'Eveque's eyes were burning with a wild light and he was babbling nonsense, while Napoleon held him on the bed. The leg was an angry red way above the knee by now. Joe sent for Father Cyprien, and they talked for a time in the sitting room.

"I ain't no doctor," he said, "but I got this spotted pretty well. I can take a chance on snipping and cleaning, but I don't know enough to do it any too good."

The priest spread his sensitive hands. "I do not know myself."

Craddock cleared his huge throat.

"Well," he said nervously. "I don't like to suggest it, 'cause a leg's a leg, and I'd hate to lose one of mine, but I guess a life's a life, an' that's your job. What'll I do?"

The priest stood up and put his hands on Joe's shoulder. "I have always trusted you," he said. "Even when we have argued."

"All right, padre, then. Tit for tat. I gotta have you to help now, like you asked me with Old Massick. Come on."

They went slowly up the stairs.

"Hello," boomed Craddock. "What's all this noise, L'Eveque? You drunk?"

"*Nom d'espèce d'* ——"

"Come on; have a drink." Craddock uncorked the bottle on the dresser top and put his arm under the foreman's sweating shoulder. He drank thirstily. "Another bottle, Simms," whispered Craddock, "and all the boiling water you can get."

Fifteen minutes later L'Eveque was snoring drunkenly on the bed.

It was not a pretty operation, nor one for sensitive people to see, but it has been done many times before, and I dare say, if occasion demands, it will be done many times again, in spite of laws contra malpractice. Craddock shot enough morphine to kill a horse into L'Eveque's leg, then he shot half the dose into his arm. After that he trussed him to the bed with Father Cyprien's help.

He had hæmostats in the chest, but he wasn't sure of his arteries enough to use them, so he wrapped the thigh thick with gauze and tourniqueted it with coils of half-inch rope from the storeroom.

Thereafter he did something rather frightful that made Father Cyprien tremble violently. According to the anatomy beside him, he made a creditable stocking, and according to his common sense he caught the larger arteries in nooses of catgut before he sewed the stump.

Craddock used an inordinate amount of balsam of Peru, and an hour later, when he loosened the tourniquet, the job held and

(Continued on Page 106)

"Good-By, Mary," He Said Simply. "We Done It—You an' I"

More Letters From a Self-Made Diplomat to His President

By WILL ROGERS

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

MEXICO CITY, DATE—ANY TIME YOU WANT. WHAT'S TIME IN MEXICO?

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,
White House,
Washington, D. C.

SAY, what a City this is! She is a cross between New York, Tulsa and Hollywood, with a bit of Old San Antonio and Nogales, Arizona, thrown in. Say, it's clean and well kept too. They got the finest and youngest Police Force you ever saw. All look about like high School basket-ball players. They threw all the old-time whiskered grafting cops out and picked this gang of young kids, and I want to tell you they are a snappy-looking layout. This fellow General Cruise has been responsible for reorganizing all that.

Say, you ought to see Chapultepec Castle, where their President lives. Why, the White House wouldent make their living room! It's on a high hill overlooking the whole city, and there has been some mighty stirring times around it, more than Congressmen and Senators just coming to cadge a breakfast out of it like they do you. And there is a place called Xochimilco—try out some of the old Amherst Latin on that. It's all beautiful Lakes and little rivers and canals, just like Venice. And the funny part—all that in a desert country. You row all around in little boats—it's great. And then the Pyramids—why, they are almost as large as the ones over in Egypt; only there is not as many steamship lines goes to them, so naturally you don't see as many folders of them as we do the ones on the old Nile. These are about forty miles out of Mexico City. And there is some great old towns out around here, one the summer residence of Maximilian when he foolishly thought the country needed an Emperor. The most beautiful grounds you ever saw, and wonderful old Churches.

This Ought to Reach You Just About the Time the Republicans are Ready for Their Masked Ball in Kansas City

And say, speaking about Churches, I was fortunate enough to be here the other day on Guadalupe day. That's the greatest day in all Mexico. It's their real Patron Saint's day, and the Church and Shrine is right in the edge of Mexico City. Well, I never saw such a sight in my life—hundreds of thousands of people on the roads in all kinds of conveyances, and walking, and the place packed for a half mile all around the Church. When you remember there was no services held in the Church at all, and then to see those masses of people in there praying and others trying just to get near, it showed what a very religious people they are. On the outside, it was like a great country fair, with everything in the world to sell and everything to eat. All was carried on very quiet and earnest. There was singing in the Church carried on in an impromptu way by various groups, and the Church wonderfully decked with flowers. It was just about the most impressive sight I ever saw in my life, and it made you wish more that the religious troubles might be settled as soon as possible, for it's the poor and devout that suffer.

A Good Time for a Bomb

COL. SANDY McNABB that I told you about sure is a fine Aide; in fact he is the best one I ever had. Sandy knows everything and everybody. He is a great friend of Obregón's, and we went to Obregón's house for dinner last night, and I must tell you a funny thing that happened. You know, they had just thrown a Bomb at Obregón's car a few days before—kinder getting educated up to our Chicago stuff. He told us it cost him over a thousand dollars to send messages thanking people who had wired him congratulating him on his successful escape.

He said, "It would have been cheaper if they had hit me. I couldent afford to be missed again."

He is very funny, this Obregón. He is always telling stories—good ones too. Well, we are out in the living room after dinner, and it's really the front hall, as the big doors were open that lead right out to the outside, and we were all standing talking, and suddenly the lights went out all over the house. Well, that dident look so good to me; and he must have had the same idea, for he come back with the following remark in Spanish which I could understand: "It's a good time now for the Bomb."

Say, he took it as a joke; but I want to tell you that when those lights went on again, I was clear across the room from him. I figured if they saw where he was standing before they cut the lights, why, I certainly don't want to be backstop for any Mexican Pineapple. It was just one of those epidemics of Static that electric lights have down there the same as the Power Trusts have 'em up home. He got a great kick out of seeing me so far away when the lights went on. But if the same play had come up again, I would have done the same thing, only perhaps gone further. He is an awfully jolly fellow, and will be the next President if they keep on missing him.

Oh, we went into their Congress. They call it the Chamber of Deputies, and they wear pistols. They are allowed to wear a Gun the same as an officer. I got a great kick out of that. Can you imagine, if we did that, the damage Jim Reed would have done by now? Jim would have exterminated half—the Republican half—the Senate by now, and would have been shooting most of the Democrats just for practice. Can you picture the late Henry Cabot Lodge directing Republican affairs with a Forty-five as a Baton? And if Dawes had a gun, we would have to draft a new Senate every morning. I kinder like it. I never heard one Deputy call another a Liar all the time I watched 'em operate. But up home it has become so common that it's almost a greeting.

You know, another thing I kinder like down here—everybody, no matter how wealthy, how influential, or how poor and aristocratic, they all refer to themselves as Mexicans. That was so surprising to me after living in California, where there was so many from Mexico lived, who always called themselves Old Spanish Families. I thought there must be something against the Mexicans that they always wanted to be called Old Spanish Families. But in Mexico they are Mexicans, and proud of it. You ask them if they are not really of an old Spanish Family and they will say, "No, I am a Mexican." Well, that sure was a relief, I loved that, to find somebody that would tell the truth.

Dinner at the Embassy

HERE is something in the way of news to you that you want to remember: I find after getting down here and circulating around with all of them, that the Americans are the best treated of any race here. They come first, the English second, Germans third. Then it is a question which gets the least consideration from the Government, the Mexicans or the Spaniards. Now that is no joke; that is the absolute truth. They will all tell you, we get the best of everything and the Mexican the worst. You would kinder think the Spaniard would be the big Ace down here, but he don't rate at all. They are great trades people and own all the grocery stores, and when they get a hold of anything they hang onto it, and that's why the Mexicans don't think so much of them.

Mexicans are liberal and great spenders if they got it to spend. I bet there is better Automobiles in Mexico City in accordance with its wealth than any other City in the World. They want the best, those Babies do—Clothes or anything.

Oh, yes, did I tell you about 'em selling Documents and supposedly official papers down here? Well, you cant hardly land down here till somebody comes up to you mysteriously and wants to sell you some Documents. The Hotel Bell boy, instead of like it is up there, wanting to sell you some "Good stuff" before he gets your door unlocked, why, down here he wants to know if you don't want to buy some Papers. You can order any paper you want. You can say, "Yes, I would like to have Maximilian's marriage certificate." Well, he will tell you that he will have it there in 24 hours. You can order the Birth certificates of old President Jasbo's illigitimate children, and name how many you would like them to be, and he will deliver them to you. You can get the conversation between Calles and Morrow at a ranch breakfast if you want to order it, and give 'em time to make it up. It's just one form of organized Graft that we don't seem to have up home.

Well, I must tell you about the dinner. Mr. Morrow give an awful nice dinner to me the other night at the Embassy. He rounded up about fifty—all men—that

dident have nowhere to go that night, and we had an awful nice party. I heard the Morrows kinder excited around there one day, and they told me the President had accepted and that he was coming to the dinner. Well, I dident think so much of that concession on his part, as he had been eating with us on the train all that time, and had seemed an awful good fellow. But I come to find out what made all the excitement. It was the first time that a Mexican President had ever been in the American Embassy. That shows you how this Morrow gets along with these people, the ones that he has been sent here to do business with.

Well, we had a great time. Morrow had rounded up a lot of prominent Americans that lived there who had never even met the President. All Calles' Cabinet was there. But there was nothing formal about it. It was all just a good time. Morrow is a Dandy impromptu speechmaker, and I had me an impromptu one that I had only worked on steady for four days. I think I got some notes on it here somewhere, and I will jot it down and let you see that when it comes to mixing with these Diplomats, I was going down, doing the best I could.

'Course I knew that I stood a chance bringing on a war between the two Nations. But I handled it so diplomatically there may never anything come of it. That's the way Diplomats are supposed to do things, ain't it?—handle 'em so they will just naturally die off without anything ever being done about 'em. Morrow can write you what he said himself. It was nothing that I can remember now. We had this same interpreter, Jim Smithers. We had there Señor Estrada—he is their Secretary of State. He is the one that has to open the notes from Kellogg every morning—that is, up to the time that Morrow come. Now you don't send any more and that is very smart of you-all.

Well, here was my oral note to the President and his Cabinet and our Ambassador and the others:

"Gentlemen of your word, AND Diplomats: Now that we are all here and no note to open, let's be honest with each other and get the low-down on Diplomacy. Everybody wonders what I am doing here. I was originally sent here to step in in case the Senate dident confirm Morrow's appointment. They confirmed him, but they hated to see someone get the job that was not a Politician. Some in the Senate condemned him for working for Morgan and Co, but other more thoughtful heads reminded these Belligerants that we are all working for Morgan and Co. Now about Diplomacy—Diplomacy was invented by a man named Webster, to use up all the words in his Dictionary that dident mean anything.

"A Diplomat is a man that tells you what he don't believe himself, and the man that he is telling it too don't believe it any more than he does. So Diplomacy is always equal. It's like good bookkeeping. He don't believe you and you don't believe him, so it always balances. Diplomats meet and eat, and then rush home and wire their Governments in Code that they fooled Secretary of State So-and-So. He dident know what I was eating. That's how slick you Babies are.

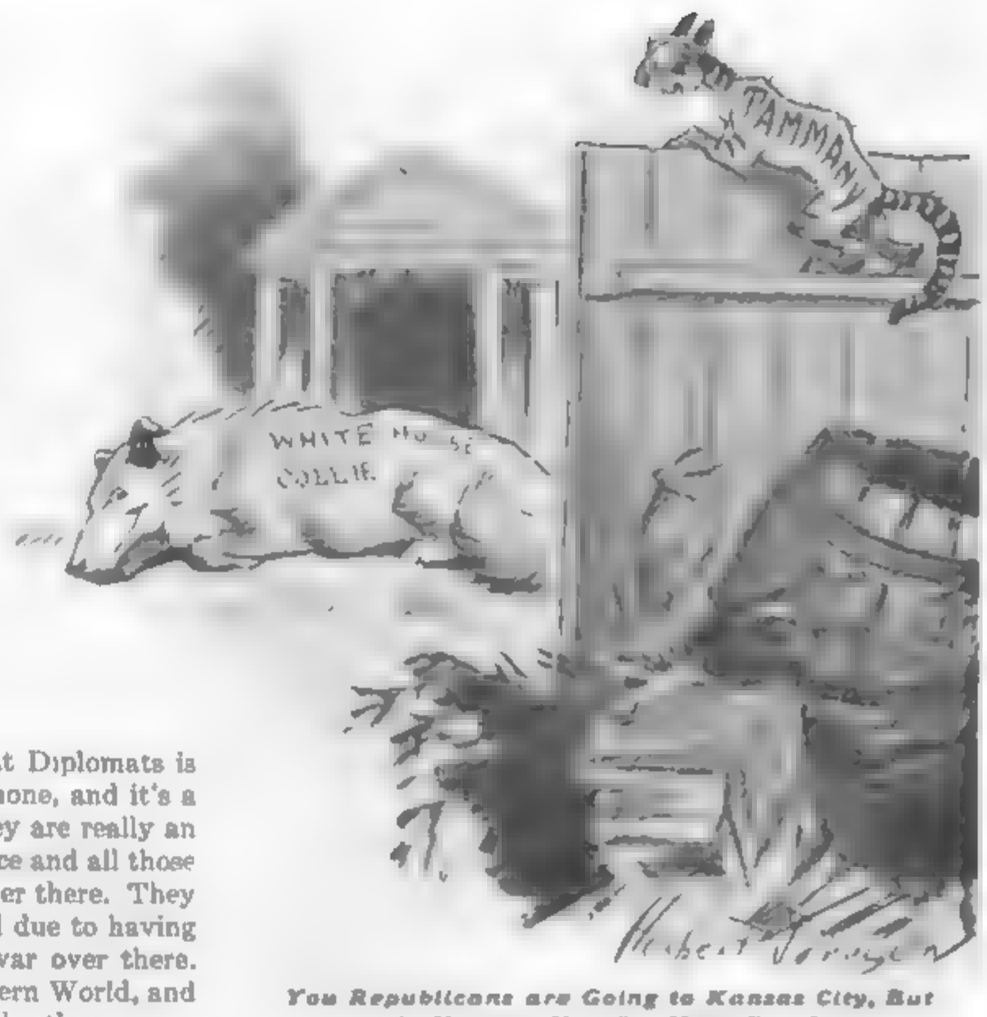
"The reason I can speak so freely about Diplomats is because there is none here. America has none, and it's a cinch that you-all down here haven't. They are really an ingredient of Europe's – England and France and all those Countries. They really take 'em serious over there. They breed 'em and raise 'em just for that; and due to having such good ones, they are continually at war over there. We don't have diplomats over in this Western World, and naturally we don't have any wars with each other.

"Diplomats are just as essential to starting a war as Soldiers are for finishing it.

"You take Diplomacy out of war and the thing would fall flat in a week.

"A Diplomat and a stage Magician are the two professions that have to have a high silk hat. All the tricks that either one of them have are in that hat, and are all known to other Diplomats and Magicians.

"Diplomats write Notes, because they wouldent have the nerve to tell the same thing to each other's face.



You Republicans are Going to Kansas City, But it's Houston You Got Your Eye On

"A Diplomatic Note is like an annomous letter. You can call a fellow anything you want, for nobody can find out exactly who's name was signed to it.

"England, France and Germany have Diplomats that have had the honor of starting every war they have had in their lifetime. Ours are not so good—they are Amateurs—they have only talked us into one.

"Now about Politicians. The least said about them the best. They haven't the social standing of the Diplomats.

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And, You Know, These Dopy Delegates, Sitting There Day After Day, They Will Fall for Any Kind of Excitement

Hungry, Thirsty, Far From Home

"If I Have Made You Cry," Continued Riccarda, Driving—Driving, "I am a Failure at Everything"

By Louise Kennedy Mabie

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

SINCE the note from the Chinaman two days ago, Riccarda had not even powdered her nose.

"Come quick," the Chinaman had written in his meticulous, careful English on a bit of brown wrapping paper. "Any time now the gun may go off."

Riccarda had stared down at the cheap envelope, smudged and misspelled and out of place on the butler's stiff silver tray, and then up at the man, young and dark and good-looking, with whom she happened to be dancing.

"It's from the ranch," Riccarda had said, turning white. "It's from the ranch."

"Special delivery, madam," Aunt Jane's butler had murmured, looking above Riccarda's head at the paneled wall, holding out the letter on his stiff silver tray.

"The ranch!" the young man ejaculated, staring down at the letter himself. "That filthy thing?"

"It's from Wong," Riccarda had whispered, beating her hands noiselessly together. "Something has happened. It's from Wong—the cook. I don't dare to look."

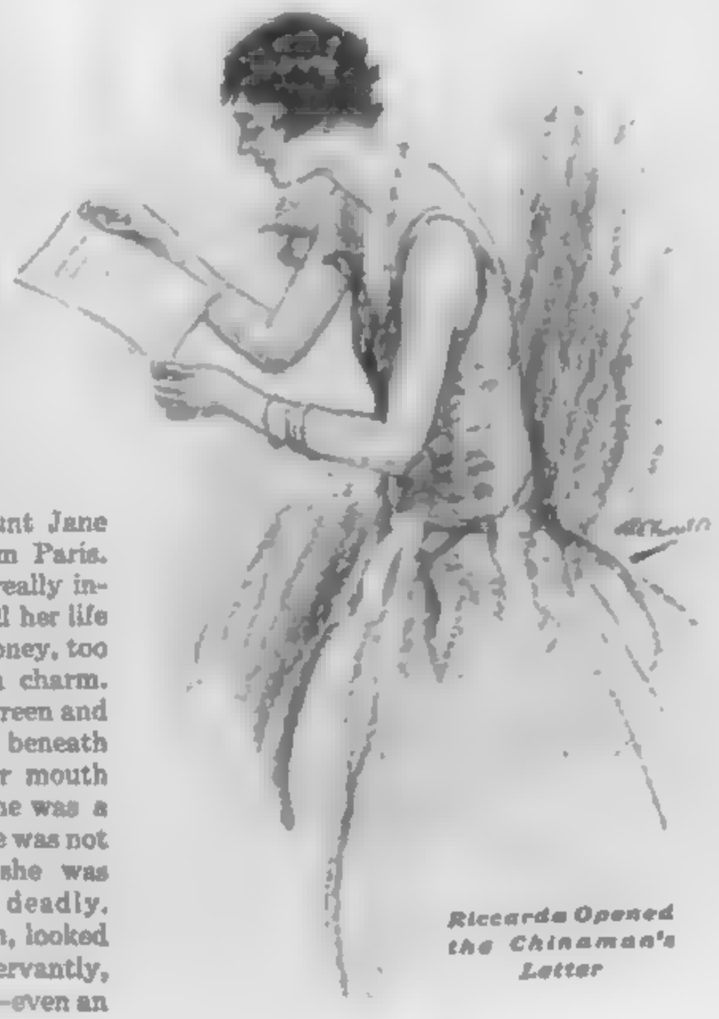
"Very well, then, don't look," said the young man competently, belligerently. "The ranch is a dead issue to you, isn't it? You're going to be engaged to me some day, aren't you? You're through with the ranch and everything in it, aren't you? definitely through? You've said so a thousand times. All right then. Tell this fellow to burn the letter on a funeral pyre. Tell him to take the letter off into the woods and swallow it and choke himself to death on it. . . . Don't you know your job any better, Briggs, than to bring in a dirty thing like that to Miss Guest while she is dancing with me—while she is happy with me? If you were my man you'd be fired."

"But I haven't been happy with you, Hoady," said Riccarda, looking at the letter on the extended silver tray. "I've never been happy with you."

"Damnation!" said Hoady, turning white himself. "Not even when I kissed you?"

"Do you wish the letter or not, madam?" asked Briggs imperturbably, looking above Riccarda's head at the ballroom wall.

The girl glanced about her helplessly, turning her head from right to left. Several people had stopped dancing to look. Aunt Jane was plowing her way through from the doorway. Hoady was thunderous, menacing. Hoady was extending his hand. She was through with the ranch and everyone in it—definitely through. She had said so a thousand times. But she snatched up the letter from the silver tray. With the letter against her breast, she ran—breathless, pale, panting—through the easy little crowd and up the staircase on flying silver-shod feet. Locked in her room at last, she opened the Chinaman's letter. "Any time now the gun may go off."



Riccarda Opened the Chinaman's Letter

Riccarda had been stopping along dully, desultorily, with her Aunt Jane since coming home from Paris. Riccarda had not been really interested in anything. All her life she had had too much money, too much family, too much charm. Her eyes were long and green and looked at one levelly beneath fringy black lashes. Her mouth was a scarlet flower. She was a pale girl, a quiet girl. She was not exactly beautiful, but she was much worse—she was deadly. When Riccarda, at seven, looked at a little boy levelly, observantly, with her long green eyes—even an unduly neat little boy at dancing class—he felt obliged to scuffle about with other neat little boys in corners. When Riccarda, at eighteen, looked at a man levelly, observantly, with her long green eyes, he felt constrained to bring the talk about to himself and then to brag and then to run and then to fall. Nine men to date had proposed to Riccarda and only three of the nine were boys. One had been a prince. He wore a wig. One had been the president of a starch company. He wore stiff collars—it encouraged trade. But he had loved Riccarda bitterly enough within his stiff collars. Riccarda had said that she was sorry and had meant it. She had only looked at him in a dull moment, and she had to look at something, hadn't she?

Riccarda was twenty-two. Lately, she had stopped looking at people and had taken to looking into space. She had taken to golf and played it in a dogged, determined, deadly fashion of her own on Aunt Jane's rough little course. She had taken to glowering, black-browed, cross little walks up and down trails with her small cousin Felicitas. Hand in hand, Riccarda and Felicitas had plowed over a good deal of ground.

"Why do you scowl so, Ricki?" Felicitas had asked, panting. "Why do you walk so fast? Why do you squeeze my hand?"

"Do I squeeze your hand?" asked Riccarda.

"Mother says you're a minx. What is a minx, Ricki? Mother says Hoady Fleming kissed you in the arbor."

"Try to grow up to be quite round, Felicitas, and freckled and good," said Riccarda. "Try to wear very thick spectacles. Try to like to gather mussels off rocks Then you'll be quite safe, Felicitas. Then you'll be happy."

"Mother says you will rue the day, Ricki," pursued Felicitas thirstily. "What day, Ricki? And how do you do when you rue?"

Felicitas saw her off. Riccarda had locked herself in with the Chinaman's letter, but Felicitas slid around locked doors. She walked through the Marie Antoinette guest room and entered by way of Riccarda's bathroom, the door of which was unsnibbed. Felicitas was eating biscuit tortoni out of a little paper box with a silver spoon. She looked into Riccarda's hatbox and spooned up her tortoni.

"Take the orange hat from Reboux, Rick," said Felicitas, swallowing. "Take your negligee with the painted butterflies."

"Reboux," repeated Riccarda absently. "Painted butterflies? On the ranch?"

"Oh," said Felicitas, swallowing. "So you're going to that ranch? I've always wanted to go to that ranch."

Riccarda whirled, became aware of Felicitas and scowled at her darkly. Felicitas was a round little girl, freckled and brown and stubby. In her pink georgette party dress, what showed of Felicitas looked even more like a life guard at a bathing beach than usual.

"I am nearly distracted, Felicitas," said Riccarda, very pale and determined and alive for once. "I am packing a secret bag for a sudden get-away and I simply cannot listen any longer to your swallowing."

Felicitas subsided near the heap upon the floor which was Riccarda's glittering French dress, tried on one of Riccarda's silver slippers and swallowed the last of her tortoni quietly and at leisure.

"There was an immigrunt," began Felicitas presently, sociably, while Riccarda desperately packed, "and he went into a restaurant and he said to the waiter—you've dropped a dove-colored stocking, Rick; it's under the bed—'I want two boiled eggs and a kind word.' And the waiter brought the eggs and the immigrunt said to the waiter, 'Where's the kind word?' And the waiter put his hand up to his mouth like this, and he leaned over like this, and he whispered ——"

Riccarda whirled, became aware once more of Felicitas and advanced upon her. There was a short, sharp struggle, a muffled yell and an ignominious exit by way of Riccarda's bathroom, the door of which was definitely snibbed.

Felicitas saw Riccarda off, but Riccarda did not know it. Riccarda's little French hat was jammed down over one eye. Her small face was blanched of color. Her mouth was set. There was a sultry look about her eyes. One blunt-toed ridiculous little shoe rested upon the accelerator and pressed it to the floor. The great yellow roadster tricked out in brass, with Riccarda so small and deadly within it, was a flying streak of shadow behind the glare of its great headlights on the highway. Forty-five—fifty-five—sixty—open country—she was out of the mountains. A clear jump of thirty miles or so from small town to small town—ranches—white fence rails—a freight train on the main line parallel to the highway—Riccarda picked out its rear red light far ahead, passed the light, passed the string of rattling cars, passed the laboring engine with its open fiery mouth and found the dark again.

It was two o'clock by Riccarda's wrist watch. The ferries to San Francisco did not run until early morning. With luck she might make the first ferry. "Any time now the gun may go off." "Any time ——" With luck, with endurance, with all her brain, her heart—if she had a heart.

"Don't run off the road or anything," said a cautious voice close in her ear, "but there's a joyful surprise behind you in the rumble seat. There's two joyful surprises. There's poor little Choogy and there's me."

The voice was not nearly so confident as usual. The voice was placating, ingratiating. It made itself very small, thereby implying that its owner was also small and would be of no trouble. It minimized Choogy by calling him poor and little, whereas Choogy was by nature and habitually both large and rich. The voice sounded uncertain, scared and pretty far from home. Riccarda did not run off the road, but she stopped the car abruptly. Over the back of the seat she stared at the dark object which was undoubtedly Felicitas' head.

"Felicitas!" exclaimed Riccarda breathlessly. "What in the world —— And that forever-amen chow! Felicitas!" For a space, even Riccarda was helpless. "This—this is the crisis of my life," she said after a moment tautly. "I'm in a desperate hurry on desperate business. And there may be danger. Any time now the gun may go off. You may get in its way. You may fall into the well. And I can't stop to take you back. I can't! Your mother—when I think of your mother," ended Riccarda tautly, "I could cry."

"If you're in a desperate hurry, Rick, on dangerous business," suggested Felicitas mildly, "maybe we could scramble over beside you and you could bawl us out as we go."

"But why did you come, Felicitas?" moaned Riccarda in exclamation points. "And that incredible dog!" she said sharply, poking at Choogy, who licked. "He'll have to be fed, won't he? He'll get lost. He'll hinder. He'll bite."

"Excuse me, Riccarda," said Felicitas with dignity, and pretty close to tears, "but Choogy does not bite—not bite. He just nips."

"He just nipped the gardener," said Riccarda tersely, "and the gardener left."

"W-e-ll, he wasn't a very good gardener," said Felicitas, lofty but even closer to tears. "He let mildew get on the roses and he used qu-a-ntities of sulphur. Mother thought he drank it."

"Climb over," said Riccarda drearily, "and we will discuss the thirst of the gardener as we go."

Forty-five—fifty—Riccarda, beside herself with anxiety, with the need for haste, stared bravely ahead into the dark. Felicitas yawned.

"Poor little Choogy," she said presently. "He gets so tired of licking me."

"Huh!" said Riccarda.

"He's got such a clean little black tongue," said Felicitas. "Such a loving tongue. It would make him feel more—more welcome, Rick."

"Not a lick," said Rick firmly.

A silence. Fifty-five—sixty—they would have to stop somewhere to rest. She could telephone Aunt Jane from there.

"Just your cheek," said Felicitas, choking suddenly "Just a very slight one. P-o-o-r little Choogy "

"Oh, for pity's sake!" said Riccarda.

But she slowed the pace down to thirty-five—to fifteen. She was careful, for all that she did not seem so. She inclined her pale pretty cheek. She rumpled the fur on Choogy's back and accepted a lick. "You fat brigand!" she said sharply, poking Choogy. "You daylight robber!" With her free hand she wrapped a rug about Felicitas' stout legs and settled the round head more comfortably against her.

"Now—before you go to sleep," said Riccarda finally in exasperation—"any more hocus-pocus? Any more flummeries?"

"I do love you, Ricki," said Felicitas, sighing with satisfaction. "You are sweet."

"Oh, for mercy's sake!" said Riccarda in exasperation. "You and your dog!"

Aunt Jane was troublesome over the telephone. Riccarda jiggled her feet up and down and stared at a hoop-skirted female in a French print on the hotel wall. Riccarda was dutiful and patient, for Aunt Jane had a real grievance here.

"But I can buy her a toothbrush, Aunt Jane," she said monotonously in the intervals when Aunt Jane paused for breath. "But her feet can't get wet, Aunt Jane. There isn't any water—no water. That was the great difficulty at the ranch. . . . Sausages. Sausages. Well, at least one. It wasn't a very large one. My impression is that it was small—I really didn't notice, Aunt Jane. I am sorry. . . . But she's so healthy. She's a whale. . . . I'm very nearly distracted, Aunt Jane. My whole life is hanging in the balance. . . . Yes, I said whale. . . . Well, look at her legs. . . . Of course she's my dear little cousin. . . . Of course I love her. . . . I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Aunt Jane. I'm sorry."

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With the Letter Against Her Breast, She Ran—Breathless, Pale, Panting—Through the Easy Little Crowd and up the Staircase on Flying Silver-Shod Feet

THE DESERT'S DUSTY FACE

"Look at These Perfectly Good Boots. He's Made Me Promise to Burn Them." The Little Nurse Looked at Them. "What a Sin and a Shame!"

The Firm's Boots

By Dorothy Black

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE rains broke over the face of Lower Burma with many a shattering thunderstorm and many a puddle upon the Chummery floor, where the roof always leaked until it pulled itself together and tightened up its cracks to face the real business of the monsoon. Gerry Gray, in shorts and a tennis shirt, was thoughtfully planning a new place to try his bed. It had been leaked on for three successive nights, making him dream he was back at Malborough in the swimming bath, madly struggling for the hundred-yard championship. A chap woke up quite worn out with that sort of thing.

He whistled blithely and pushed it right across beside the window. There were no signs of cracks overhead there. But of course if the wind blew that way the rain would drift in through the window. It was very difficult.

Gerry was happy. The English mail had come in the previous day. It said that an aunt had died and left him some money. Not very much, as money goes, but it amounted in all to three thousand rupees, and it seemed a colossal sum to Gerry. Gerry was so young. Death had never mulcted him of anything save this one aunt whom he had never seen. He had wonderful faith in his own luck and he thought the world a very jolly place and Rangoon a topping spot. Hot, perhaps, and of course the mosquitoes were a nuisance; but on the whole, everything was for the best in this best of all possible worlds. And time and again Gerry noticed one got the things one wanted, just when it appeared most unlikely such a thing could ever come about.

Take himself. He had always longed to ride. Dreams about riding had filled his nights since boyhood. Off he would start on a charming Arab steed, and if it had a trying way of turning into a clothes horse or a cabin trunk at the first jump—well, he usually got a bit of a ride on it first, and chaps have to be thankful for small mercies.

"I shall now buy a horse," said Gerry.

Rob King, the senior man in the Chummery, came in just in time to hear him say it. Rob King had been blighted from the first, because he had been jilted years ago in England by the only girl he ever loved.

"I shall ride in the paper chases," said Gerry.

Rob King said gloomily, "Then you'd better have the firm's boots."

The firm's boots, black and comely, stood in Rob's room across the passage. By right of seniority, he looked after them when nobody was using them.

By a Dover Street maker, they were left to the firm by Evan Stansfield when he married and went into the London office. Evan Stansfield, for so many years known as the firm's bachelor, had met his doom two seasons before, and only his boots remained to remind the young men of that genial presence, and the wit and wisdom he had taught them.

There was something very odd about those boots. For one thing, although cut to a particular leg, they fitted all comers. Buddy Graves borrowed the boots whenever he attended the Volunteers' mounted parade. Mark Hill, who was the thinnest man in Rangoon since 1921, also wore them with equal success on such occasions as he could persuade anyone to lend him a horse to ride.

Now Gerry, who was more of a pocket Adonis, being small and with hair that would curl no matter what he did to it, eyed the boots depreciatingly and said, "I'm afraid they'd never fit me."

Rob King said gloomily, "They fit anyone."

He had to see they were being kept clean when not in use. He was glad to get them off his hands. So Gerry took over the firm's boots from that day forward. And he bought a horse with three good legs and one not so good, but it had the kindest face and large soft brown eyes, and its name was Sunny, and Gerry loved it in a fashion that was positively touching. From the way he talked about it, it might have been the coming Derby winner, and Gerry was so young and so enthusiastic that no one ever had the heart to say a word against it or remind him of its not-so-good leg. And Gerry borrowed Peter Tait's riding breeches, for Peter was too delicate to ride, and in any case he hadn't a horse. Off went Gerry to the country club and rode in the paper chases and fell off very heartily at many a jump, glorying in life and remembering kindly the aunt whom he had never seen. Every spare minute he had from sitting on an office stool he spent sitting on his horse. Wild dreams he had of winning the first prize at the horse show with it.

Gerry was very young.

The jungle that is hot and dusty toward the end of March and full of half-starved cows grows green and lush and effulgent once the rains have broken, with many an orchid hanging from a tree. And there also grows a little red flower like a devil dancing in a bush. Singing, his hair all gone into curls because of the rain, Gerry rode there by himself every evening.

"This," said Gerry, "puts new life into a chap."

He plunged into flooded nullahs and galloped along sodden stretches of turf. He was very happy.

And one day, riding so, alone, he came upon Mark Hill, who was the thinnest man in Rangoon since 1921. Mark was a queer lad. He had been a pretty rough diamond when first he came into the Chummery. But between them they had put quite a polish on him and now he was doing well; doing well, after one dreadful interlude, when he was found, nastily drunk and in quite the wrong company, on the Lower Poozendaung Road. How nearly Mark Hill was returned to his parents in Streatham only Mark Hill knew. The Chummery had interceded and made itself responsible for him. The Chummery had taken him in hand and pulled him together. Mark Hill was now doing quite well. With horrid home truths and biting candor, they had made a man of him. One way and another way, all the chaps had taken a lot of trouble over Mark.

And here, where many an orchid hung from the trees, and there was also a little red flower like a devil dancing in a bush, Gerry suddenly came upon Mark walking with Dolores de Valentino.

Now in the Chummery over Messrs. Green & Hawthorne's rice and shipping firm this was simply not done. It wasn't the sort of thing chaps mentioned or discussed. It was not, as a rule, a thing chaps needed warning against. In that gay and sunny land at the wrong side of the Bay of Bengal it is so obvious that a chap must stick to his own class and his own kind that as a general rule a chap simply does it by instinct.

Mark Hill had transgressed once. And here he was again, walking in the jungle with Dolores in the cool of the day. Gerry reined in his horse and looked after them, perplexed.

Dolores was comely. She wore the most expensive clothes and no one knew where they came from, though many there were who surmised. She lived with her mother, who eked out existence by doing sewing in a mean street in East Rangoon, and cursed long and in the vernacular the Englishman who had married her and deserted her, leaving her only Dolores and an allowance quite out of keeping with her needs. The bold seafaring man! A little while he had lived with her whenever his ship came to port—as long as she was young and slender. But when she began to increase in girth and wordiness he reversed engines and became only a smoke track on the horizon, and so was gone.

Dolores did typing in offices. She had completed a tour of all the offices, successful in none because of her conviction that she was far too beautiful to work. Dolores was bent on marriage and a position worthy of her. And she walked alone in the jungle with Mark Hill in the cool of the day.

Gerry rode back to the club, his forehead puckered. Something must be done. Mark was the sort of ass who would get tied up with that sort of thing and never realize what was happening until it was too late. Mark was the sort of chap to make an utter fool of himself and call it being chivalrous. Virtues in the hands of Mark were more deadly than many a lethal weapon.

Gerry thought "If only Evan was here to talk to him." But the firm's bachelor had married and gone away, and only his boots remained, and Gerry wore them. "It's up to me to do something," said Gerry. By right of seniority Rob King should have taken the matter in hand. But Rob was no good where women were concerned. In that sort of a hole you kept away from Rob. And Gerry knew, too, that if any of the other chaps in the Chummery heard of it they would rag Mark to death, because he had been in the same sort of a hole once before. And Gerry knew instinctively that no good would be done by ragging in this instance. Mark was a queer bloke. He needed managing. You couldn't treat him all straightforward as you could the other chaps.

Slowly Gerry rode back to the club. It was deserted, save for Miss Geraldine Bying and her father, Sir Richard. Sir Richard was chairman of Green & Hawthorne's and he came out from cold weather to cold weather and gave them the benefit of his advice. He was pretty nearly a millionaire, and Geraldine was his only child. Geraldine was nineteen, and in riding clothes she looked just like the boy she was meant to be to take over her father's million. But she turned out a girl. They say it was a sad blow to Sir Richard, who had longed for a son. But fate gave him only nearly a million pounds and then looked the other way. Adorable, Gerry thought her. He always had thought that about her since the very first time he saw her riding in a paper chase with a cloth cap pulled well down over one eye like a jolly jockey. Her tip-tilted nose and her creamy skin and her short-cut bronzy-gold hair were what Gerry had always decked his dream girl out in. But Gerry was no fool. He knew no good could ever come from a chap like him dreaming dreams about a girl like her—chairman's daughter and what not. So he just did not dream. And he made no effort to join them on the veranda at the country club. He retired modestly with his lime squash to a seat on the far corner alone. Sir Richard's sentiments toward impecunious and junior assistants were well known. And Gerry pondered that the money left him by his aunt would appear negligible in the eyes of Sir Richard Bying. Humiliating thought.

But no one could stop him regarding Geraldine's little profile against the leaden sky of the late evening. So he did that, and was glad she was so lovely. It was nice even to have seen anything as lovely as that. But he did wish she was as poor as charity—so poor that the money his aunt had left him would seem quite a lot. Then a chap might do something. . . . Yes, those would be good days.

The immediate business was Mark. Gerry was worried about Mark. If a chap started messing about with Dolores it was a poor show. If a chap got engaged to Dolores he got the sack from Messrs. Green & Hawthorne. Mark hadn't any money, and he had an old mother in Streatham who thought him a second Henry Ford just waiting for his chance. Gerry knew all about Dolores and her sort. Most chaps did who had any sense. All Dolores was out for was what she could get. And everyone, except prize asses like Mark Hill, knew it.

He was aroused from these bitter thoughts by Geraldine. Geraldine was looking at him and waving her hand. He

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Here Was Mark Hill Again, Walking in the Jungle With Dolores in the Cool of the Day. Gerry Reined in His Horse and Looked After Them, Perplexed

BUILDING A SKYSCRAPER

By Colonel W. A. Starrett

The Paramount Building, Times Square, by Night

THE faces of builders are wrinkled from a lifetime of smiling wryly at the phrase "good old-time building." Those were the days, sighs the romantic layman, when buildings were buildings!

If the layman is thinking of business building, he might as reasonably sigh that those were the days when automobiles were automobiles, airplanes were airplanes or preventive medicine was preventive medicine. Builders built as well as they knew in the good old days; they knew, however, relatively little and their facilities were relatively meager. The best built structure of before 1875, to fix an arbitrary boundary line, is pasted together, as compared with the worst speculative-built modern steel or concrete structure.

The proof of this broad statement is available daily to the public eye in any large city. Or ask a professional wrecker. He sometimes pays for the privilege of tearing down a pre-skyscraper structure because of the easy salvage of brick, stone and lumber, but he charges well for wrecking a modern building.

We are about to build a thirty-four-story skyscraper at Wall and Hanover streets, New York, the banking floor of which will be occupied by Brown Brothers & Company, on a site covered by one twelve-story steel-frame building about twenty-five years old and a group of three or four masonry structures, the highest six stories, from forty to seventy-five years old.

Brown Brothers & Company have banked in the oldest of these masonry buildings for several generations, and I suspect that they part with them reluctantly, feeling in their hearts that they will not look upon their old-fashionedly sturdy and honest like again. If they do not cherish such a sentiment, they are unique among clients.

Making It Harder for Wreckers

WHEN the wrecking begins, two or three men will drive crowbars into the lime-mortared joints of these massive walls of granite and marble backed up with brick masonry and will pry them apart with one heave. Lime mortar was the best binder known in the good old days, but it is to cement as whale oil is to electricity. The thin curtain wall of the old twelve-story steel-framed building will give the wreckers infinitely more work, for cement has welded the bricks into a homogeneous mass. Bricks will shake out of lime mortar like peanuts from their shells, are easily cleaned and sold at secondhand. Cemented brick walls are battered down, breaking across the bricks more often than at the joints, and are carried out to sea, great masonry chunks, to be dumped, so much dead waste. With the mere curtain walls down and the hollow-tile partitions and floor arches battered out, the wreckers will be confronted with the real structure—a frame of steel which can be cut apart only with the modern ingenuity of the oxyacetylene flame.

I am talking about fundamental construction, not lighting, ventilation, sanitation, elevators and general comfort, the revolutionary advances in which are not disputed even by sentimentalists. These old buildings were massive, with space wasted both in their ponderously thick walls and in poor arrangement. They were the best of building in their time and they were amply sturdy, as their long and useful lives prove, but no such margins of safety and endurance were built into them as are made as a matter of course in their descendants, the skeleton-steel structures of today.

Consider their foundations—continuous beds of rubble masonry resting on earth, such as builders have employed for 3000 years and more. The twelve-story steel building about to be demolished rests on a scientifically calculated foundation, and its thirty-four-story successor will rest on bed rock, even more surely adequate, owing to the further development of the science of foundation design. Doors and window frames, which were of wood, even in the twelve-story structure, will be of steel. Flooring of wood, which followed the skyscraper from earlier forms, has given way to cement. The new is sound-and-heat insulated with hollow tile, where the clumsy expensive masonry of the old accomplished the same thing no better, and lost most of the advantage through leaky windows and inadequate heating.

Architects design skyscrapers, drawing plans in interpretation of the requirements of the owner. Engineers design the steel skeletons and foundations by intricate calculation in accordance with the requirements of the architectural design. Other engineers design the heating, lighting, ventilation, elevator, plumbing and like installations in accordance with these same architectural requirements. Builders devise ways and means of accomplishing the completed whole, and the lowly owner pays or devises means of paying for it all.

Skyscrapers are built under two forms of contract, general and divided. The latter is a survival of simpler times when simpler buildings were parceled out to independent subcontractors and the coördination left to the architect or engineer, even the owner sometimes assuming the builder's rôle.

The general contract is the usual form used on these large metropolitan structures and the one which best illustrates the work of a modern building organization. Under it an owner turns over the plans and specifications for a building to a single agency, and that agency binds itself to deliver within a time limit a completed structure ready for the tenants to move in. The builder finances the work from month to month, the owner paying him a proportion of the actual outlay as the work progresses. He buys and assembles materials, lets the subcontracts himself, may himself perform certain of them—such as foundations, masonry, structural steel and carpentry—supervises and administers the whole and protects the owner against all contingencies except the contingency of the owner changing his mind.

I can explain it more clearly by quoting from a paper recently read by Ward P. Christie before the American Society of Civil Engineers.

The American Insurance Union Tower, at Columbus, Ohio

"Contrary to popular conception," Mr. Christie said, "the principal function of the general contractor is not to erect steel, brick or concrete, but to provide a skillful, centralized management for coördinating the various trades, timing their installations and synchronizing their work according to a predetermined plan—a highly specialized function the success of which depends on the personal skill and direction of capable executives."

The Newest Chanin Building, 56 Stories, Now Rising Opposite the Grand Central Terminal

The General Staff

"THE mere broker cannot do this successfully. If one branch of the work falls down, he cannot perform it himself, but must seek a new agency, which, at best, means serious delay. In some instances engineers and architects have successfully performed this management function, although they have done so not by reason of their technical skill and training but in spite of it. They were good construction executives, as well as technicians, with an understanding of business management—a combination rarely found either in business or the professions. Ordinarily the professional engineer or architect's management of construction may reasonably be expected to succeed about as often as the contractor's execution of engineering or architectural design."

Unless the owner, architect or engineer happens to be such an unlikely combination, the attempt to build a large structure on a divided contract is equivalent to trying to operate an army without a staff. Building is unlike any other form of industry, with the infinitely simpler exception of lumbering, in that, like an army, it is a field operation, never under a

roof, with many long and exposed lines of communication and made up of a complexity of specialized units. It is a staff operation, a problem in logistics, as soldiers say—the getting up of supplies, the performance of a task and the getting out of the waste.

Subcontractors on a large metropolitan structure, operating each at his own convenience, bring about chaos. The work of each interlocks with that of the other; the thing cannot be done except in the proper order. For example, conduits must be placed when forms and structural parts are ready to receive them, not when the electrician feels like doing it.

Everybody's Title

THE heating plant is essential to the drying of the building; thousands of tons of water have played their useful part in the masonry of every sort and must be evaporated before the final finishing is done. Sidewalk beams cannot be set until certain special ventilating equipment is in place. Proper safety measures are impossible under divided responsibility. The subcontractors, put to extra time and expense by interference and the injury of workmen, can recover from the owner where no financially responsible agency such as the general contractor stands between him and them.

The New England Building, Largest in the World, Projected for Boston Now That the City Law Has Been Changed

Under a general contract, if either time or—with an exception I am about to note—cost exceeds the contract figures, the builder bears the loss. Under a divided contract, where the architect oversees the whole, he is paid for no such responsibility and accepts none, and the loss is the owner's. The exception I note is that many builders will not bid competitively for an operation or take it at a prearranged price, believing that it brings their interests and those of the owner into direct conflict. Instead, they take a contract at cost plus a management fee.

Eighty per cent of the cost of the usual skyscraper lies in what we call the buy-out—the subcontracts such as steel, elevators, plumbing, electrical, heating, ventilating, plastering, painting and decorating, and the like. Another 10 per cent goes for commodity materials such as sand, cement, brick and hollow tile. Among any group of four or five competent builders, the bids on this 90 per cent of the work will be nearly identical, unless some of them gamble on their profit by selling short on futures. The remaining 10 per cent of the building cost is the builder's direct pay roll, which usually includes the foundation masonry, bricklaying, carpentry, and the like. He might perform this fraction carelessly and make it cost a little more, or he might perform it so skillfully as to cut the cost as much as 10 per cent; the difference either way would be only 1 per cent of the whole cost. The price of a structure having been estimated scientifically, the owner's interest should be not how cheap but how well his agents build for him.

A difficulty is to ascertain just who is a good builder; there is no accepted standard of judgment. Everyone from the man who pushes a wheelbarrow to the president of the construction company, thinks of himself as a builder. If a man furnishes sand to a large building operation, he is pretty apt to tell his friends that he is building that operation. If he is a carpenter foreman, he is sure to make that claim. If he happens to be the job superintendent, he knows that he is the builder. This nearly universal claim to the title of builder is the soil in which sporadic building concerns sprout, and the average owner contributes to the confusion by being unable to distinguish between good and bad building. He may speak eloquently of bad builders if he is put to immediate loss, but if the work is passably done to his eye, the job is good. Viewing the finished product in its shining newness, the owner becomes the greatest builder of all. Thus we have passing from mouth to mouth flattering commendations of mediocre builders and architects voiced by owners of standing.

Let me take a skyscraper and carry it from the architect's first sketch to the day when the moving vans back up with the first tenant's furniture. There are three major divisions to the work. The scene opens in an architect's office sometimes as much as a year before. The owner has outlined his requirements, technically known as the program. There the new structure is built on paper before the first brick of the old buildings on the site is pried loose. The design, the floor plans, foundation, steel framework, all the major engineering, take form on drawing board and in blue print. As this is done, a budgetary estimate of the cost in relation to time is prepared for the guidance of all concerned.

The usual large metropolitan building requires from nine months to a year to build. If the owner is the victim of some unusual necessity such as a burned-out department store, and demands that it be built in, say, six months, he must pay for excess speed, which always is costly.

Building Against Time

SO TRIVIAL an accident as the bumping of a truck loaded with metal window frames may mean twisted frames, with an upset schedule and the semaphores thrown against following trains of work. There is no slack in the schedule for such emergencies, and haste, overtime and acceptance of damaged or uninspected parts are all a part of the price he has to pay. Whether special necessity drives or not, every skyscraper is built against time. The land is idle and unprofitable until the building is finished, the money borrowed to build with is evaporating in interest, and, finally,

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PHOTOS BY COURTESY OF STARRETT BROS., INC.

Quarrying a Foundation for the New York Life Building and (at Left) the Structure Rising Above Madison Square

THE TAKEN CHILD

"No Girl, and Mighty Few Men, Have Anything to Teach Me About Driving"

VII

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

JAKE was one of the easiest men to listen to Harry had ever met. He was big as a barrel and hard as a rock, but his voice had a soft tone and an even flow. It was never raised to denote anger, humor or a grave statement, trusting to the shading of its intonations and the spacing of its pauses to differentiate one from the other. By piecing together one remark and another, not always uttered consecutively, one would get sooner or later an entire picture of a comprehensive subject.

The ordinary run of youngsters knows people but does not see them, and it was through Jake's monologues that Harry came to see Mr. Galloway and his wife. Jake used no superlatives, but he looked upon the Galloways as the quintessence of the qualities which he admired, such as sincerity and steadfastness in adversity, people who were bountiful in times of plenty and open-hearted though close-mouthed at all seasons. Through an innate chivalry he was apt to take Mrs. Galloway's virtues for granted, but in regard to Mr. Galloway he could grow specific, impartial and occasionally even caustic.

Harry learned that though Mr. Galloway owned his plant, he had only the most meager share in the horses under his charge. Incapable of bowing to a single master, he had become a general trainer who nursed along a string of patrons as they in turn nursed their strings of horses. These patrons were dotted all over the racing country, but were more apt to be associated with the half-mile tracks than with the Grand Circuit, otherwise known as the big line.

"You hear a lot of talk," remarked Jake, "about Mr. Galloway being shiftless and letting a good farm go to less than nothing when he could have been rich off it, or leastways as well fixed as his father; but I was reading in the papers the other day where it says our bad luck was generally give us by somebody else, and that's the way I see it with John. If God meant him to be rich it was his old man spoiled his chances."

"His old man, eh?" said Harry, always cautious of asking Jake a direct question, for already he had incurred long silences by being foolishly inquisitive.

"Yes. Old Man Galloway, John's father. He made six mistakes 'long about thirty years ago. There used to be a competition at the county fair for the finest team of road hosses—looks, handling and speed—and the old gentleman won it six years running, with John doing the driving from the time he was sixteen. Right there the boy kissed profits good-by and he's hung to horse flesh ever since."

"That's a bad thing, eh?" said Harry.

"Some says it is and some think it ain't. I was reading in the papers the other day where it says a man can't live but once, and if he's happier playing around with a parcel of colts than biting on the raw edge of a silver dollar, he'd be a long-eared fool not to play with the colts. Anyway, it's something that goes with the blood. It's like women—either you love 'em or you don't love 'em; but if you do you got to keep on till hell freezes and then some."

"I like horses too," said Harry.

"Then you look out," said Jake. "I don't hold with them as says the horses and not money is the root of all evil, but there's no denying a lot of poison weeds grow up round where the horses is. Come to think of it, there's nothing so queer about that, because any driver has more chances to decide what's honest and what ain't in five weeks than most folks has in five years. You take Mr. Galloway. He's throwed races a-plenty, but he never throwed an owner; and whether you believe it or not, that's a high class of honor. John's as honest a man as ever laid on a whip, or didn't lay it on, where a touch of the lash meant a bed of money in or out of somebody else's pocket."

While he talked he fashioned a set of shoes so light and delicate that they might have served for the bangles on a lady's arm. Two of them were grooved to bite the ground, a third was built smooth as a gun barrel and the fourth carried a bar from point to point. He sliced a couple of rubber sponges, set the halves in for pads, nailed home the horseshoes and filed away the rough.

"There you are, son. Tell Mr. Galloway I'll be along in the morning to watch her step."

In spite of their mettle, the horses were astonishingly gentle, and of the lot at that time in the stables only Axton Whelp had been known to kick in earnest. There was a wide range in ages, especially after the Old Glory sale in New York, when hundreds of blooded stock changed hands and from among them two yearlings were added to the Galloway string. With their arrival Harry grew interested in birthdays and was shocked to learn that every registered harness horse becomes a two-year-old on the first New Year after the date of his birth, and that thenceforth the first of every January is his official natal anniversary.

A time there was when yearlings were considered too tender to handle, but that day slipped forever into the past with the offering of substantial stakes for two-year-olds. Nowadays weanlings take to harness like babies to their bottles and are broken before being fully aware that they are alive. They do not resent harness any more than a normal boy resents his first pair of pants, and are a monumental justification of the adage that breeding and manners go hand in hand.

From loving horses casually and grossly, in the manner that one may be fond of pumpkin pie or country sausage,

Harry commenced to love them with the far deeper emotion of a connoisseur. Like a man being initiated into the mysteries of famous vintages, he began to sense the depth of the well of knowledge from which alone can be drawn a true appreciation of the points, worth and meaning of a thoroughbred horse.

He knew it would take years to sound that well to the bottom, but he was not dismayed because he was in no hurry. If ever a waif had fallen on his feet in a happy refuge it was he. The itch for running away had left him completely; in fact it seemed that all his evasions, unbeknown to himself, must have had this goal as their objective.

During the drowsy humid days of Indian summer he had had time to see the creek at its best, a lovely reach so deep that one might run out from the front entrance of the house and dive off the low bluff into six feet of water. Even when other leaves had fallen, the oaks clung to theirs, though turned a rich tobacco brown, and the upland cedars along with the holly trees stood out greener than before.

When the mild South Jersey winter clamped its claws spasmodically on the seared fields, and when cold winds swept up across the flattened reeds of the salt marsh, the stable remained mysteriously warm and became a social hall for horses and men alike. What tales of the days gone by and hopes for the days to come filled in the tepid hours while outside deep mud or iron-frozen ruts prevented the lazy jogging of the string! What miracles of performance were remembered and related!

Harry would run all the way home from school a mile away and scarcely pause to lay aside his books before rushing out to the stables to listen to the drowsy flow of talk. Generally one man at a time held the floor, the others listening more or less intently, but occasionally there would be a flare-up caused by an interruption or a gibe.

"Yassir," said Rip, for instance, sitting with his heels hunched under him on top Bellata Doe's traveling trunk, "nothing but a yearling, and I clocked him in fifteen seconds flat fo' the eighth. Ise not saying he kept his holt on it fo' a quarter or fo' ary other eighth, but fo' that one he sho done it in fifteen flat."

"Whose watch was you holding, Rip?" asked Mr. Galloway.

That question alone was enough to raise a laugh, for cut open the breast of any swipe and you will find the prayer for a stop watch of his own engraved on his heart.

"Ye-ah," chimed in Crapsey, "which Christmas was it yo' gal give you that forty-dollar watch?"

"I clocked him," muttered Rip hoarsely, his eyes gyrating at high speed. "I clocked him in fifteen flat, like I said."

"Whose watch? You tell us whose watch."

"I don't need no watch. I was holding of mah wrist, and I clocked him by mah pulse, see?"

When the stables palled on Harry, and cold, seldom blessed with snow, drove him in from the bleak outdoors, he discovered the wonders of the old house. It had two attics, two twisted stairways and broken passages, some of them with a dead end, for the wall that separated his quarters from those of the Galloways was of solid brick, and ran from cellar to ridgepole.

At its base was the wonder of wonders—a strange shell-shaped bulge of masonry. It was an oven and fireplace combined. The oven opened into the kitchen and the fireplace under it into the sitting room on the other side of the wall. It was his duty as well as his pleasure to keep that hearth hot night and day while the cold weather lasted.

Work was light during the winter months, since Mr. Galloway cared nothing about patching up his fences, but Harry found plenty to do. He stocked the four open fireplaces with wood and kept Mrs. Galloway in kindling without being told. Never had he dreamed such a woman existed, for what commands she gave were expressed by silences and not in words. If she had had a piano to move, her method would have been to hurl her thistledown weight against it, whereupon every male in sight would have leaped to her assistance.

Without ever having argued the matter out, either openly or to themselves, she and Harry were fast friends. If he did something of which she could not approve, she found her own way to let him know, but not by bickering or a spoken reprimand. It was as though she realized the shame to any human being of a domination other than that of the spirit and were determined to hold through affection alone what she might have claimed by virtue of authority. Yet she was far from being demonstrative, and so rarely did she touch him that such an insignificant exception as her rebrushing his hair of a Sunday morning was enough to make of that day an occasion to be remembered. He had reason to humor her quiet ways, for Jake had set him to thinking.

"It's a queer thing about Mis' Galloway," he had remarked between one horseshoe and another. "You mayn't credit it, but ma used to carry quite some flesh. Never no welterweight by reason of her size, but a meaty little woman with a tongue in her head to give back two for every one she got."

"Are you really talking about Ma Galloway?" Harry could not help asking.

"Yes, sir, Ma Galloway. Her son Billy didn't look like his father, but he was the spit of him inside. Billy was a fine boy if you took him easy-like, but when it came to slapping on the bridle, you couldn't bit him with all the iron in a kitchen stove. Some hosses ain't meant to be drove ever, and he was one of 'em and his father is another."

"Mr. Galloway?" interjected Harry with pardonable incredulity.

Jake tink-tinkled his hammer on the anvil and paused uncomfortably long.

"Yes, sir," he continued finally, to Harry's great relief, "John Galloway. One day Mis' Galloway tells Billy out and out he's not to ride Blood Trooper, as mean a man-eating stud as ever drove his heels through a four-ply door. It would of been all right for John to give them orders, to Billy's way of thinking, but not ma. So he slips out quiet, and the next thing you knowed Blood come rocketing out of the stable with Billy on his back and takes straight off the bluff, going a mile a minute. I'll say he had plenty of

(Continued on Page 83)

Everybody Would Smile as the Solemn Boy Spoke Up

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 9, 1928

Who Said It?

ANYONE keeping an eye on the news that crosses the Atlantic by cables can—especially if he has a sense of humor—anticipate just what part in the concert of nations Uncle Sam will next be asked to take.

Only a little while ago we were Shylocks. Now the things said about us are much more pleasant.

Not long since, the economic condition of the countries of Europe was represented as somewhat more than bad—which was partly true. Now those conditions are being represented as not only on the mend but almost mended—which also is partly true.

Why should these great and heartening changes have come about? We, as a nation, are acting precisely as we acted when we were something more than unpopular. Nothing of tremendous and instant significance has happened to change the economic conditions of Europe. A sound prosperity is not built overnight.

The plain answer is that no great change has come about. We were never so much disliked as was represented; we are not so much liked now as is represented. Few of the nations of the Continent were ever quite so badly off as they were officially presented as being; none of them today is as well off as it is being officially presented as being. It has just seemed wise and expedient to some of the European governments to shift from the vinegar to the sugar method of catching flies. For a great and new and really wonderful scheme is afoot, and we are being prepared for it.

There are two accepted methods of courting American public opinion by foreign nations. The first—which is pleasant and interesting—is to give us a show. We have ourselves been using Colonel Lindbergh for the same purpose in Mexico and Latin America, and probably of all our national assets none is quite so envied as the colonel. Every European country is trying to raise a Lindbergh. Those nations which still have royalty are having them create good will through visits and photographs. We have had a number of princes and one queen tour our country. The Prince of Wales does not leave his saddle more often than any other hard rider, but his tumbles have become news—the best sort of intimate news—and in consequence a large number of people feel that they know the prince. France sends us magnificent steamships as national advertising, following the line of Germany before the war. Germany is also trying to get back into the game.

The second method of conveying information to us is through the news. In only Great Britain is the news absolutely free from at least an unofficial censorship. Correspondents simply must note and duly cable those long interviews with "an eminent statesman," "a man in the confidence of the government," or some other unnamed but potent person. These interviews are usually well informed, interesting and decidedly worth printing. They are technically unofficial messages to the United States in extra-diplomatic fashion. They are sometimes trial balloons to discover the reactions of American public opinion and they do not pretend to be other than propaganda.

The present wave of these interviews with foreign personages of such importance that their names, for state reasons, cannot be mentioned has lately been centering on the enterprising project of disposing of the German reparations by doing it up in bundles of bonds and selling them to us. This plan has put mere cancellation of war debts out of the running.

The theory seems to be that, since we have bought all the European bonds offered, as well as much old furniture and many old masters, we might also fancy the interesting antique known as reparations. And this view is not without logic. We have, through our loans, put Germany in funds to make whatever payments have been made, and the French, as direct thinkers, are impressed by the convenience of having us clean up the whole job at once by sending the money direct.

We are reputed to be a sentimental people, thoroughly pacifist at heart, and so some of the interviews have made these reparations bonds only a votive offering toward achieving a perfect peace in a troubled world. Also we are reputed to be greedy, and so others of the interviews have suggested that France might be willing to consider a settlement of her war debt and abandon her position that war debts and reparations were intertwined—if there were no reparations. That is the great project which is now on and we are going to hear a deal of it.

Most statements of fact and opinion are relative. The real point is responsibility. There are many reasons why a man in public or private life may not want to be quoted. But if a man does talk for publication and withholds his name, it is for only one reason—to avoid responsibility for his statements.

And thus, while the anonymous interview may be entirely innocent, it may also on occasion get into the class of hit-and-run driving. That is the danger. One of the best tests of the validity of any statement is very simple. It is this: Who said it?

Live and Let Live

LOCAL crises in Latin America have sometimes made it necessary for the United States to take a firm stand and deal with menacing situations in such a manner that they would not get out of hand or assume serious proportions. Such occasions have more than once served to throw the press of Europe into a high state of excitement. Reputable newspapers both in Great Britain and on the Continent have assumed righteous airs and have insinuated or openly declared that we were playing the part of a bully and were oppressing our smaller neighbors, or at least brandishing a big stick in their faces. In Europe such charges do little harm. They are liberally discounted and pass current at somewhere near their deflated value.

Unhappily, many of our own people—and good people too—are overcredulous when our national behavior is under the fire of foreign critics. They seem to accept as gospel every word against America that is cabled across the Atlantic.

America has no monopoly of friction with minor states. Britain not long ago had occasion to visit punitive wrath upon certain Arabian villages and employed methods involving airplanes and bombs. More recently she made a display of naval force in Egyptian waters. The British Government apparently did not have the smallest feeling that they were playing the part of bullies or oppressors. They were simply forestalling graver disturbances which might eventually threaten the Suez Canal. In view of the supreme importance of that waterway to the maintenance of her ocean-carrying trade and of her hold upon India, Britain's action does not seem unwarranted in either case.

We, too, have a canal which means much to the peace and prosperity of our own hemisphere. Our interest in the tranquillity of Latin America is no less than Britain's solicitude for order in the Near East. Our methods of protecting that interest have never been extreme or oppressive. Sometimes we have landed a few marines in Nicaragua or Haiti; sometimes we have had occasion to apply mild diplomatic pressure to some small Latin-American state; but in every case it has been our policy to see how little force we could use rather than how much. Our hostile critics, both at home and abroad, have exaggerated the rigor of our intervention and have belittled the provocation for it. They have evaluated these episodes emotionally rather than judicially.

Neither America nor Britain is an oppressor nation. Neither can escape the responsibility for keeping its relations with minor states on an even keel. Each will be well advised to maintain toward the other a policy of live and let live. There are animosities enough in the world without hatching new ones.

Great Britain Surveys Her Industries

WHEN the cabinet of the British Government was in the hands of the Labor Party an investigation into business conditions was intrusted to a special committee termed the Balfour Committee on Industry and Trade. This committee was given practically unlimited powers in respect of scope and time of inquiry. Some dissatisfaction was expressed by Conservatives that this investigation should have fallen to a Labor government. Universally recognized as necessary, especially in view of business conditions in the United States, it was feared that an investigation prompted by a Labor government might be biased in favor of workers—a point of importance, since widespread difference of opinion existed as to whether the admittedly unsatisfactory conditions were attributable to workers or to management. British investigations are usually thorough, and this seems to hold for the present inquiry. They also incline to be dilatory, which also holds for the present inquiry. Impatient critics feel that the Balfour committee is muddling through the investigation in traditional British fashion. Three reports on circumscribed topics have already been issued, and recently another has appeared dealing with aspects of the British situation of particular interest to Americans.

The latest report deals with volume of output in industry, costs of production and distribution, industrial mobility and overcapitalization. Per capita output increased from 1907 to 1924, but to a relatively slight extent. Apparently enlargement of mechanical power and improvement in technical processes have done little more than compensate for the reduction in hours of work. Costs of production of goods in industries were found to have been notably increased. Both these conclusions apply apparently more to the export industries than to those operating mainly for the domestic market. The costs of distribution, as revealed in the margin between producers' prices and consumers' prices, seem to have been substantially increased.

Contrasting conditions in Great Britain with those in the United States, it seems clear that the British have not been able to follow developments in the United States in the direction of improvement in per capita outturn and in costs of production. These, indeed, represent substantial improvements in the American economy that no European country has been able to duplicate. At the same time it seems clear that the costs of distribution, and presumably the wastes and inefficiencies of distribution, have increased in both countries since the war—possibly in all countries. That current processes of distribution represent the weak spot in our business system seems to be generally conceded. It is on this conviction that the intensive investigation into distribution now being conducted by the Department of Commerce is based.

HEADLINER STATECRAFT, 1928

By Richard Washburn Child

LONDON: It is only necessary to describe a tendency in politics, business or social life to be accused of being a partisan of that tendency. If one says that democracy is losing ground in Europe, one is suspected of being against democracy.

What is democracy anyhow?

We remain children—especially in respect to swallowing phrases. The less definite meaning they have, the easier they are gulped down; the more often they are swallowed, the softer they feel to the mental gullet.

A New England farmer could not keep invaders out of his raspberry patch; he put up a sign, Beware of the Dog! That sign kept no one away. He put up another, Beware of Spring Guns! No good. Finally he put up a sign, Beware of the Spidofus! And it was the meaningless word which entered the consciousness of prospective raspberry pickers and aroused their fears of the unknown.

It is said that a California mother for several years has obtained obedience from her very young child by promising that docility would be rewarded by a trip to see the Slickus and the gift of a whole box of genuine Slickoo.

Most of our political opinions and prejudices are led by phrases which we could not define to save our lives. No one knew this better than Wilson. I once heard a candidate for political office arouse a tremendous enthusiasm in an election crowd by attacking the constrictions of freedom, equality and liberty contained in a statute enacted by the other party. No such statute existed or had ever been proposed; but, besides, none of the audience could have told what the speaker meant by "liberty" or "equality" or "freedom."

Phrases we may remember when we are about to enter a presidential campaign are still served over the bar of every candidate and swallowed by the crowd, froth and all.

If anything is said as to the failures of democracy, there is always a howl. Opinion, even when it understands words, phrases and labels, is a persistent thing. This is because any idea or sentiment we have already cuddled in our mental arms appears sooner or later to be our own baby. We have usually adopted it without undoing the pretty clothes it came wrapped in, but we are loath to admit that the kisses and tears we have shed upon it were spilled in a bad cause. If we still like the baby we go further and insist that if it is a good baby at all, then it is 100 per cent a good baby, and all other similar babies are also champion high jumpers, wrestlers and chess players. That's the way we feel about democracy.

There is slight justification for feeling as strongly as that about democracy. Ours is a good brand; there are plenty of dreadfully bad cases. The English like to quote George Bernard Shaw or H. G. Wells, or whichever of these English intellectual prelates it was who said that the United States is the worst-governed country in the world. If it pleases them, what do we care? Self-government, representative government, even democracy if one chooses to use a phrase almost as meaningless as Spidofus and Slickus, works with us because of the miraculous gift of a Constitution plus general education, plus a well-balanced and unshaken nationalistic sense. But when we try to believe that it is working, even passably well, in the host of governments of the world we are dusting our eyes, plugging our ears and taking snuff. In an election year of our own, with some of the menaces present which have been banana peels for other democracies of self-government, we may well take our eye opener by looking at the failures of other representative parliamentary democratic systems. We may take a survey also of the super statesmanship which will be required to replace those spraddled democracies with new machines and new spiritual stirrings behind such machines.

When one who has been an observer in Europe for many months states the clear truth that several nations of Europe are trying to build upon the débris of their democratic parliamentary governments new concepts, new machinery—wholly new—of government, only little-minded persons will

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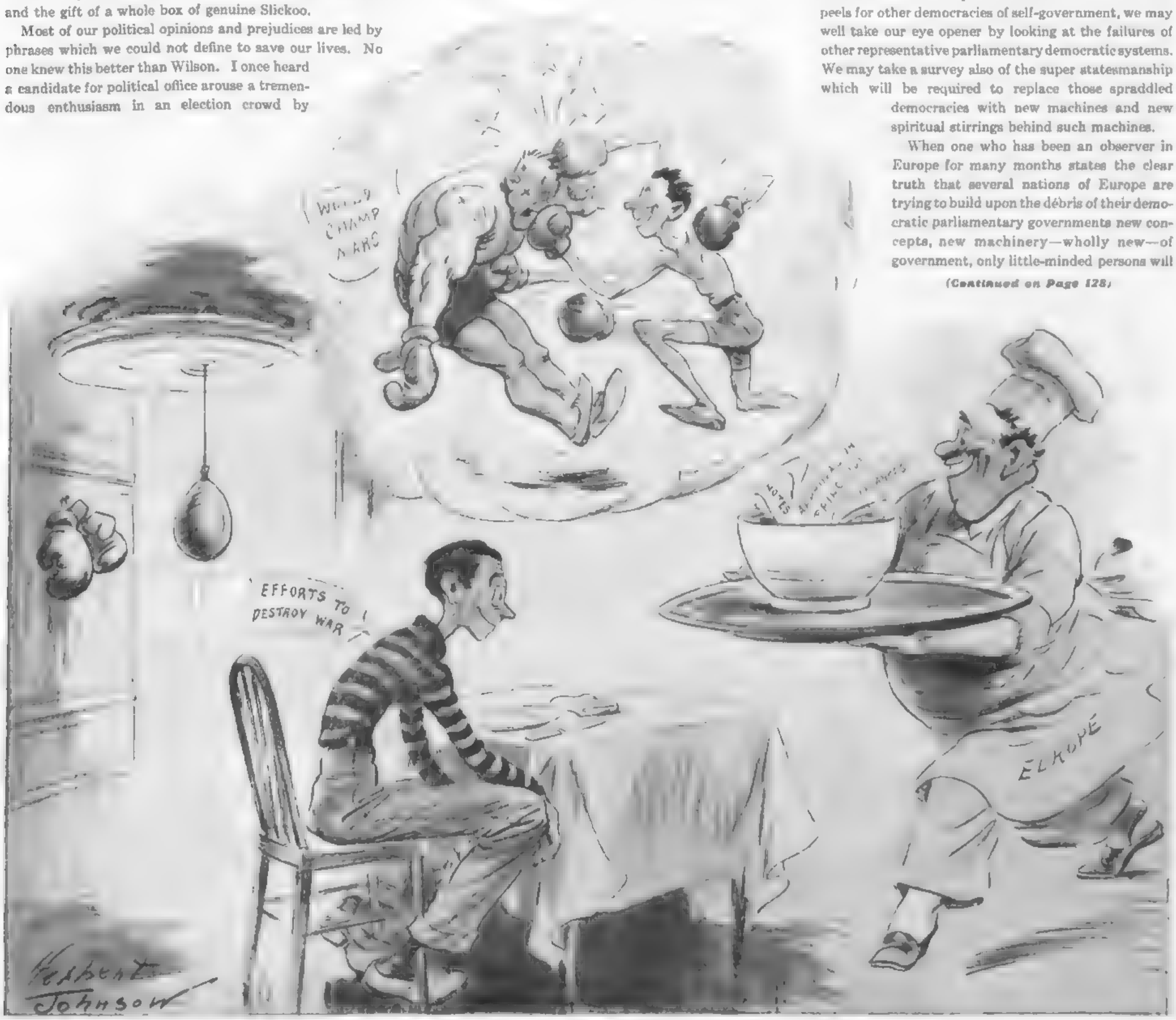
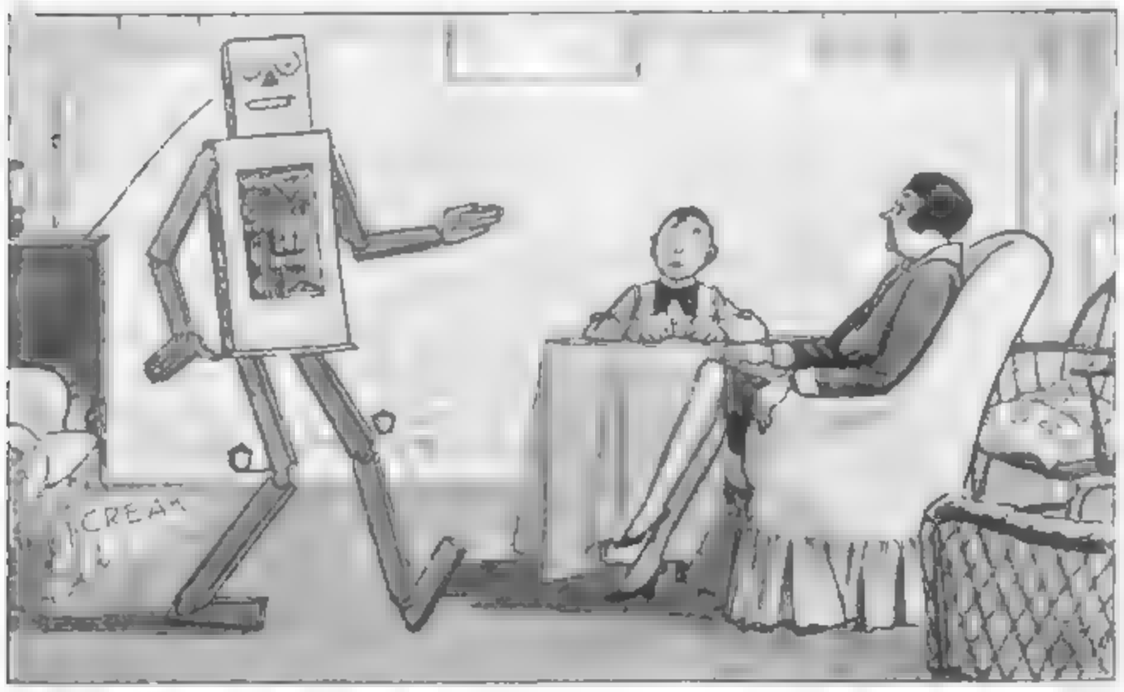


FEEDING HIM UP

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



Wife of Mechanical Man: "Junior, Don't Forget to Fill Your Papa's Grease Cups"

It's a Gift

THERE was a man in our town who had an agile brain;
He jumped into a murder case and proved himself insane;
And, once behind asylum bars, oh, who so swift as he
To prove that he was normal, so the law would set him free?
—C. R. S.

The Flapjack Man Takes a Turn at Minding His Twins

Our Syndicated Editorials

"ART is Power," said the poet Longfellow long ago in his Hyperion. This is a truth that too many of us today are prone to forget.

Indeed, how many people, in their daily occupations, ever pause to reflect that Art in the highest and truest sense is Power, and that by devoting twenty minutes a day to the cultivation of Power we may attain to the fullness and beauty of Art? This is the Golden Mean of the Greeks.

When Michelangelo, the celebrated painter, was young he was too poor to pay a model. He therefore restricted himself to painting pictures of fish, garnished with lemons and fish sauce. After completing his painting, he would eat the fish, seasoning it with the lemon and the fish sauce.

He longed to do bigger things, but he could not afford to buy models and food as well. One day a society lady offered to pose for him, and Michelangelo thought his troubles were at an end. He painted his famous canvas, Nymph Playing With Pet Fish. But the nymph, to his despair, ate the fish.

There is a lesson in this for us all. Do we greet our associates in the morning and our customers when it seems proper? Are we genuinely interested in our customers and regard each as an opportunity for service? Do we betray scorn or humor when a customer asks a fool question?

The annual loss from insect pests alone in this country amounts to more than two billions of dollars. But insects should not invariably be destroyed, because they pollinate the flowers and other plant life.

If we should all bear these facts in mind this would be a better city in which to live. *—Morris Bishop.*

Right Off the Ticker

MY FRIEND Upperson Downs, the eminent market editor and statistician, did not appear to be busy, so I strolled over to his desk.

"Upperson," I asked, "how are stocks going today?" *(Continued on Page 138)*

"No Doubt You're Right, Horace, When You Say That 'Brain is Mightier Than Brawn'; But It Certainly Doesn't Look as Well in a Bathing Suit!"

10 P. M.: The Radio Bedtime Story-Teller Gets Home

The Kidnaper

Critic: "H'm, It's All Out of Drawing"

The nation's best-liked beans in new perfection-Campbell's!

No other beans have ever approached Campbell's in popularity. Beans can be cooked in different ways. The public is given a wide choice. Great claims are made for each of the different methods of preparation. But year after year, Campbell's Beans out-sell all others—*by far*. Splendid Quality. Exclusive Flavor. Now these famous beans are newly perfected! Slow-cooked to a golden brown. Whole, yet deliciously tender. Flavored through and through with Campbell's irresistible tomato sauce. Once tasted—always selected!

Slow-cooked Golden Brown

LITTLE GIRL

By MARGARETTA TUTTLE

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

There Was a Mob of Girls All Dressing in Very Limited Space, Chattering Merrily

IV

ALL the way to the hotel Constance wondered about her one evening dress. It had looked all right back in Kentucky. But this was Hollywood. She took it in a little on the sides and it outlined her as they would have liked in Kentucky, though they might not have thought it quite the proper thing to do. And since the green taffeta made her look that funny gray she didn't know she could look until she got here under this brilliant sunshine, she put a good deal of rouge on, which certainly would have surprised them in Cynthiana. Not that they didn't rouge there—they did, but not this way.

She didn't have much of a coat, but it was warm and she took her mother's embroidered shawl instead of a coat, fingering it caressingly, with a thought of the shoulders it had once covered. The thought made her misty-eyed when Marshall Jones took the steps before the porch of the Hollywood Hotel two at a time, his fatigue evidently left behind in his littered office.

There were dozens of ruffled-tulle dresses in the dining room where Jonesy seated her at the publicity table. But there were not dozens of green taffeta dresses with water lilies on them. The water lilies had been her mother's, worn when Cleveland won over Blaine by thirty votes, as her father used to say, with doubt about the votes. And Constance had done her hair the way Laura did it for her the day of her test—that test that seemed to have no results. They were close to the long speakers' table because they were publicity. There were sparkling dresses and gorgeous jewels and marvelous coiffures. And there in the center sat Dante Gabriel North, but not as she had seen him before, for he was slumped in his seat and for once his predatory eyes were quiet and unseeing.

"The Old Man is tired," said Jonesy. "I'll bet he's told 'em the forty stories today that we are going to produce. He is probably the best story-teller in the world. He could sell Lucifer an arm-chair by telling him how the chair had walked all the way to Gehenna in order to go to the devil. But it's taken it out of him. He's getting older."

Constance looked at him as he silently submitted himself to the chatter of Virginia Lowndes, who sat next to him. This was the reason, perhaps, that he had done nothing more for her in all this weary week. So many things to do; so many people to listen to; so many plans to veto or to put life into.

It came to Constance presently that the reason North sat slumped in his chair with averted eyes was not fatigue, but because there were so many there who wanted to engage his attention—lovely women, ambitious men, promising salesmen. All they needed was a chance, and he could give them the chance. How could a man stay normal, besought night and day by those whose fortunes he could make if he wanted to? And then, while the talented woman next to him chattered gracefully, North lifted his heavy lids as though aware of an unusual thought directed at him, and looked straight into Constance's eyes. She felt the impact of his concentrated gaze go through her, as if she had touched a live wire. He did not smile. It was as if he said wordlessly "You have called me. I am listening." But her mind went blank and she had nothing to say to him. Her mind was clogged by these blank days of waiting. She had thought he would be interested in the test he had caused to be made, but nobody was interested—you fought for interest—and so she had nothing to say. He turned from her to the woman talking to him and nodded in answer to her. Then he wrote a sentence on a little pad at his plate and handed it to the waiter.

"What does he say, Puddinmetaim?" said Jonesy curiously when the waiter brought her the written message. He was a publicity man and he did not run the risk of her denying him. He looked over her shoulder.

"After dinner they will dance. Will you waltz with me—the first waltz?"

"Who are you, Constance Gray?" exclaimed Jones. "You aren't doing the publicity for a world-wide syndicate, are you, and just looking the part of an amateur schoolgirl?"

"I believe you were going to interview me. But has it struck you that about every half hour you ask me who I am?"

"Has it struck you that you haven't answered? Has it struck you that you look like an ordinary person at the first glance and like an unusual person at the second glance; and at the third you look either like a psychic or a genius? That waiter is waiting for an answer."

"But I have answered."

"You have answered? When?"

"While you talked."

He sent a swift look at North, who was now watching Constance somberly, taking in the others at the table where she sat, including himself.

"If a man had any sense he would make you go about with him, just to get the attention of the chief. How does it happen that I have not seen you before? Are you going to marry him and has he kept you hidden?" She did not say anything. She did not even make a movement. Marshall Jones must have been uncomfortable, for he made haste to cover his intrusion with words: "It's a good thing you are not interested in the acting side of this game."

"Why?"

"I'll quote you the chief himself. He says no lady can be a successful actress—or he is reported to have said that." He still felt uncomfortable and his sentences came hurriedly: "A successful actress needs too much publicity for delicate breeding—all this need to intrude—'butt in,' is its name."

"Can't a lady do that?"

"Well, you try it. Nobody says no in Hollywood. If it's a social matter and you ask them to a party, they may know they are not coming, but they don't say so. They say 'I'll give you a ring.' If it's a business matter it's the same."

"What makes you think I don't know how they behave in Hollywood?"

He could not have explained, though he tried to. "You haven't been here very long. Right now you look as if you didn't believe me. Had you been here long you would. Tell me, has nobody made an engagement with you and broken it?"

"What a thing to tell about oneself." But her eyes darkened. He answered her eyes.

"If it's an important engagement, you ask for another and you keep on asking. So many things are happening here; so many people intrude. You have to learn to ask, if you want anything. Look about you here. Almost everybody here is using this dinner to get something from somebody else. The moment the speeches are over fifty people will try to get an appointment with the chief."

But if fifty people tried, they must have had to wait, for North rose from the table, nodded to a man behind him, walked leisurely down off the platform where the speakers' table was set and paused at Constance's table. She had risen before he reached her—she could not have said why—and her hand was slipped in his arm as he threaded his way among the tables, where sentences were flung at him and even hands put out to him. A great manager of detail, she thought—of little things as well as big. It must have been the management of the little things that gave him

(Continued on Page 34)

Sunbrite for refrigerators

Insures *sanitary* cleanliness

IT'S SO easy to prevent that telltale "ice-box smell" with a weekly **Sunbrite** cleaning. Double action keeps the snowy porcelain free of stains and at the same time destroys stale odors.

The unique purifying element in **Sunbrite** reduces labor. You can scour and deodorize in one quick **Sunbrite** process.

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And all for so little! **Sunbrite** does two things for you at a single low cost. Make it your assistant for all household cleaning.

Swift & Company

QUICK NAPTHA WHITE SOAP CHIPS FOR LESS WORK ON WASH DAY

(Continued from Page 32)

time for the big ones. He must have written another sentence on his pad and sent it to the orchestra leader beforehand, for before they reached the dancing space the orchestra was playing the Blue Danube. She drifted out on the flowing river of sound not entirely unconscious of the arm around her, but not overly conscious of it; conscious rather of the rhythm of their two bodies in perfect accord, and of the silence of all those restless figures they had left. Nobody else seemed to be dancing and she suddenly turned her head to see if this could be so.

"Don't," he said abruptly. "What do you care? It is the old-fashioned waltz we had to learn at dancing school And nobody can do it now but just you and me. See, you have reversed unconsciously. Don't get self-conscious now."

His arm tightened about her ever so little. She was little and she could not see above his shoulder as she danced. She could not have said how long the dance went on—the outflowing tide of sound with its swinging beat as of a cradle rocking. But after a while he stopped and held up a negligent forefinger and the music died down and the murmur of voices rose.

In her ear he said "I could have gone on, but I must give the others a chance to dance. Another time. I do not dance these syncopated dances. Good night."

She found herself at the table, with Jones seating her. He looked grave and she could not remember whether she put her question to him in words or not. But he answered sharply:

"No, such a thing has never happened before. Sure, nobody danced but you two. It is astounding. Look about you—the whole room rocks with it. Is there anything you want of any of these people? Ask for it now."

Her little tinkling laugh made him catch his breath. "I do not want the head of John the Baptist. Do they stare because we danced as they danced twenty years ago?"

"Sure, that's why! You see, this is a royal court. When the king dances nobody has the temerity to get in his way. And after he dances with you, all those with petitions will bring them to you."

She gave him a puzzled look that cleared as the quietness of the room disappeared under the movement toward the dancing space.

"It is like a royal court, with prime ministers and favorites, I suppose. But it is lovely to look at. Yes, there is one person here I want something of. See, he is coming here."

The assistant director who had taken her test bent over her with a soft apology for not having been there the afternoon she waited so long. Would she come tomorrow?

"Will you fix a time," said Constance, "when you will be sure to be there?"

"Will you fix the time?" And over his bent head she met the publicity man's eye with a faint smile as she named the time.

"Will you dance, Miss Gray?" said the director.

"No more tonight." And again she caught that curious gleam in Jones' face.

The director looked as if he might be going to linger; thought better of it and drifted away. The girl sent one fleeting glance at the speakers' table. Behind it North was encompassed by a group of men; about it were people waiting to talk to him.

"I should like to go home now," she said to Jones.

"Be careful. When you learn exactly where to stop you die. Do you want me to take you?"

"Not if you have to stay, or if you want to stay."

"It isn't that; but I thought you might be going home – I thought the chief ——" He did not finish it. He took her by the arm and they made their way out among curious glances. Almost a pathway was made for them.

"You did not look back, Daughter of Lot, to see if he was watching you leave. You must be either very sure of yourself or very sure of him."

She looked a little white and he remembered she had not eaten much. "Or sure of nothing at all," she said. "Well, I did look back."

"Gad! If I had your pull I'd stop being a reporter and become the foremost actor on the screen."

"What a strange way of putting it. What has pull to do with it?"

He turned toward her sharply; he even opened his mouth to speak, but he remained silent. You couldn't tell; they were all such finished actors.

V

THE room she went into from the brilliant sunshine was like a blanket thrown over the head in the dark. Its blackness could almost be felt, and the director had to guide her to the chair.

"Ready!" he said, and a square of light sprang out at the other end of the room. There were the hall and the steps leading up to the telephone on the table, and crossing the hall was a strange figure in ruffled tulle. She did not know herself and she watched the strange figure unconvinced that it was an expectant girl hurrying to hear the voice of a lover. The girl's disappointment at the telephone was more convincing. You were sorry for her; she drooped and her face became transformed as she turned it toward the door where the lover was arriving.

"That's not bad," said the director, "but you must do your hair differently. Make it sleek. Your head is too large with your hair done that way."

He said nothing else, not even when it was over and her eyes, accustomed to the dark, took in the room and saw the way to the door she must go out. It was not until they got outside that she asked him what happened now.

"What do you mean, what happens now?"

"Well, you know I came out here to get a job if I could, and to learn how to get a job if I couldn't—to study. Isn't there any place where one can be taught how to act for the screen? I have been tested. Isn't it natural for me to ask now what I ought to do next?"

He looked a little troubled. "Why don't you leave it to Mr. North?"

"But why should I? He has a great deal to do and I am quite unimportant."

By the fine tentacles of feeling that were her gift she knew that last sentence was a mistake. Apparently in this place it did not do to announce yourself as unimportant. Perhaps her answer should have been "Yes, I will

(Continued on Page 140)

She Became a Familiar Figure on the Lot, Studying the Actors and Watching the Plays

"Chrysler can't do it"

IF THE WORLD excels in any one thing today, it is in the almost miraculous achievements of the mechanical or physical sciences.

It is not altogether safe to say of anything mechanical, in such a creative age as this, "It can't be done"—but it will continue to be said till the end of time.

People who have been doing things in a certain set way for a great many years do not like to be jolted out of that one set way; therefore, they always say, as they have said of Chrysler thousands of times in the past three years, "It can't be done."

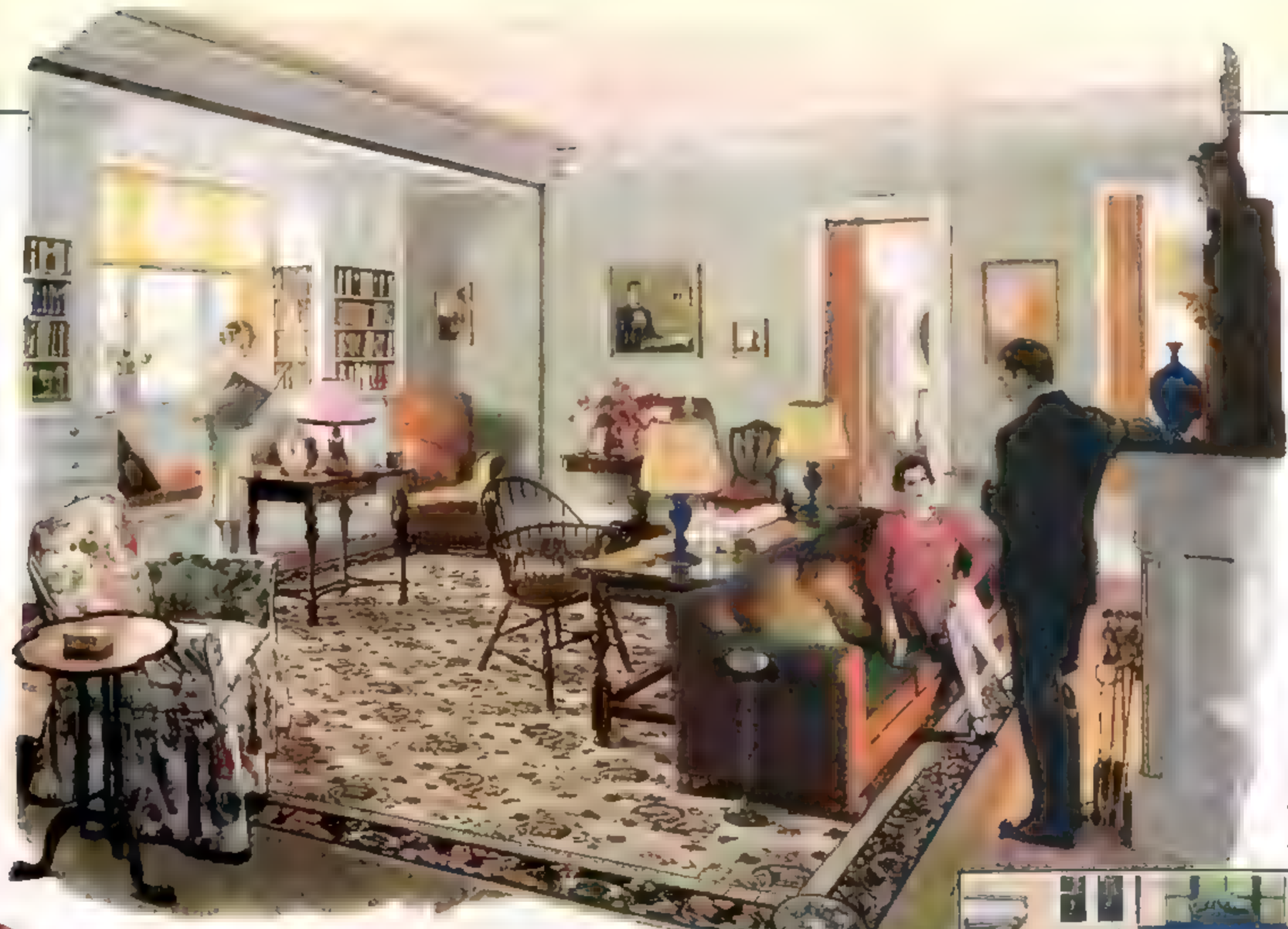
Chrysler has fired the imagination of the public and rushed up to its present eminence in the industry precisely because people believe that Chrysler represents exactly the opposite spirit in engineering—which is the spirit of it-*can*-be-done.

This spirit of youth, and quickness, and daring in the Chrysler organization crystallizes and is given concrete expression in the appearance and the performance of every car which that organization designs and engineers and builds.

Doubtless you will hear the old petulant, pessimistic cry, "It can't be done"—every time progressive newness issues from Chrysler laboratories and plants—almost every time, indeed, that a Chrysler announcement appears.

But here is Chrysler, firmly lodged in the front rank of fine cars—here is Chrysler, backed by the most enthusiastic public a car has ever known—here is Chrysler, forming the style trend and the engineering trend for the whole blessed industry, from cars of lowest price to highest—and that would seem to be that!

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICHIGAN



The pattern illustrated is SHANGHAI *—Gold Seal Art-Rug 381. The same design in blue, yellow and black on a two-tone rose background is* "SAN TOY"*—Gold Seal Art-Rug 387.*

RUGS that are *a constant joy -*

THE charm of *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs lies not alone in the harmonious blends and contrasts of color in the patterns. They possess, too, a "subtle something"—the magic touch, perhaps, of the famous artists who create the designs. Thus they afford a perfect keynote for the decorative scheme, giving a delightful effect of unity to the entire room.

Note, for instance, how the artistic "SHANGHAI" pattern in the room above enhances the beauty of all the other furnishings . . . how it lends to the room an atmosphere that combines colorful cheeriness with restful dignity. One never tires of such a room!

So it is with the many other artistic Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rug patterns. Deep-toned Orientals . . . fresh floral designs . . . trim tiles . . . in all the popular room sizes up to 9 x 15 feet.

And besides their lasting beauty, *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs save so much time and trouble. No sweeping or beating—only light mopping is required to keep them looking like new and *really* clean.

Durability? It is assured by the exclusive *Multicote* process which builds wear resistance not only on the surface but right through the heavy pattern.

Just a word of caution—don't be misled into buying a substitute for *genuine* "Congoleum" because of a small saving in price. Inferior merchandise is always most expensive in the end. For your own protection insist on genuine, guaranteed "Congoleum"—it can be easily identified by the Gold Seal pasted on the pattern.

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Above is the "DRESDEN" *design Gold Seal Art-Rug 304—as pretty a blue and white tile as you have ever seen!*

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THIS KING BUSINESS

Exiles—By Prince Christopher of Greece

In Collaboration With Mary Margaret McBride

IN 1909 we had the feeling, somehow, that we ought to keep our trunks always packed. That is, we never knew what moment the unsettled condition of affairs in Greece might make exiles of us as it had of King Otho, my father's predecessor. My father never entered into political discussions or took sides with any party. But we knew there was no telling when the leaders of one faction might get it into their heads that he had favored their opponents. He had a rosy dream for Greece. He wanted to see his people well educated, taught fair play, public spirit and justice. But his dream was doomed. He was shot in the back at Salonika by a traitor just when he felt that at least some of his hopes were to be realized.

Prince Christopher and His Brother Andrew, Crown Princess Louise of Sweden—Then Princess Louise of Battenberg—and Her Sister Princess Alice of Greece

This happened eighteen months after the First Balkan War, at the end of which the Greeks, under the leadership of the crown prince, with the Bulgarians, Serbians and Montenegrins, had won a decisive victory over the Turks. The Greek Army had arrived before Salonika on the ninth of November, having accomplished the campaign in three weeks. I was a staff officer, and on the tenth was with my brother when he entered the city and ran up his flag. His was a triumph worthy of any commander in chief, but the people, who had lived under the Turkish yoke until this moment, felt as if he were a messenger from God come to deliver them. Their welcome was almost reverent.

My father arrived at Salonika next day and kept watch over the conquered city for eighteen months. Meantime my brother left with his troops for Epirus and I was with him at Janina when a telegram came with the shocking news that my father had been shot.

Later, we found that it had happened while he was taking a walk, accompanied by his A. D. C. The assassin had fired at short range just as he turned homeward. The bullet pierced the victim's heart and he fell dead instantly. The A. D. C. seized the assassin and turned him over to the police, then took the king to the nearest military hospital. But it was too late. Nothing could be done.

A Greek Legend

I DO not even know the name of the man who killed him. Before he could be brought to trial he was found dead in the jail courtyard, probably pushed out the window by somebody who did not want the truth about the assassination to leak out.

My mother was in Athens, looking after her various hospitals, when the message came. It fell to my brother George to tell her. When the crown prince, now king, and the rest of us reached Athens he had to go immediately to parliament, where he took the oath of allegiance to the constitution before officials of church and state, hastily gathered. Then we started for Salonika on our yacht. It was a heartbroken gathering, the more so that we had been planning a joyous family reunion as soon as conditions were more settled.

King Constantine began his reign under singularly favorable conditions. He had liberated South Macedonia, Epirus and all the islands of the Ægean from a fearful yoke. But relations between the Greek and Bulgarian governments had been strained for a long time after the fall of Salonika, which the Bulgarians also claimed. Finally the Bulgarians, without any declaration of war, attacked the Greeks outside Salonika. Apparently the military party, fearing the slowness of diplomatic action, had resolved to take matters into its own hands. The king, who was still commander in chief of the army, again shared camp life with his men and, led by him, they won a decisive victory.

The outcome of the two wars made the king a real national hero. Never before nor since have I seen such complete popularity as was his. Perhaps one item that contributed to it was the national legend that foretold the regaining of Constantinople and the restoration of the

King George I of Greece and the Kaiser at the Latter's Villa, Achilleion, at Corfu

Christian church whenever a Constantine sat with a Sophie on the throne of Greece again. This tradition had risen from the fact that the last emperor to fall on the ramparts of Byzantium was named Constantine and his wife was called Sophie.

But it took more than a legend to account for the way people felt about my brother. He could not show himself anywhere without being surrounded by his people. As long as he was in sight they screamed themselves hoarse and, if he would have permitted it, would gladly have unhitched his horses from the carriage and carried him wherever he wanted to go on their shoulders. They boasted of his bravery, his wisdom and his devotion to his people. They recited proudly innumerable instances of his sportsmanship in wartime camps, where he lived with his soldiers, sharing their hardships and their rude bed and board.

A Long Way Home

A POET composed The Song of the Eagle in his honor. It was set to music and sung with patriotic fervor whenever he appeared. It took second place only to the national anthem. All happenings tended to increase their love for their idol.

By the Treaty of Bukharest, after the Second Balkan War, Greece obtained the greater part of Thrace, which advantageously extended her eastern frontier. Great thanksgiving ceremonies were held when my brother returned to Athens, for the people felt that Greece was at last free to enjoy a well-earned peace and to give herself up to the work of reconstruction.

On the day the king relinquished command of the army he thanked and congratulated the troops and said: "Let us henceforth found our national power on unity and discipline in order that we may be respected by our friends and feared by our enemies."

The spring and summer of 1914 preceding the World War were the gayest and most prosperous Greece had ever known. But it was the calm before the storm. Along with the rest of the world, Germany's declaration of war on Russia, August 1, 1914, plunged us all into confusion.

I was in London on August first and watched the frantic crowds rushing to Buckingham Palace to demand news of the stand Great Britain was to take.

Naturally at such a time I began to want to get home. My nephew, then crown prince, was also in London at the time and we both tried to book tickets, but all the trains had been commandeered by the military government.

The trains in France ran only east and west, carrying troops, and there was no chance of getting to Paris.

My fiancée, Mrs. Leeds, had chartered a yacht for Cowes, and Cowes was called off, as was everything except war, so that the yacht was left on her hands. She offered to lend it to us to take us to Lisbon, but the authorities thought it would be unsafe, as the yacht might never be able to return to England. We were actually on board when we were told not to sail.

Finally, by sheer luck, we got a cabin which had been given up the day before, on board a P. and O. steamer leaving from Tilbury docks. We went round by the Bay of Biscay and Gibraltar and landed at Port Said. From there we went to Alexandria and from there to the Piræus. The journey took ten days.

We were chased by a German cruiser across the Bay of Biscay. It in turn was chased away by English men-of-war. It was an extremely exciting moment. Some of the ladies were panicky, but most of the passengers were thrilled. Later, travelers by sea grew more or less accustomed to marine warfare, but those early days were different. If the Germans had got us that time it would have been a rich haul, for the boat was filled with English dignitaries hurrying to their posts.

At the outbreak of hostilities the Greek Government decided upon neutrality. When Serbia asked Greece for help

(Continued on Page 39)

In Colonial days spoke holes in a felly were bored by the wheelwright one by one—a laborious, inexact process

BACK of Packard's acknowledged leadership in the fine car field lies the story of Packard's development of specialized machine tools. A long story of pioneering achievement—but one which tells of swift advances in manufacturing processes affecting every Packard part.

For example, when Packard cars first gained fame for quality nearly thirty years ago, each part was individually drilled with a single tool and many measurements—a method but little improved over those of our forefathers.

Today, in the modern Packard plant, multiple drill-presses pierce more than a score of holes in the three sides of transmission housings—in one operation. Each hole is accurately located; each is exact to the requirements of Packard's high precision standards. So, in the building of a Packard, even the drilling of holes has become an operation of rapid and scientific exactness.

It is precision manufacture which permits Packard to translate fine engineering and materials into superlative performance and long life.

Packard cars are priced from $2275 to $4550. Individual custom models from $3875 to $8725, at Detroit

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

(Continued from Page 37)

against Austria, Mr. Venizelos pointed out that the pact with Serbia did not oblige Greece to go to her ally's assistance.

The Austrian Government early declared that in case of a conflict between Greece and Bulgaria she would not consider Greece an enemy. The German Emperor, however, strongly urged my brother to join forces with Germany, telegraphing, I remember, three or four times. This, my brother unhesitatingly replied, would always be an impossibility.

One day he grew so angry at the repeated solicitation that he said: "If this keeps up I'll send him back my decorations, the field marshal's baton and every German thing I've got."

He repeatedly pointed out to entente representatives the futility of pursuing negotiations with Turkey and Bulgaria, since the Kaiser had concluded an alliance with the two countries.

The king and Mr. Venizelos differed from the first about the conduct of Greece during the war. Whenever they differed Mr. Venizelos chose to interpret my brother's hesitations as dictated solely by attachment for his brother-in-law, the Kaiser, and sympathy for Germany. It is easy to understand that in those troubled times an insinuation which tended to represent Greece's king as an unavowed but certain friend of Germany was adroitly calculated to discredit him forever. King Constantine had a German field marshal's baton, and several members of the general staff had finished their military training at the Berlin war academy. These facts served to add fuel to the fire of rumors, and King Constantine and all his followers were thus classed as pro-German.

A One-Sided Battle

IN THE meantime Mr. Venizelos' insistence upon advocating a policy of coöperation with the Allies, destined to end in national humiliation, convinced the entente powers that he alone among Greek statesmen was to be trusted.

A terrible illness of my brother's in 1915 made it difficult for him to vindicate himself of all these charges. He contracted double pneumonia, and in the operation that became necessary two ribs were removed. For days his life hung in the balance. He finally recovered, but he was not the same again, and never was able to go ahead with his work in the old vigorous way.

The events of December 1 and 2, 1917, are well known. The Allies had demanded that Greece should give up certain guns and ammunition. It was also rumored that the Greek Army would attack General Sarrail in the rear. Of course my brother never had any such intention. Even if he had been so inclined, he certainly would not have taken a step that would have resulted in the instant bombardment of all Greece's ports and her starvation in less than a fortnight. Yet General Sarrail believed the report and demanded the surrender of guns and ammunition.

The Greeks had been called upon for every sort of sacrifice. Now they were asked to relinquish arms which had been glorified in the victorious Balkan Wars. The demand touched them on the raw. They said they would not give up their arms and they meant it.

Immediately French and English detachments landed and began marching on Athens. The Greek garrison was mobilized, but the soldiers had strict orders not to fire. One shot did go off, and history is still debating which side fired it. At all events, the explosion precipitated a pitched battle. Venizelists, armed to the teeth, were shooting in the streets and out of the windows at the soldiers, their own countrymen. Bullets buzzed about like bees. One flew into the window of the room where my brother Andrew's children were playing and flattened itself out against the wall.

Then, as suddenly as it had started, the firing stopped for a while. We began to go about as usual. During the lull my sister-in-law Alice, Andrew's wife, even went to the shop she ran for the sale of native needlework. While she was there the firing began again and several women who had ventured out were brought in fainting from the streets to be revived.

At five o'clock, taking advantage of the lull, I drove to the house of my brother Nicholas to have tea. We were peacefully sipping it and munching crumpets when we heard the booming of big guns. The French battleships were shelling Athens.

My chauffeur was waiting in my runabout. I dashed out of the house and we started toward the palace—or rather, we tried for ten minutes to start, since the automobile, with the perversity that inanimate objects seem to take on when their owner is in a hurry, absolutely went dead. When we did get going we had to cut our way through bullets. The air seemed almost solid with them. Men were firing from every window and around every corner. By a miracle, we were untouched, but just as we reached the palace gate somebody took more careful aim and a bullet whizzed between the chauffeur's head and mine.

Prince Christopher, His Sister and Her Elder Daughter Nina, [redacted] Baron de Stoeckl, at Harax, Crimea

The guard rushed toward the person who had fired, but at that moment a shell exploded on the opposite corner, distracting everybody's attention to his own safety and causing me to turn into the gates on two wheels. For an hour the hail of small shells kept up. Many fell in the palace garden and one hit the wall under the study where the king was sitting. If it had exploded —— But it didn't.

Big shells followed the little ones, and with them came the Allied ministers to the palace to confer with the king. They asked him to stop the fighting. He assured them that he wanted nothing so much as to have the fighting stopped, but suggested that they could do it better than he.

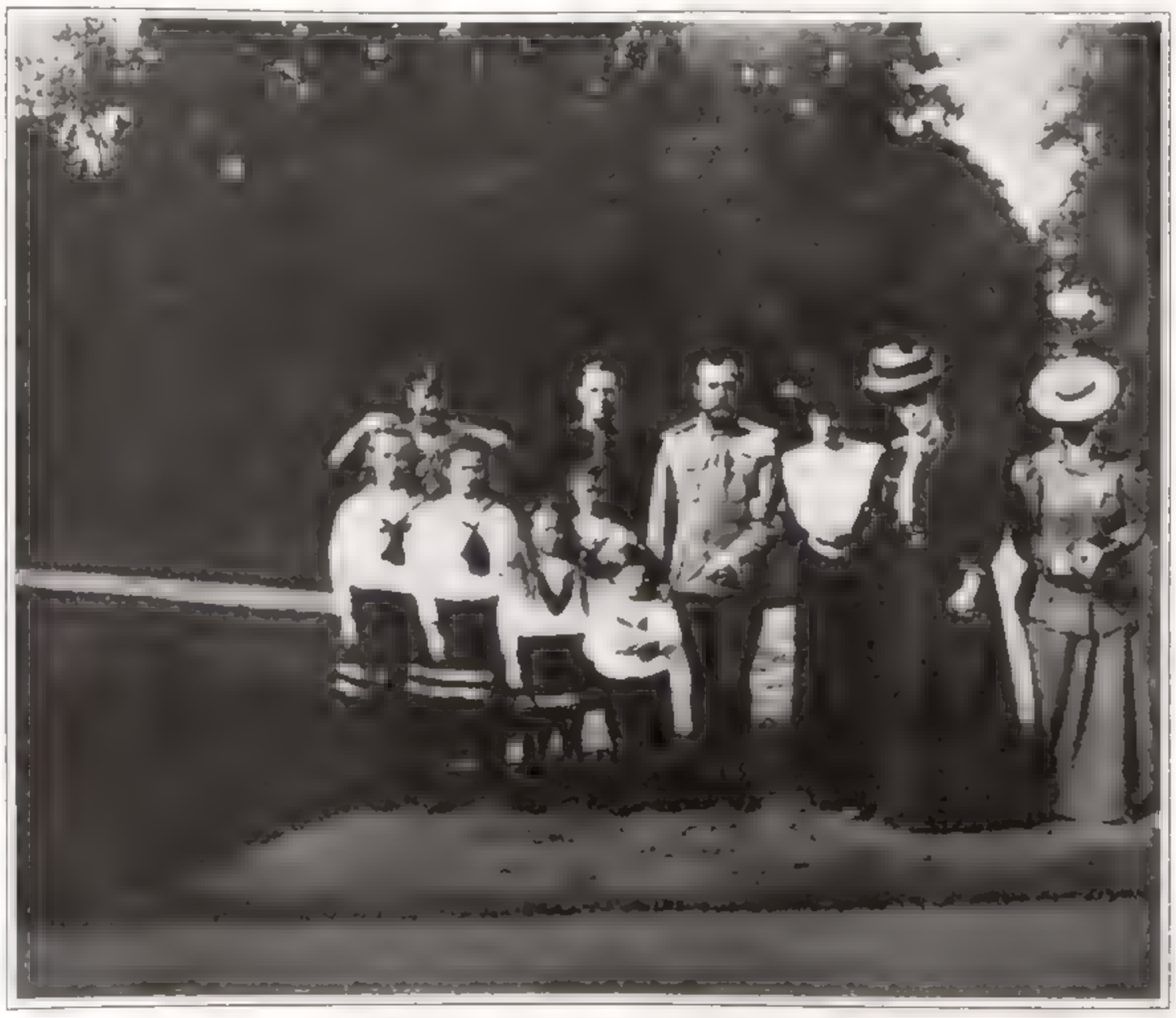
From the palace the delegation went to a conference with the French admiral at the Zappion, a big building used for expositions. Half an hour later the admiral sent orders that the firing from the sea was to stop. It did. The next day the Greeks began firing at one another. This also was quelled and the Allies got the guns and ammunition they had asked for. It was also agreed that the Greek Army owed the Allies a military apology. Accordingly the Greek garrison filed in front of the Allied troops, drawn up in formal array, and saluted the French, English and Italian flags.

Our family was now definitely established before the world as pro-German. We had reason to believe that a good many of the rumors in this connection came directly from Salonika, where, shortly before, Venizelos had set up a triumvirate. Associated with him were General Dangles and Admiral Condouriotes, former aide to my father and later president of the Greek Republic.

If Venizelos' scheme for this three-cornered arrangement could have been blocked, the whole Greek affair might have turned out another way. I was the first to hear of the plot and there was time to head it off if I could have interested the authorities.

A friend brought the news to Kephisia one summer night. A tremendous pounding at the front door woke us. My friend said that he had heard and verified the report that Venizelos was leaving at once with his two associates for Salonika. Nicholas was in Russia and Andrew in France, both trying to clear matters with the Allies. Whatever was done must be done by me.

I dressed in furious haste and we flew off to Athens in my faithful little runabout, the one that went through many stirring times. First we hauled out of bed my nephew, George, the crown prince. He counseled us to lay the whole situation before the Prime Minister. It was rather late at night to consult a Prime Minister, but we decided it must be done. Besides, his son was married to my friend's sister, so we felt more at liberty to disturb him.



The Russian Royal Family. The Grand Duchesses, Olga, Tatiana, Anastasia and Marie, the Czarevitch, the Czar and Czarina, the Czar's Sister (Grand Duchess Xenia), and the Grand Duchess George. Grand Duke Boris and Prince Christopher are Standing on the Left

A Reign of Terror

THERE was a light in the study window of that official's house, and, like conspirators, we threw pebbles against the windowpane until he came wearily out to learn what was the matter. Excitedly we told our news. The Prime Minister telephoned it to the Minister of the Navy. The Minister of the Navy said it was false. Venizelos, he asserted, wouldn't think of doing such a thing. So no steps were taken to stop the plans. Two days later Venizelos and the two others quietly boarded a torpedo boat and went first to Crete, then to Salonika.

That was the beginning of a reign of terror for us. To the knowledge that we were being totally misunderstood by our friends in the outside world was added the horror of plots and rumors of plots against us in our own country. One of the scares we had seems funny now, though at

Continued on Page 153

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Chat

Carl Laemmle, Jr.

This year Universal will make two series, twelve each, of "The Collegians," those snappy stories of college life by Carl Laemmle, Jr., for which there has been a consistent demand all over the country. For many weeks the author has been collecting material, conferring with the stars and otherwise laying the foundation for the best series of all.

The unusual success of "The Collegians" is due to the fact that all the people love pictures which show youth, beauty and the activities of college life. Those who have been to college appreciate them to a high degree. Those who have not, like them because they reveal the ways of college youth—their struggles for athletic supremacy, their romances and their carefree days.

Bear in mind that you are as deeply interested in your favorite neighborhood theatre as the man who owns it. You are entitled to have your say as to the pictures that shall be shown. Why not get the habit of telling your manager of the pictures you'd like to see. Ask him to secure the Universals that have proved so popular. Some are mentioned in this column today. If you follow the column you will see them all

George Lewis

Why are we re-issuing *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"?* Because so many who did not see it on the original issue have flooded me with letters requesting it. This is the spectacular production in which LON CHANEY scored his greatest triumph.

Yes, in answer to several queries, CONRAD VEIDT and MARY PHILBIN have been adding immeasurably to their laurels in the already famous film play *"The Man Who Laughs."* If I were to repeat the words of the foremost critics, I would say, "You simply must see this remarkable picture." Will you?

Conrad Veidt in "The Man Who Laughs"

Universal is preparing to produce "Broadway" and "Show Boat" which as you know are outstanding sensations on the stage. We have never made more elaborate preparations than in these instances.

I want the readers of The Saturday Evening Post to be careful not to confuse Universal's mammoth production of *"Uncle Tom's Cabin"* with "Tom" pictures ten years old and older. When you see this very remarkable picture, you will understand why Spain, England Canada, Italy and South America have enthused over it

"We Americans," the greatest melting-pot picture ever screened, is one Universal picture you must see. You must see it It is most unusual—most thrilling and interesting.

Carl Laemmle, President

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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MORE LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE DIPLOMAT TO HIS PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 19)

All of their damage is internal. Where the Ambassador generally winds up with a decoration of red ribbon, the Politician generally winds up with an Inditement staring him in the face. Now just here lately it has been reported through the Press, that some of our United States Senators had received some several thousand dollars from Political factions down here. I asked your President here about it the other day, and here was his reply:

"'You have been down here and had a chance to study most of our leading men. Does it strike you that we are the type that would voluntarily give some other Nation's politicians $300,000?' And then he laughed.

"Well, I agreed with him. I have looked you-all over—in fact that is really what I come down here for was to find out if any of you really were giving money away. I had been sent here by some of the Senators that had heard that rumor, and I was down to show you where you could place some more. But I find that I am here on a lost cause. No Mexican Politician ever gave anybody anything.

"Politicians are typical in every country. You have the greatest arranged political system in the World down here. Your Constitution says a President can't succeed himself, so Our President here just alternates every four years with Mr. Obregón, and in that way you people know who will be President for the next twenty years, while up home we don't know who will be ours next year." [I dident tell 'em, Cal, that you knew, but that nobody else did.]

What Mexico Needs

"Now I want it distinctly understood that I dident come down here to try and cement good relations between the two Nations, through these so-called cementers that we are always biting at each other's heels. I am not going to tell you that you ought to wake up and be progressive and trade your Burro for a car. The only thing I can see that you need in this Country is more rain, and if Calles here don't give it to you, I would start impeachment.

"Everywhere I go down here somebody invariably asks me for a Cigarette, so if you ask me what this Country needs it's more Cigarettes. [There is a good chance to ring a cigarette add in there, but you notice I dident do it.]

"I come down here to see a lot of the American Colony who are here with us tonight, for I knew there was lots of them that couldent come back home and see us.

"I dident come here to tell you that Mexico needed American Capital. Mexico needs Mexican Capital. Pass a law to make your rich Mexican invest at least half the money he gets out of his own country back into it again. You have more money in this City invested in French dresses and perfumes than you have in the country in plows. It's not American confidence you are looking for—it's Mexican confidence.

"Make your rich, every time they send a Child to Paris to learn 'em to talk French—make them send one to Sonora to learn to talk Yaqui. They are the ones you have to live and get along with, not the French. You got more imported cars here than you have milk cows.

"I was up and paid a call on our friend here, Mr. Estrada, Secretary of State, today, and he got out a wonderful bottle and gave me a swig of what he called Mexican Hospitality. It was Tequila. Then he asked me how I liked Mexico. Why, with one more swig of that a person would have been fond of Siberia.

"The only trouble with this country is, the Verbs have too many endings. I hope Morrow don't get up and tell you that he come here to give you all your Liberty. Why should Mexico be the first Country to have it? It's unusual for a Guest to compliment a Host at a dinner, but I think you will like this little Guy Morrow. You are supposed to be kinder rough babies to deal with, so that's why we sent a fellow down from Wall Street. He looks gentle, but say, you don't raise 'em down here in this cactus any more hard-boiled than we do up there on that little Alley.

"There is no reason why we shouldent get on with this Country. You have lots of things down here that we want, and as long as we get 'em, why, we ought to hit it off great. I want to thank everybody for their hospitality. I just want to find one thing before going home—I want to find what makes every Mexican a Guitar player. Now if I was looking for comedy in Government, I dident have to come here. I could have stayed at home. I come down here to laugh with you and not at you. I dident come here to tell you that we look on you as Brothers. That would be a lot of bunk. We look on you as a lot of Bandits and you look on us as one Big Bandit. So I think we fairly understand each other, without trying to express it. I have nothing in the way of hospitality to offer you when you come to my country, unless you visit me in Hollywood, and I will take you out and let you see the Screen Stars get divorces.

"So we will now drink a toast in Mescal: Por toda mal Mescal, Por toda bien tambien. Viva la Mexico, Viva Estadas Umdas, Bueno Noches, Amigos. Carramba! Yours, Will, Ambassador, without rhyme, reason or Portfolio."

P. S. Say, you and Hughes neither one dident make any better speech than that in Cuba. You spoke on Columbus, I think that was an old speech you had made when you graduated from High School. 'Course those Cubans just eat up anything about Columbus, because they think he landed there. They got him mixed up with Roosevelt. He is the one landed there. But Hughes wasent afraid to speak about Nicaragua. He told 'em that we were in there and were going to stay till every one of them voted Republican.

Ready for Lindbergh

AMERICAN EMBASSY, MEXICO CITY.
PRESIDENT CALVIN COOLIDGE,
WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I havent written you in days, for we all been so upset over Lindy's coming. Say, Boss, you don't know what an asset we have got in this Boy Lindbergh till you see him in a Foreign Country. Here's what happened: The Ambassador dug us all out early in the morning. Now Lindy couldent have made it before about noon if he had been on time, but Morrow says, "He might catch a tail wind and get in early." Well, that was a laugh to me. I knew what chance he had catching a tail wind. Wind don't start blowing till you get in the air, then it sees which way you are going to go and it goes around and heads you off.

We got to the field about 7:30, and even as early as that, there was the President and all his Cabinet and staff there already, up on a kind of a stand built over the hangar. And there was over two hundred thousand people on that field. Now they waited there, with not as much as a drink of water, or a sandwitch. The thought never entered their mind to eat. It was anxiety over that Boy that they were living on. You never saw such anxious faces in your life when they begin to realize that he might be lost.

An American audience wouldent have had that patience. When noon come, they would say, "Well, I would like to see the Kid land, but I got to find some hot dogs around here somewhere."

I heard the President tell Mr. Morrow that it would be the greatest calamity that ever befell Mexico if that Boy was lost coming in there; that he was coming just to pay a visit to a people that he had never seen or who meant anything to him, yet he was taking his life in his hands just to come and be friends with them.

He was lost over the clouds and went away off to the Northwest of Mexico City, yet he got his bearings and got in there at 3:45 in the afternoon. But the people were all right there yet. You never saw such rejoicing in your life. You know, those Latins are kinder temperamental anyway, but they went Cuckoo, and the Americans were worse than them. I thought I would have to give up my bed at the Embassy. I told Morrow that morning that I had my things all packed and would go to the hotel.

He said, "Why, you will not!"

I said, "Why, yes. It's been understood that Lindbergh is to have the Guest's room which I am in."

The Boss of the Show

Morrow is an ambassador at heart. This Guy, although he never held a post before, he looked around the room and said, "You will not leave—this room is not good enough for Lindbergh." And he took me and showed me his room that he was giving to Lindy. Well, when I saw his room, this one of mine did look kinder punk. I like to have left then of my own free will.

Here is something I must tell you. When he lands up home, we have to have policemen or Soldiers to guard the plane, for people will cut the tail off, or fill their pockets with spark plugs, and mebby if they can carry it, stick the engine under their coat. Well, in Mexico the people, instead of trying to tear the plane up for souvenirs, they carried it on their shoulders to the hangar. They are just ignorant that way; they dident know enough to cut it all up. They are the most primitive people that way—no Pep and Progress. And instead of throwing confetti or ticker tape out of the windows as he passed, everybody threw flowers

They have a queer way of entertaining, and about him going to the Bullfight. They even wired me: "Don't let Lindbergh go to Bullfight." What could I do about Lindbergh going to a Bullfight? I was lucky to shake hands with him, much less telling him where not to go. Then to Morrow they sent a hundred messages: "It will be national disgrace if Lindbergh goes to Bullfight"

I wanted to wire them and tell 'em: "What do you keep worrying about Lindbergh going for? Why don't you stop the Bull from going?"

There is the head man in that show. He come in to breakfast one morning and a screaming headline said: America Protests Lindy Going to Bullfight. He glanced at it, then said, "Well, that settles it. What time is the fight?"

Now he had no idea going at first; it was not on his official program. The Mexicans are very considerate that way. They know Americans don't care for the fights and don't ask you to go. In fact, about 90 per cent of them don't go. It's just a certain bunch that goes; but the ones who do go, go every Sunday. The only time you ever see a vacant seat is when some fan has died during the week. The President says they go thinking some time during their life they will see a good fight.

I dident see Lindy after he saw one, as I left Mexico the afternoon he went. One day I am coming into the Embassy and he was going out with his Helmet and Goggles. I asked him where he was going.

He said, "Come on, I will take you up with me. I am going to take up a Mexican Plane." Well, on the way out he said, "Now I won't take you up first, as it

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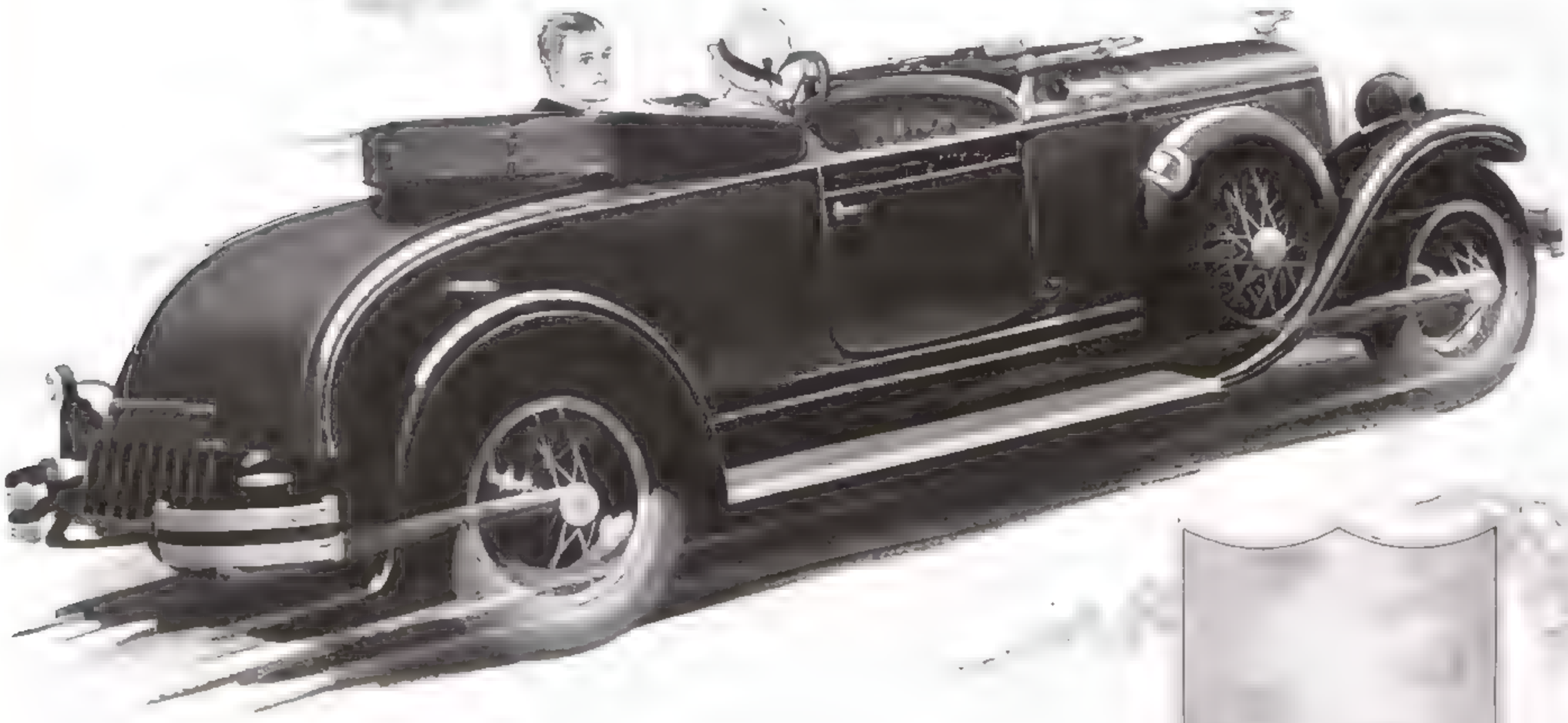
"Now *that's* what I call *performance*"



Your foot on the starter . . . a silent meshing of gears . . . and you're off like a flash. Easily wending your way through traffic. Headed for somewhere . . . anywhere . . . forgetful of minutes or miles.

* * *

"Now *that's* what I call *performance*" . . . that's what you'll say of its thrilling speed. Of its smoothness, silence and effortless handling. Of its power that seems to flatten the hills.

* * *

You'll feel your admiration growing . . . for this big, smart car . . . this All-American Six. For its soft-spoken brute of an engine. Its roomy comfort and riding ease.

* * *

Speed . . . drive . . . stamina. A brilliant change of pace. Everything that goes to make up splendid performance. Everything that experienced owners demand.

* * *

All in the All-American . . . combined with vivid beauty . . . with color and style. Drive this General Motors Six an hour . . . a week . . . a season, or longer. Your respect for its performance will increase every day.

The Summit House at the top of Pike's Peak. One of the most unique tourist spots in all America.

2-Door Sedan, $1045; Landau Coupe, $1045; Sport Roadster, $1075 (wire wheels and spare tire extra); Phaeton, $1075; 4-Door Sedan, $1145; Cabriolet, $1155; Landau Sedan, $1265. New Series Pontiac Six, $745 to $875. All prices at factory. Check Oakland-Pontiac delivered prices—they include lowest handling charges. General Motors Time Payment Plan available at minimum rate.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

OAKLAND
ALL-AMERICAN SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

See this gas-tight cap!

WHEN you push down the extinguisher of a Firefly Lighter, the special cap seals in the vapor from the fluid.

Some of the vapor stays in the cap so that when you need a light, the spark ignites this vapor instantly.

Because of the gas-tight cap—found only on Clark Lighters—one filling of the fluid container lasts *three times as long* as the same amount of fluid in a lighter that permits the vapor to leak.

Look for the Covered Wheel

Another distinguishing feature of the Firefly Lighter is the permanently-covered sparking wheel. This guards your thumb from smudges and scars. That, too, is a Clark patent.

With these mechanical perfections Firefly Lighters are beautifully finished and, best of all, they always work.

When you can buy a Firefly for as low as $4.50, is there any reason to experiment with the many unknowns? Let your local shopman show you Fireflys in metal or leather finishes.

CLARK LIGHTER CO., INC.
580 Fifth Avenue New York

FIREFLY
A CLARK LIGHTER

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wouldent look good to come down here and take up an American first."

Now how's that for diplomacy? Who would have thought of that? One in a hundred would have noticed that he had taken up someone besides a native. But that one in a hundred was the one he was catering to. You know, I wish we could get our Tourists and rich people that go abroad to show one-tenth as much consideration for the feelings of the people of the country where they are visiting as this Kid does. If they did, we would be the most popular people on earth. You know, flying is the least thing we can learn from this Boy.

Well, after I saw 'em lead out one of these Mexican Planes, I was in favor of him taking up all of Mexico before he got to me. You know, they got dandy aviators down here. But it's their Planes that are obsolete. They are the ones that France used in the first of the war. But now we are allowing them to buy up home, so they will have some real ones soon. But they are good flyers. One fellow, Casterhoun, flew me around that Volcano Popocaterpillar, and I want to tell you when he banked that around the edge of that old smoking crater I commenced wondering what my insurance covered. And they got another great little flyer, Carranza. He made a nonstop flight to El Paso and his wing caught fire and he flew over into a rainstorm and the rain put it out. Now that's some Aviating, and thinking, and also some research work, to find a rain in Northern Mexico. Well, Lindy took Casterhoun up, then Carranza, and then he hollered for me. He had to or I wouldent have been there, for the old Plane looked like a weak Sister to me. It's almost sacrilegious to say that you would be afraid with Lindbergh, for my only chance of ever becoming immortal was to have fallen with Lindbergh. But even at that, I was too big a coward to want to fall with him. Going to the Embassy afterward, I asked him about the Plane, and he made the only undiplomatic remark I ever heard him make, and I don't think he would have made that if he had realized who was with him.

He said, "I just wanted to fly that Plane to see if a Plane that old would fly."

Mexican Trick Ropers

They gave a Roping Contest, or Rodeo, for me—the Charro Club—that's an organization of Ex-Cowpunchers and prominent fellows in the City. You know, the Mexicans are just about the best Ropers there is. They have their own arena. Of course when Lindy got in the Country and I had got him to promise to go out there with me to see it, why, it was forgot that it had ever been got up for me. I think he enjoyed it, for there was some fine work done by General Cruise and the Besareil brothers, who had just returned from giving Exhibitions in the Bull rings of Spain. They are Mexico's best ropers.

They showed how they Tailed the wild ones down. They run by and wrap the tail under your leg and then go on by, and, brother, it certainly upsets 'em. Then they did a stunt running a loose wild horse around the arena and jumping onto him from your horse. He wouldent have a thing on, not a surcingle or halter—just naked. They wanted me to get in there and rope, but, Lord, I had just as much chance trying to show them something as Jim Watson will have with his two Delegates at K. C.

I was going to leave that Sunday by plane for Tampico and then fly on to Brownsville and San Antonio. I had a very big old bag that I dident know if it would go in the Cockpit of the Plane. So I took the Colonel in to ask him. It was full of Mexican spurs and Silver bits, and a big carved knife that Obregón had given me. Lindy had been joking me about leaving in an old Standard plane. He said if I struck a head wind I would be in Mexico all winter.

So when I showed him this big bag, he said very seriously—for he likes his joke: "No, that won't go in the Plane, but you can take a rope and tie it on behind the plane and let it drag. It can't slow up that plane any."

But as it happened, I drew a Fairchilds and had a wonderful trip into Tampico, and then right along the ocean on up to Brownsville. Then with J. I. Moore, the Boy Scout aviator of Kelly, right on into San Antonio.

Watching the Way the Wind Blows

I must tell you, the first time I flew with Lindbergh I had been down to San Diego to speak at his dinner, when he was on that tour, and I felt mighty proud to speak before him, and I gave a lot of thought to my speech. I did want to have something different from all the other speeches I had heard by the Governors and Mayors, where it was always, "Our Boy! Our Hero, who flew from here to France!" Well, I had an idea the Kid knew where he went and there wasent any use bringing that up, so I told him that as time went by and Planes got better, that his time would, of course, be beat by far; but that there was one record that I thought he held that would go down through the ages, and that was that he was the only man that ever took a ham Sandwitch to Paris; and that all our Speakers always referred to him as an inspiration to our youths.

"Why, if our youths followed you, Colonel, they would all be in the Atlantic Ocean. I have two boys. I want them to admire you, but I don't want 'em trying any of these stunts that you are pulling around here. I want the boys with me a while yet."

Then everybody that ever introduced Lindbergh anywhere always refers to him as the Columbus—the modern Columbus, the Columbus of the air. That just shows you how much all these old long-winded Speakers know.

They just pick out some name in History and bring it down to now; they don't know if it fits or not. When they call him Columbus, they don't know their history. Columbus was lost when he found this Country and don't know yet where he landed. Lindbergh knows where he landed in France, but we can't pronounce it. Columbus just touched the Queen for a mess of Jewels and lit out. It dident matter to him where he landed.

Well, the next day, as he dident have any town to make, he took a big new Ford Plane, three-motored, and took a lot of us back up to Los Angeles. I was sitting out in the Pilot's seat with him and we were about to land, and it was not at a regular field, as they wanted to avoid the crowd. There was no Hangar or wind Indicator; it was just a stubble field.

So I asked him, "How can you tell how to land when you can't see which way the wind is blowing from?"

He said, "Why, dident you see the way those clothes was blowing on that line back there?"

Now dident I see the way some washing was blowing on a clothesline about ten towns back? I dident even notice what clothes were on the line.

And then I told him: "Well, suppose it wasent Monday—what would you do? I suppose we would have to fly around up here till somebody washed." But say I wasent kidding him.

He come right back at me—he has a good sense of humor—"I wouldent fly over such a dirty country."

Well, that's about all the scandal for now.

Yours,
WILL.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

MR. CALVIN COOLIDGE,
President of these United States and
Dictator of Republican Convention.

My Dear Mr. Coolidge: Well, here I am on my way back home. Just flew in from Mexico City. And, say, don't overlook this valley down here on the Rio Grande that I flew over today. Why, I never saw as much junk raised on one little plot in my life. That wouldent be a bad place to tell your friends to drop a little investment. Mellon has saved up most of his salary there, and if he will just stick it anywhere down here in Texas it will fix him so he won't have to argue with Couzens and Congress all his life.

Say, what great fields they got here. Keep after this air stuff. Lor', here I am here tonight, and left Mexico City yesterday in the late afternoon, spent the night with a lot of fine Americans in Tampico, and then to Brownsville for lunch, and here for dinner. No Bandits, no Wrecks, no heat, and it's the only way to see the country. And what a fine bunch of boys in the air service. One of the Du Pont boys is enlisted here at Kelly. You know, there is a lot of rich kids that have given up the coonskin coat and the homemade gin and are taking to the air.

Let's get all the planes we can, do all the commercial aviation we can to keep the boys in training, and get our Naval fleet the biggest one. Second money with a fleet is sorter like running second at a Presidential election. It's better to spend more money and have the best fleet, just like it's better to spend more money and get the most votes. But I can't tell you Republicans anything about that. If America has all these things, then just sits here and takes care of our own business, you can bet nobody is going to come over here and pounce on us.

This ought to reach you just about the time the Republicans are ready for their masked ball in Kansas City. Morrow and I while down there talked a lot of politics. You know, he is a pretty shrewd little fellow. I dident know those Wall Street Guys knew anything but bonds and Interest, but he sho does. 'Course I have always had the old sneaky feeling that when the boys lined up at the barrier in November, you would be among those present.

A Foundling

I have backed my whole argument on that word "Choose." To me it's the only word in the world that don't mean anything. It's just "Yes," "No," "I can't tell yet," "Mebby," "who knows," "undecided," "decided," "probably," "not likely." It means all those, and hence means nothing.

Now let's be honest with each other. You dident pick that little word accidentally, did you? You did a lot of research work to find that. Now here is what I claim when the convention gets tied up in K. C. between Dawes and Hoover: A Man will get up *apparently impromptu, and with only eight months rehearsal*, and say:

"Fellow Republicans, are we going to haggle and argue and make a spectacle out of ourselves like those monkey Democrats, over two splendid men, when we have only one man that can assure us of victory, and that man is Calvin Coolidge?"

Hurray! Then the banners will start marching and the Gang will all join in, and you will be unanimously nominated. Then the news will reach you. 'Course you know nothing about this—much. The Baby will be laid on your doorstep, and you as a humanitarian will have to nourish it.

Now I may be all wet. Morrow don't know, and he knows you better than anybody—which don't mean anything. He says there is one thing that might make you run—that is, if the Prohibition and other issues got so strong, and there would naturally be a demand on any other Candidate to come out squarely on them, and whichever way they come out, it would lose them a lot of votes. But with you, you wouldent have to declare yourself. All you would have to say is, "I stand where I have stood." Well, as they havent found out in six years, there is no reason to think they would find out before election.

You know, you Birds are going out against this fellow Smith, and you better get your cleats sharpened. You know,

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"I was afraid my vacation would be a total 'flop'"

Seattle, Wash.

"There are so many things doing at college, one hates to miss any of them. But I overdid it. Too many parties, added to studies, ended in my having to go to bed for a week—completely run down. Even after the rest I was terribly weak.

"In 1918, when all the young men were going into the service, my father found it necessary to devote unusually long hours to his business. The work was so heavy and his snatches of sleep so short that he became badly run down and his skin broke out. His doctor recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. It not only cleared his complexion but restored him to excellent health—so he is a confirmed believer and soon had me eating Yeast, too.

"Soon I was much better and in two months I was *well*. This spring, however, just before school closed, ugly eruptions appeared on my skin. How I hated them! I was afraid if I didn't get rid of them my vacation would be a total 'flop.'

"I was again reminded of Yeast, however—and again it was successful. I haven't a sign of skin trouble now—and my health is fine." CORA B. HANSON.

CORA HANSON, *of Seattle. Read her story at l[eft].*

WHEN your stomach begins to 'act up,' when skin blemishes appear — don't rely on weakening, habit-forming drugs, doctors say.

Fresh as any vegetable, Fleischmann's Yeast is a natural corrective *food*. It tones up sluggish colon muscles and softens accumulated food wastes—hastening elimination, making it more *complete*. Soon your appetite revives, your complexion clears. Your whole being responds with newfound energy and health!

Buy two or three days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool, dry place. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. D-65, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

New York City

"RETURNING from a tour of Africa and Australia, I found that I had contracted stomach trouble. Thinking it would wear off, I started East on a well-known vaudeville circuit.

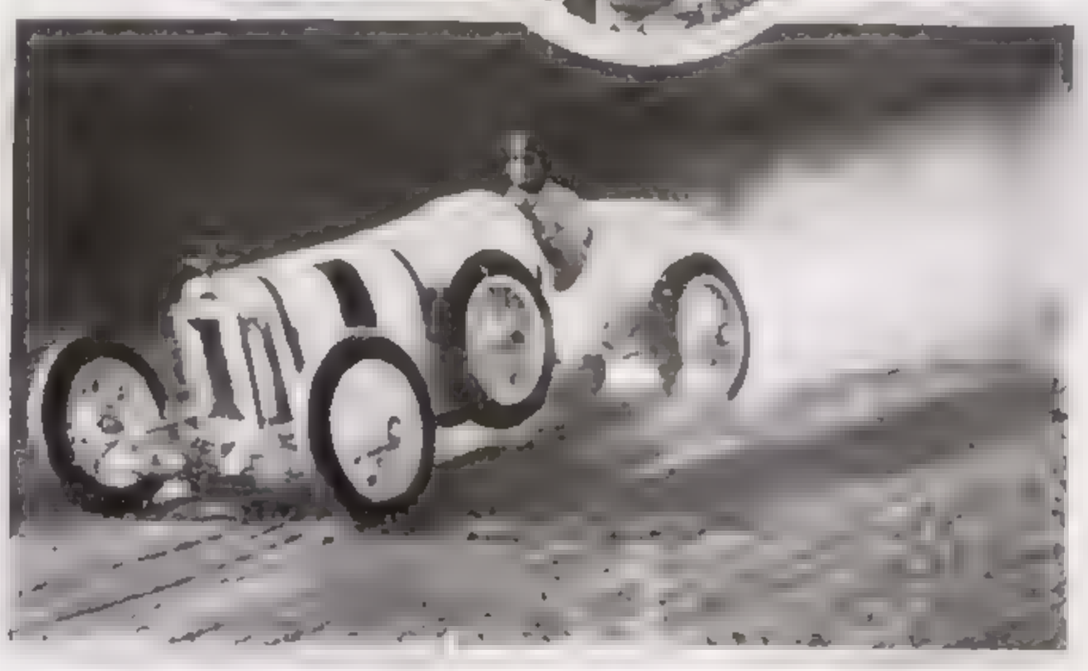
"But instead of getting better, my trouble rapidly became acute. At Omaha I decided I would have to cancel the rest of my route.

"A fellow performer, however, suggested Yeast, telling of several cases quite similar to mine that it had helped. Said I, 'I'll try anything once,' and that very night I began. Every day thereafter I ate several cakes.

"Well, I was able to go right on with my act, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, doing three strenuous dancing shows daily. In a short time I was in first-class shape."

STANLEY CARVEL

STANLEY CARVEL, *New York City*



"When I saw my first racing automobile I knew I wouldn't be happy until I had driven one myself," writes Malcolm Clair. He [illegible]

Hol[illegible]

"I HAVE RACED a good many cars, though not professionally. For many years this took the place of ev[illegible]oor sport . . . My employment with a law firm was quite a contrast with my former spirited life. Two years at a desk—and I had become sluggish, run down, inclined to have headaches. Then I went on the road to investigate cases, and thought I would get better. But the hours were longer, and I frequently had practically to camp on a case to get needed information. This meant irregular meals. Soon I was constipated again—my body and spirits alike needed refreshing . . . I learned about Fleischmann's Yeast from my mother, who had eaten it with good results. Three cakes a day restored my old-time pep and brought welcome relief from constipation."

MALCOLM CLAIR

Radiant health, new joy in living—*this easy way:*

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed. And train yourself to form a regular daily habit.

(Continued from Page 42)

funny thing about this Rep nomination—it's just about the same situation that come up in Cleveland four years ago. The very men who are in the race was in it then, but only for the Vice Presidency. So all we got to go by is that. They was humming and hawing around there over a vice Pres, and when Dawes name come up, why, it was a kind of a spark and he went over with a bang. He has got a good deal of color, and, you know, these dopy Delegates, sitting there day after day, they will fall for any kind of excitement.

You know, having Delegates at a convention is almost a handicap, unless you got six hundred with the Republicans and eight hundred with the Democrats. Outside of you four years ago, I don't suppose in the whole history of either party the man that went there with the most Delegates ever got the nomination. So that's why Dawes is sitting so pretty. 'Course you and Mellon wouldent be so strong for him. You would have to do your opposing him through a third party; for we all know you are too wise publicly to show a preference, for it would kill your Candidate's chances and help any other one that you publicly opposed.

And don't forget Charley Curtis. You Republicans owe him more than you do anybody outside of your Campaign contributors. The trouble is he is so faithful that the chances are he will never be rewarded. He has stayed with you through all your disgraces and never got mixed up in any of them. He is an Indian. I wish he would get in. Us Indians would run these White people out of this country.

I guess Hoover has the popular vote, but the popular vote never nominated anybody. I am going to the Convention, and as a favor to me, I wish you would let me know what room this nomination will be held in. I don't want to have to waste my time over in the Convention Hall with any side show; I want in the board of Directors' meeting.

So tell Hilles and Butler and all the Gang that I want to know who is going to be nominated, not who is going to receive the most votes for the first few days. Who cares who leads into the stretch? It's the man that leads in the last ballot that I am interested in—chances are it will be his first vote. You know yourself, Cal, you or I wouldent take those Delegates flocked down there on that floor serious. They are just here for the trip; they are not here to nominate anybody. They think they are, but ——.

If you don't decide to run, and move out, why, Al Smith runs a trucking Company—that's his side line. He can move your things out as he moves in, and mebby cut down the price. I personally don't care which one of you get in—all I want is Ambassador to Mexico. I have watched Morrow long enough now to tell how he does it. If they don't appoint me this time, I will wait four years and Morrow will appoint me himself. You Republicans are going to Kansas City, but it's Houston you got your eye on. Let me know in advance where you are going to send me next. I think I will cover the election in Nicaragua. They say it's going to be on the level, so that would be of great interest and novelty to all of us.

Well, good luck to you. If you don't stay in, I will know it's because something better or Smith turned up.

Yours, always a Diplomat, WILL.

SO INGENUOUS

(Continued from Page 7)

Viel-Castel had put me into a bad humor. The insolent insect!

"Another one of these charming Americans?" I inquired somewhat rudely.

Aunt Aurelia allowed this to pass unnoticed.

"The most charming kind," she announced graciously. "From the South—utterly unspoiled. None of the metallic quality of the New Yorker. Quite without pretentiousness." Even when Aunt Aurelia complimented her compatriots there was in her words unconscious patronization. She reflected. "Yes, charming. As I remember him, a candid, ingenuous, friendly boy. I trust he hasn't changed."

"What does he do?"

"He's a lawyer. A very successful one."

"Just how can a lawyer—a successful one—remain utterly candid and ingenuous? Even an American lawyer?"

Aunt Aurelia smiled as she frequently smiled at my naïve questions.

"Ah, that," she said, "is just the point—the point you always miss, if I may say so. Your approach is too subjective. You must live over here continuously, as I do, to achieve a really objective point of view. I am bringing this point out in my memoirs—the American is the most extraordinary combination of simplicity and material shrewdness the world has ever known. Socially an infant, materially a giant. Now, take this nephew of mine and put him up against that young man there." She nodded toward Viel-Castel, once more preoccupied with Cynthia. "In his handling of women, in his knowledge of the small but important things that make life worth while, this nephew of mine, I imagine—although I admit I do not know him—would seem a child. But when it came to money, to personal aggrandizement in a material way, honestly won, or"—her lips curled—"even dishonestly won. . . . No, there is a vast difference. That boy there"—she nodded toward Viel-Castel again—"knows nothing of money."

"Then he's unlike any one of his compatriots I have ever met," I said solemnly. "And as for your nephew, you describe, as you always do when describing Americans, a griffin—something that doesn't exist. A contradiction in terms. Undoubtedly, due to exceptional opportunities in the past, now narrowing, there have been many simple-minded Americans who have made fortunes. But there are not so many simple-minded Americans making them now, and practically no simple-minded professional men. To be a successful professional man you have to have qualities that would make you successful in practically everything you undertook. If you meet a really successful fellow citizen now—especially one in the professions—you meet, as a rule, an extremely sensible and clever fellow. If he seems, in other respects, an idiot to you, it's because he is careless, ruthless, or has adopted a poise. You should come over and spend a year or two in America."

Aunt Aurelia smiled for the second time, but the eye of an eagle was beginning to focus. Cynthia interrupted the swoop. Looking up, she had caught my final words. She yawned prettily.

"Oh, hi hum!" she said. "Talking about Americans again? Let's leave them alone."

Hugo de Viel-Castel transfixed her with his dark eyes and made them very big.

"You know thees cousin?" he asked.

A light twinkled in Cynthia's pupils. Like most young women, she enjoyed jealousy.

"I have never seen him in my life," she murmured, but she implied that it might be extremely nice to see him.

I imagine, however, that one did not toy long with Hugo de Viel-Castel. He had the direct Latin trait of knowing exactly what he wanted.

That night I sat in my moon-drenched garden, smoking a pipe. To the left, the precipice of the château rose above me, and then, above that, the whiteness of walls, high and thick, and with an iron balustrade to make a safe walk along them. After a while I moved over to the other side of my garden and leaned upon my own wall, looking down into the farther valley, starred with the lights of the town and of isolated farmsteads. Far off, in the bay—round holes of yellow in the violet dusk—the ports of a French man-of-war shone like the footlights of a vast and magic stage. A Gallic dog barked in the distance. His neighbors answered.

Close at hand, a nightingale sang, and I turned about. On the wall, high up and immaterial in their loneliness, were the figures of Cynthia and Viel-Castel. They were leaning close together, staring, as I had been, across the valley, and suddenly he stooped over and kissed her hand and then, straightening up, drew her to him.

The nightingale sang again A perfect scene Perfect, if it hadn't been for Viel-Castel.

"And now," I said somberly to myself, "she's going to marry him. Going to marry him, and so she'll be lost forever. He didn't waste any time, did he? He's afraid of Charley Mason. She'll never have a chance to learn anything now. She'll just be another of those silly American wives of foreigners, more contemptuous of their own country even than their husbands. All this good blood and beauty taken away from her own land, which—like every other land—needs good blood and beauty so badly."

I went to bed gloomily. Maybe I was a little in love with Cynthia myself. Anyhow, I didn't like Viel-Castel. His smooth, determined selfishness; the fact, obvious to any man, but not so obvious to a woman—God bless them, but they have faith in their own charms—that Cynthia was merely one, and probably not the last, in a long string of conquests. Nor would she have occupied the honorable position she did in that string, had it not been for her own and her aunt's money.

Especially I did not like Viel-Castel's smiling acceptance of his poverty and the graceful sycophancy that went with it. He told you so often, and as if it was a virtue, how poor he was. And he seldom omitted some reference to the general wealth of Americans, as if that were a vice. Not that money is so all-important. I don't mean that, although the old idea about it is merely silly. But as a symbol of work done, all other things being equal, you might as well have it if you are not useful in any other respect. There is nothing to boast about merely in being idle and poor. I suppose Viel-Castel's credentials were all right—Aunt Aurelia seemed to know something of him and his family—but he was completely at leisure and completely unashamed. Lots of his countrymen had, since the war, blithely and bravely gone to work. Work was the order of the day everywhere. To have art, you must have a class sufficiently detached, part of its time, to appreciate art. That, of course, goes without saying. But if I were a musician, for example, I should prefer to have my music appreciated by men and women who, in one way or another, were working as hard as I was. In that way only would I get any reality of appreciation. Lorenzo de'Medici, a busy man, was fairly appreciative, if I am not mistaken.

Viel-Castel was busy about only one thing, and that was the making of a comfortable marriage. How could any woman be so deceived as Cynthia was? She couldn't be marrying Viel-Castel for his title. His title was not great enough. Again, I suppose, a woman's unshakable faith in her charm. Cynthia must have known all the things I have been retailing, but she imagined, of course, that in her case the unvarying rules did not work. Viel-Castel loved her for herself alone. Dear me! Really, Miss Scarlett! Did you think all of that?

Anyway, to bed, and the afternoon of the second day after that, up to tea in the

(Continued on Page 46)

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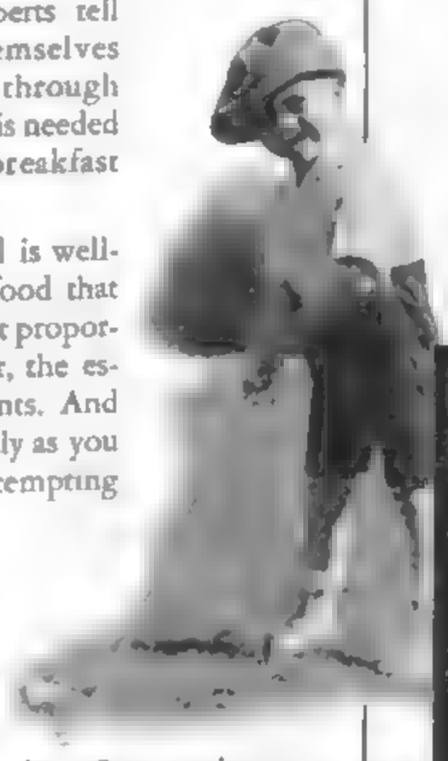

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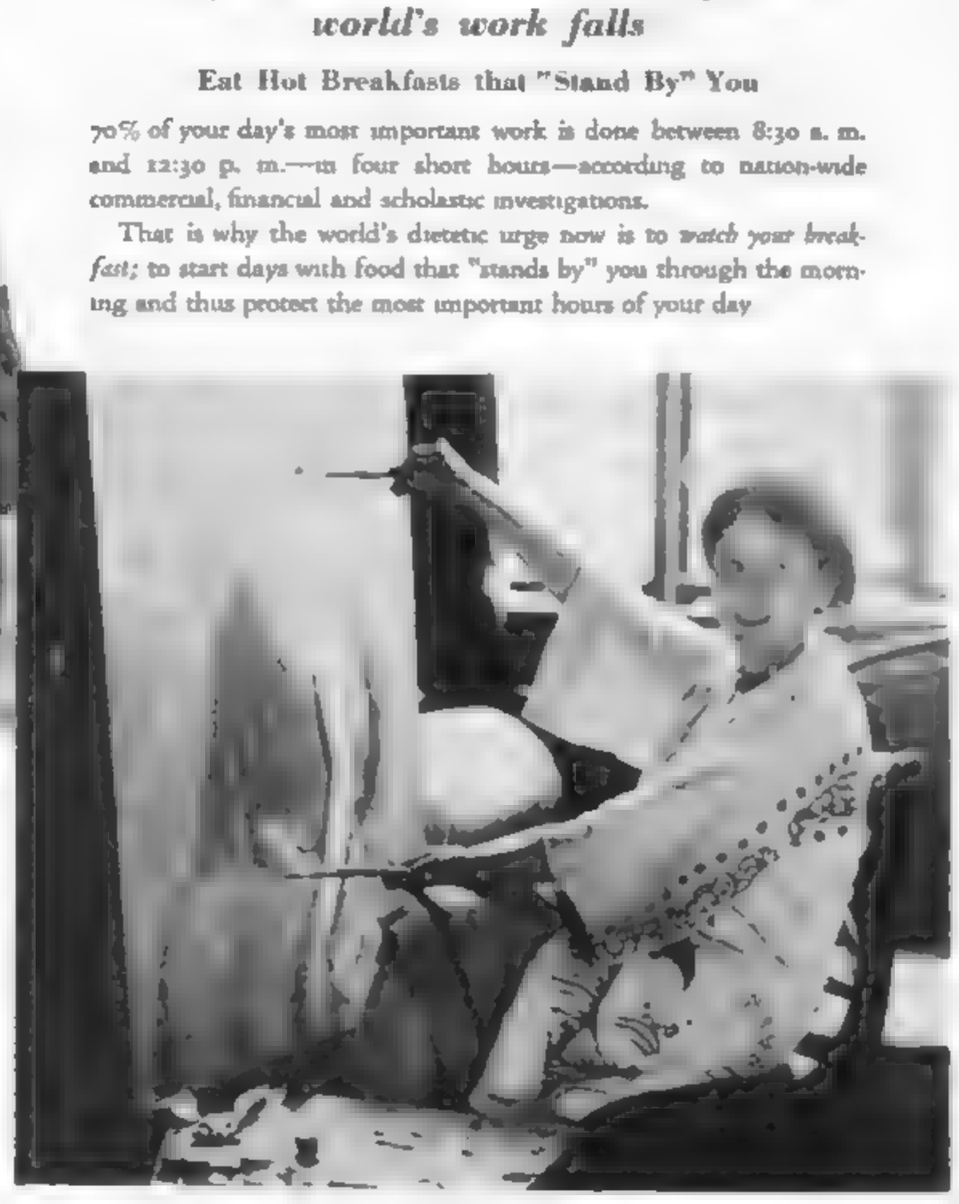

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château garden, where Aunt Aurelia announced Cynthia's and Viel-Castel's engagement, and, as an afterthought, the fact that she was going to give them as a wedding present the old châtelet, the little fortified château we had all visited the Saturday before.

"It will make a charming *pied-à-terre* for them down on this coast," she said, "and as it's only ten miles away, with this new road they're putting in, it's practically next door."

I sighed. "Fortunate young people!"

"Yes, it's a lovely place, isn't it? I love the lonely little valley and the way the hills come down to it."

"How on earth did you ever happen to come across it?"

"Through Arnold Kraemer. He knows the people who own it. That's their coat of arms over the door. You noticed it—a swan and stars? I believe that now only the old man and woman are left. They live in Amalfi or some such place. Until about twenty years ago this was one of their country houses, but they can't afford to keep it up any longer. That's why we're getting it so cheaply."

"May I ask about what it costs?"

"Certainly. With the franc as it now is, somewhere around thirty thousand dollars."

"But good gracious, that isn't cheap—not in France!"

"Not for a place like that? All that land? How absurd!"

"You're thinking in Parisian prices, not prices in the south of France."

"I've lived here a good many years, my friend. Besides, I can afford to be generous." Aunt Aurelia knit her brows and spoke doggedly. "My one remaining American prejudice—and I suppose it is because I am a woman—has to do with the dot. I don't believe in paying a man to marry you. I don't, and that's the end of it."

"But how do you mean? Cynthia has money of her own, hasn't she?"

"Only in trust. She has a fair income—not too large—but she can't touch her capital until she's thirty. Cynthia's father was the shrewdest kind of business man."

"Oh, I see. Well, you're not so bad yourself. You mean you won't give Viel-Castel a dot when he marries Cynthia?"

Aunt Aurelia closed her formidable mouth, then opened it. "Not a cent. I'm going to give them this châtelet and put it in order. That's a large enough present. When I die Cynthia, of course, will be my heir."

"And Viel-Castel knows this?"

"Perfectly."

"And what about his debts? They all have debts."

"He can pay them out of what he can save from Cynthia's income. It's sufficiently comfortable."

My admiration for Viel-Castel rose, much against my will. Then he really did love Cynthia. Extraordinary. But since Aunt Aurelia, in all other respects, was so Europeanized, her obstinacy in this detail irritated me.

"I'm not sure that the dot is such a bad thing under any circumstances," I objected. "I think a young woman ought to bring a man something when she marries him, unless she can bring him brains and the ability to work."

Aunt Aurelia's mouth became even grimmer.

"I'm not so terribly happy about this match, anyway," she confessed. "And I'm not sure Cynthia really cares for Viel-Castel. I'm afraid it's a little bit the glory of capturing a somewhat noted lion amongst the ladies. Well, we'll wait a bit and see. They're not married yet." Her voice grew spiteful. "For all her experience and despite all I've done for her, Cynthia is still much like most Americans—she's curiously and hot-headedly innocent. It comes out in the most unexpected places."

But Aunt Aurelia didn't know what innocence was until the arrival of Charley Mason three weeks later. As I say, he descended upon us as if in confirmation of her opinions. The confirmation was a trifle too strong to suit me.

The month was May and the time was a warm morning, and Aunt Aurelia had asked me up for the occasion.

"You play golf," she had said, "and he will want to play golf. They all do. And then I shall want you to help me in other ways as well. Perhaps I'll ask you to take charge of him a bit. He'll be rather a problem. I feel that he won't get on well with Arnold and Viel-Castel. If Cynthia only weren't engaged—but she is."

So we gathered in the hall and awaited Charley Mason's coming. He was due from Marseilles at 11:30.

"He will make a great noise," said Aunt Aurelia. "They all do." There was the sound of a motor car on the drive outside, and a footman opened the door and Charley entered, back of him a chauffeur laden with bags.

"Jean find you all right?" asked Aunt Aurelia, nodding toward the chauffeur.

Charley, blinking in the comparative gloom of the hall, laughed, showing extraordinarily white teeth—all the whiter for the deep sunburn of his complexion.

"Yes." Then he looked about him—at Arnold, at Viel-Castel, at Cynthia, at me—a quick, sweeping glance—drew a deep breath, as if recovering his poise, and stepped forward.

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "Yes, ma'am. He was right at the depot tu meet me. I got all your letters befo' I sailed. Yes, ma'am. I'd have been lost without 'em. Yes, ma'am, I sure would." He turned toward Cynthia. "And this hyar is Cousin Cynthia?" he inquired. He grinned slowly. "Kissin' cousinship?" he demanded, and advanced a step.

Cynthia fell back toward Viel-Castel. "I don't know what you mean," she retorted icily.

Charley was unabashed. "Sure yu do," he said. "It's jes' an excuse tu kiss a pretty girl. I was readin' a paper, th' other day, where a feller says we're all sixteenth cousins; so I kiss 'em all. Yes, ma'am."

"Well, you won't kiss me," said Cynthia.

"Sure?"

"Sure."

"Well, I'll make yu a bet. Yes, ma'am, I'll make yu a bet."

He faced, with the same happy inconsequence, the by now thoroughly infuriated Viel-Castel and seized his hand before Viel-Castel could take it away from him.

"And so yu're th' feller that's engaged tu Cynthia, are yu? Well, suh, I congratulate yu. Aunt Aurelia wrote me all about it. I got her letter in Marseilles. Yes, suh, yu sure picked a winner. It's th' furst time I've seen her, but yu sure picked a winner. I welcome yu into th' family. I always say there's nothin' like bein' engaged; no, suh, nothin'. Th' last young lady that honored me with her attentions broke her word th' day before I sailed. Yes, suh, th' day before I sailed."

"*Incroyable!*" murmured Viel-Castel.

Aunt Aurelia raised her head as if she had heard a war trumpet, and glared at Viel-Castel.

"Are you my cousin?" asked Cynthia in her most level voice.

"Yes, ma'am, I believe so."

"Oh! Well, I'm glad it's distant."

Charley grinned, showing his white teeth.

"Lots of young ladies start by bein' rude tu me," he commented generously.

"Would you like to go up to your room, Charley?" asked Aunt Aurelia in a strained voice.

Charley would, and he departed in the same gale of vitality and chuckles with which he had entered, but not before he had met me, the last to be introduced. For an instant there was an odd hesitation about his manner—a hesitation I was to notice several times in the next few days. There was also a curious lifting of the eyebrows—a momentary glimpse of something shrewd and appraising. But I had met other simpletons with the same trick. It didn't necessarily mean very much.

"What yu doin' hyar, suh?" he asked. "Livin' hyar?"

"Oh, no. I live in a little house at the foot of the hill. I'm just a friend of the family, especially delegated to play golf with you. They haven't such a bad course here. You play golf?"

"I sure do. Yes, suh, we'll have a game."

When he, his bags, and his chuckles had departed upstairs, a momentary silence fell upon us. Aunt Aurelia sank into a big chair by the fireplace.

"How long is he going to stay here?" asked Cynthia. There was a dreadful emphasis on the pronoun.

"A couple of weeks," said Aunt Aurelia drearily. "He has some legal business to talk over with me. He has, as you know, charge of all my Charleston property."

Cynthia twisted her lips. "I'd hate him to have charge of any of mine," she remarked. "He's almost an idiot. . . . Will you fight a duel with him, Hugo, if he tries to kiss me again?"

"That," said Viel-Castel, "would suit me perfectly."

They went out into the garden.

But Arnold Kraemer remained dissatisfied. He walked up and down the hall, his hands in his pockets, without speaking. Finally he paused abruptly before the fireplace.

"Nobody," he said in his guttural English, "could be quidt sooch a fool. Nobody. That iss, nobody who was an *avocat* and an educated man." He looked up sharply at Aunt Aurelia. "You're sure he iss your nephew, nodt an impositor?"

For the first time Aunt Aurelia laughed heartily.

"Of course I know he's my nephew. I saw quite a lot of him ten years ago when he was a boy. Of course he's my nephew." She became grave. "You don't understand America, my dear Arnold. One could be quite a famous lawyer and still be like Charley."

My nerves were on edge. "Nobody could," I snapped. "It's nonsense."

Aunt Aurelia raised her eyebrows. "No? They couldn't?"

"Well, it's very odd," insisted Arnold and resumed his pacing up and down.

He was quite right. Moreover, it became odder. In many ways, also, it became extremely amusing. For one thing, Charley seemed to have no sense of mine and thine where young women were concerned. The fact that Cynthia and Viel-Castel were definitely and publicly engaged, with all the formality of the European standard in that respect, bothered him not in the least. He treated Cynthia with the amused, intimate, casual tenderness, rising to occasional apexes, with which he might have treated any young woman whom he had known all his life and at moments considered marrying. At these moments, becoming more frequent, he made violent love to Cynthia in a large, open, puppy-like manner. He was hard to stop, and I thought I saw signs that gradually, and with diminishing distaste, Cynthia was finding him in return amusing and fairly exciting. He was so innocent, so eager, so impervious to offense, so given to extravagant, outrageous, supposedly Southern compliment, which might or might not be taken seriously, but which had always a little singing, sharp note that must have left on the receiver a small, pleasant wound. Furthermore, his eyes were lovely. Lovely is a strange word to use about a man, but there is no other in this case so apt.

Charley had long eyelashes, and when he said something particularly disgraceful, which he always did with downcast eyes, he would slowly lift these eyelashes and laugh at you, his eyes dark pools of light. From the answering light in Cynthia's eyes, beginning to become more and more noticeable, I judged that she, too, found these eyes lovely. But Viel-Castel didn't; Viel-Castel was rapidly reaching the breaking point. His upper lip, under its small mustache, had formed itself into a perpetual sneer; his remarks, when Charley

(Continued on Page 48)

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

(Continued from Page 46)

was around, were almost entirely aimed at that young man; cryptic and insulting. Charley, laughing, apparently did not understand them. He seemed totally unaware that, to Viel-Castel, he was becoming an obsession. But Aunt Aurelia understood Viel-Castel's remarks and, from rather liking him, came, I think, very rapidly to dislike him. After all, the house was her house and Charley, however embarrassing, her nephew.

"Yu don't play golf, suh?" This was Charley, head cocked on one side, suddenly very polite to Viel-Castel, in a way he had, as if he felt that Viel-Castel had been left out of the conversation; a way that would have been infuriating had you not known that Charley was so well-intentioned.

Viel-Castel found it infuriating anyhow.

"I do not like golf. I ride, fox-hunt. One must make a distinction in games nowadays, as in everything else."

"Yes, suh! That's right. What kind of distinction?"

"Between the games of the mob and the games of the gentleman."

Charley became thoughtful.

"Yes, suh, I believe that's so. I sure do. It's awful th' way everyone's playin' this golf game. Yes, suh. Even ovah hyar—everyone. Now in our old South it used tu be just like it was ovah hyar until a few years ago—a gentleman just rode around and got into trouble with th' ladies, but this golf game—it's sure made life awful common."

Things came to a head within a week. Charley, who had expressed a burning interest in Cynthia's and Viel-Castel's future home—the châtelet ten miles back in the country—had been taken out there one morning on a personally conducted tour. He had examined everything from the carp pond to the pigeon house, two hundred years old and symbol of feudal ruthlessness—only nobles were allowed to keep pigeons, because they stole so much grain from the fields—and he had asked innumerable questions, particularly from Viel-Castel.

"I shall go mad!" groaned Viel-Castel.

Charley was especially taken by the stone porch, lichened and worn, that hung above the abandoned moat, in the still, brown waters of which cypress reflected itself and pink petals of roses floated.

"It's sure lovely, but unhealthy," he reflected. "See; there's that coat of arms again. Ovah on that railin'. Those old fellows sure liked their coat of arms, didn't they?"

"They meant something," said Viel-Castel pointedly. "If you have read the motto, you will have seen that it is '*Sola nobilitas virtus*'—'Virtue is the sole nobility.'"

"Is that what it says?" asked Charley admiringly. "Well, it's sure pretty, ain't it?"

We had lunch, back at Aunt Aurelia's, and then Aunt Aurelia excused herself, and the rest of us—Cynthia, Viel-Castel, Charley, Arnold and myself—met later in the afternoon and went down to a neighboring *plage* to swim. Blue, unwaved, the Mediterranean stretched to a horizon where the blue of the sky became white with heat and distance. Far off, away beyond the horizon, lay Africa. Two French children, with thin beautiful legs, their little ruffled panties rolled up to their hips, played under the eyes of a nurse. There was no one else about. The stretch of sand, with high coarse grass flanking it, and farther back a forest of umbrella pines, was deserted. We dressed discreetly, separated from one another in the shelter of dunes, and ran into the sea and swam in the liquid ecstasy of that salt-laden water, and came out, tingling and satisfied, and rested on the beach. A very pleasant sleepy time until Viel-Castel mentioned music. Music, of all things, as the basis of a real quarrel!

But then, Viel-Castel was looking for any kind of excuse.

"Cynthia," said he sleepily, his dark hirsute arms behind his head, "you know that Étude of Chopin—E Major—you play? An afternoon like this is that way, isn't it? Filled with a sweet, searching, half-contented loneliness. Eh, mademoiselle?"

Charley, apparently asleep on the other side of Cynthia, opened his mouth.

"Dusk," he said shortly.

Viel-Castel leaned on an elbow, peering at Charley across Cynthia's recumbent figure.

"What? You said what?"

Charley did not move or open his eyes. "Dusk. Not afternoons. Gardens and dusk. Cynthia doesn't play it properly not enough rhythm."

Very slowly Viel-Castel rose to a sitting position, brushed the sand from his knees and drew them up under his chin. Then he looked at the horizon, and his voice was as thin and sharp as the rapier of one of his ancestors.

"The situation," he said, as if addressing the horizon, "has become incredible. I shall go away until this cousin has left. It has become incredible. I have been very patient. It is too much." Suddenly he leaped to his feet, his eyes blazing, and stared down at Charley. "You *chien!*" he roared. "You vulgar buffoon! What do you know about music? If you were a gentleman I would make you fight me like a gentleman; as it is"—his arms dropped to his sides and his voice became hopeless—"I shall go away."

The muscles of Charley's sunburned and powerful arms—where he lay, his hands, as Viel-Castel's had been, under his head—quivered, but his eyes remained closed. He began to laugh, softly at first, then frankly. He rolled over on his face.

"God pity him," said Viel-Castel; "he has become dangerous."

"Charley," said Cynthia sharply, "you are impossible."

Charley sat up. "Yes," he said gravely, "I am." He got to his feet. "I'm going," he said. "I'll walk home. See you later. But as for Cynthia's playing"—he looked at Viel-Castel—"it hasn't half enough soul in it, and you know that yourself. Now, take those Ravel things—those children's things—rotten. Cynthia needs to be shaken up." And with that, he walked off across the dunes in the direction in which he had left his clothes.

For a moment I did not realize what had happened, and in the excitement of the quarrel, it had entirely escaped me. But now I looked around to see if everyone felt as I did; and, preposterous as it may seem, the back of my head was cold. This had been uncanny, frightening.

Charley, you see, had spoken crisply, perfectly, in the assured tones of one used to command.

It was not the context alone—music, Chopin, Ravel—but Charley's words and manner. The soft Southern intonation was there, of course, but none of the former carelessness and wheedling ignorance.

Cynthia was staring in the direction Charley had taken, her mouth open. Viel-Castel was doing the same. As one hypnotized, he made a circular gesture with his forefinger near his forehead, and sighed.

"Crazy," he concluded—"undoubtedly crazy."

"I think so too," said Cynthia.

But that was only the beginning.

At eight o'clock we were to dine with Charley at that famous restaurant, Chartreuse de Montrieux, a few miles back in the hills from Hyères. Have you been there—Chartreuse de Montrieux? In the midst of a great forest is a little valley, down which tumbles a crystal stream. By turning to the left and crossing the stream and taking a winding road through the beech and oak, you come to Montrieux-le-Jeune, abandoned since 1901, when the French Government began to drive out the monastic orders—a great, comparatively new monastery set on a hill. A family of peasants are caretakers. In one of the courtyards are the graves of the monks. It is almost the quietest place I have ever seen; no sound but the crows in the sunny beeches and oaks. The Carthusians are now at Tarragona, in Spain, where they continue to make their excellent cordial, known, since their expulsion from France, as Tarragon, and from where, when the war broke out, they marched to the defense of their country, their skirts kilted up about their hips.

To go to Montrieux the Old, however, you do not cross the first bridge, but one farther up the valley—about a mile farther up—and there is no road through the beeches and oaks to the mountain top, for what is left of the eleventh-century monastery is right there on the edge of the stream, beyond a green, smiling meadow. They knew how to live, those old monks. They always chose the most fragrant sheltered corners. To one side of the battered, vine-covered fragments of walls and the fish pond, which are all that is left of the ancient institution, a modern restaurant has been built. On warm nights you dine in the garden behind.

That was where Charley had decided to give his party.

"Bein' young, I sure do like old things," he had confessed. "Yes, suh, I sure do."

Viel-Castel, so historic in blood that he could afford to be earthy, had interpolated: "Well, it's not bad. They catch fresh trout for you."

But Charley certainly had not prepared his guests for the real entertainment of the evening, although he had left us all, since the afternoon—except for Aunt Aurelia, who was unaware of the disagreement—puzzled and a trifle silent.

We were still puzzled and silent when we gathered at dusk in the motor car outside the door of the château. Presently there came out to us—his ordinary, drawling, smiling self, but he, too, not so talkative—a Charley escorting his aunt.

"All set?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"Let's go."

He helped Aunt Aurelia in. Through the narrow streets of the town we rattled, and then out into the smooth, moon-tinctured darkness of the country. Presently there was Chartreuse de Montrieux and the shadowy garden, lit with lamps. A long shining table had been laid for us.

We drank our *apéritifs* and sat down. First, hors d'œuvres, then soup with grated cheese, then trout done in browned butter, then beefsteak with string beans and little round potatoes to which parsley clung, then salad, then sweets, and then—in the partial blackness, the light seeming to concentrate about his face—Charley, a champagne glass in his hand.

"A speech'" said Viel-Castel sarcastically. "Bravo!"

Charley looked at him and smiled.

"Yes," he said, once more not drawling, "a speech. Bravo! And it's going to be a good one too."

He looked at his aunt and raised his glass. For an instant there was no sound save the murmur of the tumbling stream and the slamming of a door in the kitchen. We were the only diners in the garden. The place seemed infinitely old, as if it had heard a thousand stories. Once again the back of my head turned chilly.

"To my aunt," said Charley, "in the hope that she will some day forgive me." He drank. He turned toward Cynthia. "To my cousin, who most surely won't. And as for you, baron"—he included Viel-Castel—"it makes very little difference what you do."

He was very much at his ease, very graceful, cool as the night, and his voice, as I have said, was the voice he had used when he had discussed Chopin and Ravel.

"I hate to be so dramatic," he began more rapidly, "but I can't help it. Having got myself into a jam through circumstances and a mistaken sense of humor, I had better get myself out as soon as possible. Besides, the occasion rather requires drama, as well as the lesson to be taught. You'll all excuse me for choosing my own party to teach it. Conventions aren't what they used to be."

He looked down at his glass on the table before him and twisted the stem in his fingers. Then he looked once more at his aunt.

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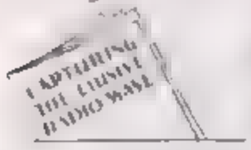

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"Aunt Aurelia," he said, "I lied to you. I am not the man you think I am. I lied to you; I'm sorry. You see"—he looked at his glass again, and then up —— "I just couldn't help it. For ten years I've been getting your letters, and when I finally found I had to pay you this business visit—your last three letters. You remember them? How you told me what clothes to wear and how to act? Even what studs to bring? 'In Europe we always dine at night, not in the middle of the day.' You remember, Aunt Aurelia?"

Aunt Aurelia's voice croaked in the stillness.

"Go on," she said bitterly.

"I just couldn't help it. And then, on the steamer coming over, I read a story by Galsworthy about a South Carolinian; that gave me a fresh impetus. I just couldn't help it. I saw that there would be no use arguing, that only drama would be effective. Besides"—he grinned—"it promised to be rather good fun. Not nice but good fun. However, perhaps I wouldn't have done it; in fact, I'm sure I wouldn't have done it, had I not, in Marseilles, run into something else. In Marseilles, at the hotel, was your letter telling me of Cynthia's engagement, and, also, at Marseilles was Henri Régnier, my very good friend. I knew him in the war. He lives in Marseilles." His voice became sharper. "I had a long talk with him about Cynthia's engagement."

Viel-Castel's chair crashed as he thrust it from him.

"You lie!" he said.

Aunt Aurelia's voice croaked again: "Sit down."

For an instant Charley, white and taut, leaned forward; then he smiled once more and, fingering the stem of his wineglass, looked directly at Viel-Castel.

"Will you hand me the signet ring on your finger?" he asked.

Viel-Castel started. "Who—I?"

"Yes, you."

"Certainly not."

"Oh, very well, then." Charley's voice was resigned. "Aunt Aurelia, the signet ring on Viel-Castel's finger bears a swan surrounded by stars. '*Sola nobilitas virtus*'" Charley gave a small snort of amusement—"'Virtue is the sole nobility.' You see, since I was such an ignoramus, Viel-Castel was careless about letting me see it. He should have put it away."

"You mean ——" began Aunt Aurelia.

Viel-Castel regained his chair and sat down, leaning forward, an amused, skeptical look on his face.

"This is interesting to me," he observed, "as an example of just how far a semibarbaric people will go. There is no need for me to say that all this is nonsense."

There was a further silence into which entered again the sound of the stream, and then, cold and cruel, Cynthia's voice.

"As to which are the semibarbaric people," she remarked, "I don't know. But there is great need for you to explain yourself."

"It is explained," said Charley. "Henri Régnier knows Viel-Castel well. The Viel-Castels come from this part of the country." He half turned and pointed over his shoulder into the darkness. "They come from that little châtelet, Aunt Aurelia, you were going to buy for Cynthia upon her marriage. That was their country place until twenty years ago. Now they live in Amalfi. The little châtelet so cheap at thirty thousand dollars! There are more ways than one of obtaining a dot. Thirty thousand dollars isn't a bad dot. You see"—he grinned—"Régnier told me Viel-Castel hadn't such a good reputation, and so, that, added to the rest I've been telling you, convinced me that possibly it might be a very useful thing to be, for a while, the sort of American that you and Viel-Castel think most Americans are. For example, if I pretended I knew no French—I speak it fairly well. And that worked beautifully. Viel-Castel was extraordinarily reckless in front of me. I discovered the name of his lawyers in Aix. That day I took the car I went over to see them. Very nice fellows. Being a lawyer myself, they welcomed me in the most hospitable manner. Viel-Castel hadn't warned them. They were quite innocent."

He spread out his hands and his voice had a final and convinced note in it.

"It's a perfectly clear case," he said. "I don't even need Viel-Castel's signet ring to prove it. It's rather a good example of how silly it is to assume things in advance. You shouldn't have made up your minds about me until you had seen me. Possibly, being an American, and so, completely materialistic, as you and Viel-Castel have frequently told me in the past week, I may misunderstand these little nuances of domestic finance. Possibly it is all right for Viel-Castel to seek to obtain a dot in this manner, although, where I come from, we don't, as a rule, try to sell to our fiancées the houses we are going to live in when married. But as your lawyer—at least, for part of your estate—I thought that at any rate you ought to know." He looked at Aunt Aurelia quizzically. "Was I right or wrong?"

Viel-Castel interrupted before the question could be answered. He got to his feet, bowing caustically to Charley. Then he bowed and smiled to Aunt Aurelia and Cynthia in turn.

"This," he said, "is the most extraordinary dinner party I have ever attended. It impresses me as some sort of rather bad farce. However, since everyone except myself seems to take it so seriously, I must beg to be excused. Mademoiselle"—he looked at Cynthia, slowly, sorrowfully—"I will relieve you of the embarrassment of our engagement. I see that my ways and the ways of your countrymen are not the same. We would not understand each other."

"I imagined you'd feel that way," agreed Charley cheerfully, "and so I ordered another car to be here for you. You'll find it waiting outside. If you hurry you can pack your things and be out of the château before we get back."

"I shall," said Viel-Castel. "Madame, mademoiselle, imagine I have kissed your hands."

With charming grace he bowed and, facing abruptly about, walked away.

"And you, Kraemer?" asked Charley sharply.

"What?"

Arnold stirred from the awe-struck trance into which this curious scene had thrown him.

"And you? As the man who conceived this pleasant little idea and did all the negotiating, would you remain?"

"Who? I? No, certainly nodt. Of course nodt. I'll go too."

And Arnold got up and followed, dazedly, the retreating figure of Viel-Castel.

Charley waited until they had turned the corner of the restaurant before he sank, and somewhat wearily, into his chair.

"And I suppose," he said, "as far as you are concerned, Aunt Aurelia and Cynthia, you will never want to speak to me again. . . . Have you room in your cottage for me, Hamlin? I'll run down for a day or so."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that," objected Aunt Aurelia. "I think you're an exceptionally indecent young man who, apparently, does things in the most indecent way, but now, since we have got to bedrock, maybe we can have a pleasant time."

"And you, Cynthia?"

Cynthia raised her head.

"I dislike you so much," she said, "you have humiliated me so much, that there is practically nothing to do except to try to put up with you. I'll think it over."

A LIVERPOOL LOCHINVAR

(Continued from Page 11)

"Well, you start young at sea," he apologized. "By George, this is the way to travel though." He stretched his arms and looked round appreciatively. Marion nodded to herself. He was certainly very nice indeed. No embarrassment at finding himself in a strange environment. No posing about him. Honest clean through.

They were disturbed some time later by a group of yawning people coming from below after the siesta hour, and both Barlow and Marion were surprised to discover it was late. First she introduced him to her father, a broad, somewhat fleshy man with graying hair, small blue eyes and an iron jaw, who regarded him with some suspicion—so Barlow thought. Next, he met Eddie, who was slender, sleek and somewhat wretched because he had been sunburned, and his arms and face were angry red, with the skin peeling off. Next to be introduced was Richard—Barlow never caught the last name. Richard was tall and lean and healthily brown. Very wealthy, so Marion said afterward, and a crack polo player. He spoke with somewhat of a drawl, but shook hands like a man. After him came two other men whose names Barlow did not catch, and finally there arrived, breathlessly from the showers, a bevy of girls in bathing suits.

Barlow met them all quite unconcerned. He did not even remove his peaked cap until the girls burst upon him, and he replaced it again immediately after shaking hands.

He was an object of curiosity at once, and when Marion announced he was a legitimate trading captain, even old man Renfrew himself was interested.

"You must have dinner with us sometime," he said. "We want to get the real atmosphere of the South Seas, and I'm sure you could help us, captain."

"It's a sleepy part of the world," Barlow protested, "but when things do happen ——" He caught Marion's eye, and for some reason his smile grew a little strained, while a hint of pink appeared about her ears. "When things do happen," he repeated, "they're sudden!"

"Isn't he just superb?" whispered one of the girls.

"Like one of those old pirates," another agreed

Marion went down the companion with her new find, and on the lower grating he caught her hand and shook it firmly.

"Very nice of you to ask me aboard," he said. "Come over to the schooner any time."

"Thanks," said Marion. She knew the girls were hanging over the rail, and very interested, and for some reason it made her angry. Barlow got into his dinghy, cast off and pushed clear. He had just shipped his oars and was about to give way when he heard Marion call.

"Do you think," she said, "you could call for me about two o'clock tomorrow?"

He appeared to consider, holding his dripping oars level with his boat's gunwale and clear of the water. Finally he gave a quick nod.

"All right," he said, and then lay back against the hold of the ash blades. The dinghy shot toward the Tiafura, and Marion slowly returned to the yacht's deck, a little frightened, for some reason she could not quite fathom. Then the girls were buzzing round her, and she was busy answering questions.

A week later Capt. Tom Barlow pulled ashore, made fast to the quay and, striding rapidly up the main street, entered the office of the South Pacific Trading and Pearling Company. In the inner sanctum, where the fans were humming and the lights came pale green through blinds of split cane, a stout man in whites sat behind a

(Continued on Page 52)

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desk and cooled himself with a banana-leaf fan. He looked up from some papers when Captain Barlow appeared, frowned and laid down his fan to adjust gold-rimmed pince-nez

"I understood you sailed for Brisbane yesterday," he said.

"Changed my mind," replied Barlow, calmly dropping to a chair and lighting a cigar. That accomplished, he stretched his legs, tilted his peaked cap until it rested over his eyes, and drawled: "I've decided to run that stuff to Mangareva for you."

The other looked somewhat astonished. He picked up his fan, waved it vigorously for a few moments and then burst out, with a show of irritation: "Well, I've about closed with Armholt of the Krakatow. What's the idea anyway? Last week you said you wouldn't consider my rates. Talked about running empty to Brisbane and getting a real cargo. I'm glad you've climbed off that high horse of yours. You schooner men 're getting too independent!"

Barlow smiled and blew smoke at the ceiling, where fat flies were listlessly buzzing.

"Why argue about it, George? I've got to be in the Paumotus within a month, so I'll take your trading-post stores to Mangareva at the rates you suggested; though, Lord knows, if I come back empty I'll lose money on the trip. When can I load?"

George Westover, president of the South Pacific Trading and Pearling Company and one of the first citizens of Papéiti, laid down his fan once more and readjusted his pince-nez. He cleared his throat, placed the tips of his fingers together and looked over the rims of his glasses at the tall, bronzed figure sprawled before him.

"Young man," he said, "you have been very lucky since you came to the Islands. If I remember correctly, you commenced as mate of the Bird of Paradise under our flag, and then, after a year, you purchased from us the Tiafura. Since then you have prospered. Your opening up of Batalong Island to trade was a stroke of great daring and genius, and you managed to skim the cream before anyone else got in. I believe I am right in saying you are fairly well fixed—that is, for a schooner captain. I had hoped, because I like you, to see you eventually settle down here or in Brisbane and come to operate a complete fleet. You are young, intelligent and energetic. May I advise you not to throw away your prospects and your talents upon an impossible vision, and one which, when it fails you, may leave you in no condition or mood to go forward to success?"

"Meaning exactly?"

"Miss Marion Renfrew," said the stout man, his eyes blue pebbles under his glasses. "All Papéiti is aware that you have called three times on the yacht. All Papéiti is aware that the lady in question has been twice on your schooner. You have also been seen walking along Broom Road together and, it is rumored, acting rather indiscreetly elsewhere."

"Kanakas will lie," said Tom Barlow, his face half hidden beneath his uniform cap, and his cigar sending up blue smoke from between his fingers, rigid and tense now.

"Kanakas will lie," assented the other. "But you have not sailed for Brisbane as you announced. You have also just asked me for a cargo to the Paumotus, which a week ago you laughed at. And I happened to know that Mr. Renfrew's yacht is bound for the Paumotus after leaving this port. Don't think I'm trying to interfere. I'm merely trying to advise a little, because I like you. Mr. Renfrew owns three sawmills, two hundred thousand acres of timber, a fleet of steam schooners and some Los Angeles city real estate. His daughter and son will share that. You own a small trading schooner and have probably a couple of thousand pounds in the bank."

"Three thousand," protested Tom Barlow.

"No matter. The point is you are making a fool of yourself over a girl who is obviously just finding amusement after a long sea voyage."

"Why amusement?"

"Do you think the daughter of John Renfrew, of San Francisco, would seriously consider a schooner captain of no fixed abode?"

"Yes," said Barlow calmly, "she would, George. You're British the same as me, and you think of the difference between us as regards social and financial standing. She's American, and they look at it differently in the States. I'm not saying they make friends indiscriminately or that they entirely ignore caste, but they certainly have much freer ideas about it than we used to have back home. These American girls seem to do pretty much as they choose, and I think—I hope—I know, in fact, that when they really like a man they'll go the limit for him, no matter who or what he is."

"You know?" queried the stout man. He moved restlessly in his chair. "Has it gone as far as that?"

"As far as that," assented the other.

"But you've only been in port a week or so."

"A sailor has to do things in a week that a landsman can take a year for. It's no use talking, George. I've got to go to the Paumotus."

"But her father? What has he said?"

"Her father would entirely disapprove. But, fortunately, he's neither being asked nor does he know—everything."

"Don't be a fool, Tom." The president of the South Pacific Trading and Pearling Company began to mop his head with a white silk handkerchief. "Supposing she does want you and you get her, can you keep her properly? You've no home—nothing. You can't expect a millionaire's daughter to go romping all over the Pacific with you in that cockroach trap of yours."

"I'll think of that when the time comes," Tom assured him. He abruptly dropped his nonchalant pose, sat up, pushed his peaked cap far back on his head, leaned forward and stared earnestly at the other. "Now, honestly, George, tell me. Maybe inside me I know I'm a fool. But you've seen her, you've talked with her, dined on the yacht several times, I believe. If you knew she thought something of you, if you wanted her, and if you were twenty-seven again, what would you do?"

There was a long silence. The stout man fidgeted about, adjusted his pince-nez once again, mopped his brow, looked at the ceiling, the floor, and finally at the opposite wall. His expression softened from perplexity to something akin to laughter. His faded blue eyes brightened. He stared for a long time into nothingness, back down the years to when Papéiti was small and far off from the world; to the days when he, too, was a schooner captain trading into the Bismarcks and the islands of the Line. Then the vision faded and he was back again in the hot office, with the flies buzzing above, the fans humming: back again to be a stout elderly man crouched behind a big desk. He cleared his throat.

"There's no sense to it," he croaked peevishly. "It's nothing but madness. Yes, I know she's pretty, but —— Hang it, Tom, if I was twenty-seven and she—she —— I'd see it through!"

"Exactly," said Tom Barlow. He sat back and smoked his cigar for a while. "You see," he added, "it's worth it, even if everything flies apart."

"Yes," assented the other, coughing. "Yes, I suppose so. . . . Well, you can load right away if you like. I'll send word down. . . . But don't fool yourself that Renfrew isn't wise. He was here yesterday."

"Oh, so that's it, eh? He heard you were a friend of mine. Wanted you to put in a word. Well, thanks, George."

He rose and George Westover stared at him with an ache deep inside him. So broad and strong and tanned he was. So sure of himself. So young and gay. Adventure incarnate indeed. And made for life and love. Once he, too—long ago, when Papeete was small and the seas were wide and the schooners packed the outer harbor. He coughed vigorously, stood up and held out his hand. They shook solemnly.

"Good luck," said George.

"Luck," said Tom Barlow. He laughed, and the room seemed to expand and fill with a clean breath of the outer sea. "I'll need it, old man."

He strode out, careless, smiling. George stood still for a long time after the door had closed, and the ghost that was he came and swaggered before him, and a romance of long ago laid a warmth upon his heart.

It had been a swift tumultuous courtship. As Tom Barlow said, a sailor had to do things in a week a landsman could take a year for. From a keen interest and admiration for Marion, fostered that first day when he visited the yacht, Barlow had found himself suddenly plunged into a whirl of emotion that had shaken and conquered him against his protesting sense. Marion had visited his schooner, had asked him to take her ashore and show her the interesting points of the town that same night, had invited him on board the yacht again to afternoon tea and dinner, had persuaded him to take her fishing. All this in the face of her father's growing disapproval, the annoyance of her brother and the rest of the men, but with the contrivance of her girl friends, who were taking almost as much delight in the whole affair as John Renfrew was taking umbrage.

The yacht's party, coming ashore almost every evening to join in the night gayety of Papéiti, had made it very convenient for Barlow to meet Marion, as if by chance, on some corner or beneath some huge shadowy tree. They had long walks together in the warm Pacific moonlight; they had quiet talks in the shadows. Marion was surprised at herself even. The glamour of it all wrapped her in. It was as if the tropics—that placé where all things leaf, bud and fruit with astonishing quickness—had instilled some magic into her blood. She had first been interested in Tom Barlow because of his—to her—outland appearance and talk and work, and perhaps because he was good to look upon. And then rapidly something had sprung up between them; something wild and masterful, drawing them together; and in the short span of six days he had come to mean more to her than she even confessed to herself. It was like an acute pain to be away from him. A sight of him after absence was like heady wine, lifted her heart to her throat and gave her a sense of utter recklessness.

There had been nothing between them until that night before Barlow had gone to George Westover about the Paumotuan cargo; nothing save an occasional and apparently unconscious hand touch, an exchange of glances, a smile or two. But that night everything had happened. She had dropped behind the yacht party in the throng, lost herself purposely and walked down a dark street to circle the block and meet him, as if by chance, under the big papaw near Mac's place, where he would be leaning, gazing up at the stars and smoking his cigar as if buried in some profound problem.

Usually he would express surprise at seeing her, but this night he merely took her arm and walked a long way with her in silence, until they had left the gayly lit town behind and were standing in the palm shadows, with the long slope of a hill at their backs and the sea shining and moonlit before them, the surf a muffled roar in their ears. She had been overtaken by a small panic several times during that silent walk, had almost asked him to turn back once or twice, but the grimness of his grip on her arm had somehow held her to his will.

"Marion," he said, when they stopped at last. Her heart had jumped at that, because he had never called her Marion before. "Marion, we can't go on like this."

"Like what?" she said coolly, though her throat felt muffled.

"Tomorrow," he went on, ignoring her question, "I must sail either for Brisbane or the Paumotus."

(Continued on Page 55)

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Blueprint sketch of the Goodyear-equipped main drive in the Middlefield plant of The Connecticut Quarries Co., Inc.; with inset photograph of the plant.

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Six Years Against Three—and the G. T. M.

The main drive in a trap rock quarry, with its heavy, intermittent loads, is no cinch of a job for any transmission belt. The Connecticut Quarries Company, Inc., felt their belts were doing well when they lasted an average of three years in this exacting duty. Still, the idea that a belt specified to its work might deliver even more appealed to them, and they finally took up the question with the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man.

The plant at Middlefield, Conn., needed a new main drive belt in the summer of 1920, and it was then the G. T. M. first applied the Goodyear Analysis Method for the Connecticut Quarries. He followed the regular method developed by Goodyear for the scientific specification of a belt to the duty required of it.

The G. T. M. studied every factor concerned in the operation of that main drive. He carefully computed pulley dimensions, loads, speed, center-to-center distance, etc. In cooperation with the plant officials, he considered the operating conditions peculiar to that particular plant. And he also figured in the things he knew as an expert on belting and one familiar with transmission problems in many industries.

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Even if your belts seem to be doing a good job now, you may find a way to lower belting costs, or more efficient plant operation, or both, by consulting the G. T. M. He will be glad to analyze a single drive or conveyor, or an entire plant. You may confidently rely on any Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods he may recommend—Transmission, Conveyor or Elevator Belts, Hose, Valves and Packing—to give you the full value of quality materials, experienced workmanship and accurate specification to the job. For further information about the G. T. M., the Goodyear Analysis Plan, or records of G. T. M.-specified products in your industry, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

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GOODYEAR

(Continued from Page 52)

"Why, we are going to the Paumotus!" she cried. "That would ——"

"And it depends on you which way I take."

"Depends on me, Captain Barlow? I—really ——"

He put his arms around her, drew her to him with a gesture that was almost savage, and kissed her full on the lips. She struggled for a moment, half-heartedly and futilely, and then swept beyond her own control, she kissed him too. She had kissed a good many men. One always kissed on parties these days, but this was no laughing and carefree pressure of the lips. This was passion, full blooded and mad, and her heart seemed to be swelling as if it would burst.

"You wonderful girl," he said at last, his voice shaking, his arms still tight about her. "Marion, dear, don't you see now?"

"You mustn't!" she cried. "Oh, Tom, I never thought—so soon —— I think I should go."

He smoothed her hair back; her hat had long since fallen off. He smoothed her brows, her eyes, her cheeks. He kissed her again—gently this time—kissed her throat and hands and lips—murmuring all the while those foolish little terms of endearment which are yet very sweet and wonderful.

And she did not go. She did not go for a long, long time. She put her arms about his neck, played with the lapels of his white jacket, patted his cheeks, cried a little and was amazingly happy.

They talked then. She was insistent that marriage was impossible—at least for a long time. She was supposed to be engaged to Richard—that tall lean man who spoke with a drawl and played polo. He might come into a title some day, and her father was anxious for them to marry. Of course, she liked him, but not that way—not the way she liked Tom. They would have to make her father see things properly first. He didn't approve of Tom just yet, had made several remarks about him, in fact, and there had even been quite a little scene. But that was because they didn't know each other properly. She was sure of that.

"Your father will never consent," said Tom grimly. "We might as well face that now. It's between you and me, dear. And I'll follow you until I get you."

When she was alone in her stateroom that night, Marion had time to think more clearly. Her father, she had to admit, would never consent to her marrying a practically penniless sailor—a man from the Liverpool slums, he had called him. The fact that he was penniless did not worry her in the least; perhaps, because raised in luxury and plenty, she had no idea of what poverty meant, nor even had any idea of life that might not contain all those things she was used to.

"I'll work with him," she whispered to herself. "I'll make him a success. He couldn't fail me."

And then doubts came. After all, it had been so sudden, so abrupt. She hardly knew him yet. Perhaps it was just infatuation—the tropics and the Islands going to her head. Would he seem the same in San Francisco—as fine and brave and glorious—as he seemed in Papéiti where all the barriers were down? She mustn't do anything she might be sorry for. She'd have to think it over a lot. Her father might be right. Whatever he said or did, it was because he loved her, she knew, and wanted to see her happy. And he knew a lot more of the world than she did.

It was not very wise to let Tom follow her to the Paumotus. She should have protested at that. She should have demanded time and made him write to her, and perhaps come to Sydney to see her when the yacht arrived there. Once she saw him among scenes with which she was familiar, she could tell better. What would happen now if he followed her to the Paumotus and she found his attraction was waning; that, after all, it had been an affair only for Papéiti—a week's madness occasioned by the lawless spirit of the Islands?

What if she had to tell him something like that? What would he do? She grew terrified at the very thought. He was a strong, determined man—not like those other men she knew. They would take a dismissal as gentlemen should, but would he? He was used to authority, to fighting and savagery. She had seen nothing of this side of him displayed as yet, but she sensed it was there. Decidedly, she had made a mistake in letting him even think of following her to the Paumotus. She had been carried away by the starry night and his arms about her and his lips against her own. Tomorrow she would send him a note. And yet somehow she hated to think she might never see him again. She went to sleep at last, after long hours of worried thought, and when she awoke and looked out of the open port across the bright blue water, a cold hand contracted around her heart. The Tiafura had sailed.

The steam yacht Alice Renfrew had been anchored in Fakarava Lagoon just two days, when a small white-hulled schooner with varnished masts and spars came through the reef by Ngaruae Pass with the wind and tide behind her, and dropped anchor in the Rotoava roadstead not two cable lengths from the yacht. It was late afternoon, and the sun was glowing all golden in the west and tinging with pallid yellow the deep-blue sky clear to the zenith. The great reach of the lagoon shimmered and rippled like burnished copper, thirty-two miles long and ten miles wide, circled completely by the hammered white beach, the palms that backed it, and the surf roaring snowy over the barrier reef outside it all. Birds wheeled and dipped about the ships. A few canoes crept like long water bugs toward the shore. Smoke rose above the palms where the village of Rotoava nestled amid the groves. The Tiafura rested like a white moth on the shining water, and the yacht floated like a great gray swan. Except for the eternal roaring of the distant surf and the crying of the birds, there was peace and a sense of rest in Fakarava.

Tom Barlow dropped into his dinghy and, in the last of the evening light, pulled across to the yacht. He was impatient to see Marion, impatient to touch her, to talk with her again. Never before had he carried canvas on his ship as he had on that run down to Mangareva with George's cargo, and never before had he cursed head winds and calms as he had on the long beat up to Fakarava. Although he had left Papéiti several days ahead of the yacht, he was deadly afraid she would leave the lagoon before he could reach it, and it was with something like a release from actual tormenting pain that he spotted her masts through the glasses as he made his bearing for the reef passage.

He pulled round to the gangway and was met on the lower grating by the captain of the vessel.

"I'm sorry, Barlow," he said, "but I can't let you aboard."

"Renfrew?" asked Barlow curiously.

The yacht master nodded. Barlow sat in his dinghy and lighted a cigar, his white-clad legs spread before him, his shirt sleeves rolled up as usual, his peaked cap perched far back on his head.

"Is Miss Marion aboard?" he said at last.

"They all went ashore," answered the yacht master, standing upright on the grating with his hands clasped behind him. He looked down at Barlow with a slight frown. "They went to dine at the residency," he explained.

"Was that before I anchored?" he asked.

"As you were coming through the pass," replied the other. He speculated for a moment as to whether he should say anything further. He liked Barlow—what little he had seen of him—and then there was between them that subtle link of the sea. "To tell you the truth," he added finally, "Miss Marion wasn't very keen on going. But her father ——" He shrugged and then leaned down a little. "She told him you might show up here, Barlow, and he gave orders not to let you aboard."

"Does she know that?"

"I don't think so. She'd raise a fuss if she did. But they've been riding her pretty hard and I'm afraid —— Well, if I was you I'd forget it."

For a moment or two Tom Barlow sat smoking calmly, and then, with a quick gesture, he flung his cigar away. Little knots of muscle appeared along his jaw, and his eyes, when they looked up at the yacht master, were hard and frosty.

"So that's it, eh?" he said. He laughed a little. "Well, the Islands don't like quitters."

The yacht master nodded sympathetically. Barlow shipped his oars, and then, with one of those abrupt spontaneous motions that sometimes occur, the men shook hands, a firm quick grip. The dinghy pushed off, the oars dipped and swung, and Barlow was heading back for the Tiafura.

So they'd been talking to her, had they? Well, he might have expected it. They would—all of them—be against him, naturally. He wasn't their class. He could understand how they might have worn her down, laughed at her, argued. She was only one girl against the bunch of them—her iron old father, her waster of a brother, that Richard to whom she was engaged. Even the others, he supposed, though they might be tolerant of her regard for him in Pepéiti, would protest against her marrying a sailor—she, with her opportunities and all her father's wealth behind her. Well, he didn't give a damn! She'd said she loved him, and that was enough. Once he had her in his arms again and kissed her, she'd forget all their arguments and protests. What was he anyway—to be flung aside now because of a lot of rotten old ideas fostered by a lot of rotten people who hadn't an ounce of guts among them? They'd find out what he thought of it, and so would Marion. A man didn't live long in the Islands if he was a quitter.

The dinghy came alongside the schooner, and Barlow made her fast and shinned up the short pilot ladder to his main deck. He paused for a while to stare darkly at the yacht and then toward the shore where, near Rotoava village, a beach fire was burning redly against the background of the palms. Then he went aft.

In the main cabin, Porpoise Bailey, his mate, was sprawled in a chair, his bare feet on the table, an old magazine in his lap and a half-filled glass of gin and lime juice in one hand. He lowered his feet to the deck when Barlow appeared, finished his drink at a gulp, laid aside the glass and heaved upright.

"Well," he said with something of a grin, "'ow'd th' romance go this time?"

Barlow helped himself to a stiff drink and leaned against the white-painted bulkhead while he sipped it, regarding Porpoise Bailey with somber eyes. A short, squat man was Porpoise, with a fat red face, hairy red arms, an immense waist circled by a broad leather belt to hold up his shapeless duck pants, and with a head that was tanned mahogany on top, with a fringe of gray hair running round it just above his ears. He was ignorant, shrewd and good-natured, and could consume more gin than any other man Barlow had seen. He had also been in the Islands thirty years and was known affectionately as Porpoise from Samarai to Hobart. In spite of the fact that he was Barlow's mate, he regarded his youthful employer somewhat as a benevolent old uncle might have done, and he had taken an immense interest and delight in his affair with Marion Renfrew. He had met her, of course, when she inspected the schooner, and he had heartily approved of her.

"No nonsense about that gal," he stated firmly. "'Minds me of a quarter-caste Chink girl in Batavia. She ain't got 'er bearings yet, but when she does, stand by! I'm a-telling you, Tom, if you gets 'er she'll bring you up with a round

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turn. No more gallivanting in the Bismarcks and sech wild spots, nor winkin' at the mission gals on Ponape."

"I know," said Tom. "It's the straight goods this time, Porpoise. It's got me. I'll give her the best I've got, and we'll quit the Islands. It all depends on her own nerve to see it through."

This evening, in the great lagoon of Fakarava in the Paumotuan Archipelago, Porpoise knew something had happened to make Tom Barlow come to a decision. He had been fretful and impatient ever since leaving Papéiti. He had been torn by doubts and fears, by hopes and visions. Some he had even talked of when the pressure grew too great. But now that was done. An immense and solid calmness had settled over the man. It was apparent in his somber gaze, in the tightness of his jaw, in the square set of his massive shoulders.

Porpoise knew the signs and he instinctively tightened his belt. The old wildfire and daring were alight again. Once before when Tom had looked that way, up in the Bismarcks, he had burned a native village between a dusk and a dawning, and sent a whole tribe of natives running into the bush. And again, in Brisbane, he had fought Black Jack O'Leary in the main bar of the Bowhead Saloon and nearly killed him.

Wherefore, in this present instance, Porpoise sighed and prepared for squalls.

"Care to take a chance on going to jail, Porpoise?" said Barlow at last, setting down his empty glass.

"Jail?" said Porpoise, blinking. He bit off a huge chew from a gnawed-looking tobacco plug. "Jail? Well, I guess I've taken a chance afore."

"But that was for something tangible, Porpoise. In the way of business, so to speak. This time it'd be just for me."

"Sure," said Porpoise. "When do we start?"

"Tonight," said Barlow. He gave a light laugh and flexed his arms above his head. A queer reckless twinkle appeared in his eyes. "The old mad game, Porpoise. Heave short the anchor, ready to lift or slip. Have a man at the auxiliary. Sails up. I'll take the dinghy and two men at midnight. And after that, you can pray!"

Long after the stars had come out and the moon had risen, a silver scimitar above the sea rim and the palms, the dinghy pushed off from the side of the Tiafura and made quietly for the yacht. Tom Barlow brought her alongside the lower grating of the boat companion, got out, and with a few whispered words to his men, trod softly up the companion steps, to land light as a cat upon the yacht's main deck. The dinghy disappeared in the shadows along the yacht's for'ard hull.

There was a small electric globe burning in the deck head near the companion, and Barlow guessed there was a watchman not far off, though he could see no sign of him. He crossed the deck until he was against the house and in shadow. He could hear the sound of music and laughter coming from the lounge and he walked quietly along until he could look into one of the open ports.

There was the yacht's whole party gayly winding up the night. The lights were all dimmed and couples were sprawled everywhere, while a white-jacketed steward passed around with a loaded tray. Marion was in plain sight, looking pale and drawn, and dancing indifferently with Richard, who seemed about the only man who was sober. Barlow smiled grimly. The place looked like a red-light house. And they talked about him not being good enough!

He wondered how he could attract Marion's attention or reach her side without creating any scene. He wanted no scenes just yet. Then he heard someone coming from aft, and was just in time to duck into an angle of the house as a man in uniform stopped at the head of the boat companion, looked over the rail as if to assure himself no craft was alongside, and then continued his way for'ard, probably to take a look at the anchor. Barlow swore under his breath and then retraced his steps to the port which looked into the lounge. He was just in time to see Marion and Richard pass through a doorway, and something told him they were coming on deck.

He heard their voices before he saw them. They came round a corner of the house and walked slowly along by the rail. Very near the boat companion they stopped and Marion rested her arms on the rail and gazed over the starlit water while her companion faced inboard and lighted a cigarette. He had just blown out the match when he grew aware of a still, white-clad figure directly facing him, hands on hips and feet spread apart. It was too dark to see the face under the peaked cap, but Richard was aware of cold eyes that bored right through him and he did not need to be told the figure's identity. He recovered himself with an effort and blew smoke slowly at the deck head.

"Ah, Marion," he drawled, "your pirate friend is here."

She turned, swift as a flash, her hands spread along the rail, her face ashen.

"Here?" she said, and then drew a frightened breath.

"I'd like," said Barlow calmly, "to speak to the lady alone."

Richard hesitated. He looked along the deck, but there was no sign of help. Then he looked at Marion, and with a slight gesture she told him to go. He walked away slowly, perhaps twenty feet or so, and then leaned his back on the rail and smoked uneasily, casting sidelong glances at them.

"Tom," she said quickly, before he could speak again, "you shouldn't have come. I was going to write you tonight. I—I can see now how silly we were in Papéiti and—and ——"

He came close to her and she looked up into his set face with frightened big eyes. Her lips remained parted and she put up her hands as if to ward him off.

"You mean you've changed your mind?" he said, in a tone she had never heard before. "Is it that or is it this gang you've got aboard?"

"I don't know," she whispered. "I don't know what it is. But I'm not sure now. You see, I hardly know you and—everything happened so quickly. If father finds you here ——"

He rested his hands on her shoulders, slipped his arms about her and kissed her, with a gesture that was almost savage, as he had kissed her the first time in shadows of the palms near the beach of Tahiti. And as had happened that time, the touch of him, the force of his presence swept her like a strong wind. She gave a little choking gasp, struggled futilely, and then her lips answered him and her hands ceased to beat at his breast.

"You see, Marion," he said hoarsely, "you've got to be honest with yourself and me. I want you, dear."

"No!" she cried brokenly. "It's impossible, Tom! At least not now! Later! You must give me time. Father is so ——"

He stopped her mouth with his again, and her hands fought to push him away. Then hard fingers gripped his shoulder and he heard Richard's voice, the drawling thickened with anger.

"Get out of this! I'll call the sailors, Marion!"

"No! No!" she gasped. "Wait a minute, Richard! Go away!"

He retreated sullenly, and Tom Barlow looked at the girl in his arms and was vaguely startled to discover that her face was wet with tears. An impatience grew in him. He could not understand why she fought, why she protested. This intangible wall, this queer idea forced into her mind by her father and those others gave him a furious sense of impotence. He turned her head so that she was forced to look at him.

"There's just one thing matters, Marion: Do you want me?"

Her brimming eyes answered him even before he heard her voice, pathetic, uncertain, wavering: "I don't know, Tom. I think so, but don't you see ——"

"I see enough!" he said savagely. "They had you alone to talk to and now it's my turn!"

He swung her up in his arms, and she cried out and Richard came running. Tom Barlow held her with one arm and the other shot out, clean and quick. There was a crack and Richard fell, forward and sidewise, crashed against the bulkhead of the house and slipped to the deck. Marion cried out again, swept by a panic that mastered her, which grew and grew until she was stricken dumb from sheer terror. She beat at his face with her hands. She struggled and kicked. But he bore her willy-nilly down the boat companion, as shoes sounded along the deck above and shouts came from the lounge. A sharp whistle and the dinghy shot alongside, and then they were pulling hard and fast for the Tiafura.

Lights sprang up all along the yacht's deck. An officer's shrill whistle cut the air. Then the dinghy was alongside the schooner and two grinning Kanakas were bending over the rail to take the girl their captain held aloft. A swing and she was aboard. Then Barlow held her again and was striding for the main cabin. He took her into his own room, seated her on the small settee near his bunk and ran the back of his hand over his hot brow.

"There's nothing to be afraid of," he said—as calmly as he could, though his lungs were heaving. "I think too much of you to harm you, Marion. And I'll likely enough get ten years for this."

He went out when she failed to answer him, leaning back on the settee with her hands at her throat and her face ashen. Her eyes, wide and staring and wet, made him bite his lip and he swore under his breath as he climbed to the poop again.

Porpoise Bailey had the auxiliary engine going by this time, and the sails were beginning to fill with the night wind. The anchor was up and dripping at the cathead, and the Tiafura was entering the Ngaruae Pass and heading for the open sea. In an hour they were clear of the reefs and running with straining sails, and the auxiliary pounding as if it would shake the schooner to pieces. Through the glasses Barlow could see that the yacht was not yet under way. It would probably take her an hour or so to get up steam

"Well," he said to Porpoise as he turned to go below, "it's done now. You stand to serve time with me."

"That's a fact," answered Porpoise, spitting over the rail. He did not seem in the least worried. "I've never been chased by a full-powered steam yacht before. 'Minds me of th' time Bully Hayes ran off with the wives of all the Jap officials at Yosaki. . . . Well, trot along. I'll watch 'er."

"There's no danger until daylight," commented Barlow, standing half out of the main-cabin scuttle, his feet on the second step. "It's likely they hadn't sailing steam on the yacht, and then it'd take 'em quite a time to get things organized. It's a bet, too, that her skipper'll be pretty jumpy trying that pass in the darkness, with a vessel drawing what his packet does."

Marion was lying face down on the settee when Tom came to the cabin again. He stood beside her and watched the convulsive heave of her shoulders for a long time and then he went on his knees and touched her arm.

"Don't cry, dear," he said gently. "I'd sooner die than hurt you."

"Go away!" answered a muffled, tearful voice. "I hate you! I never want to see you again!"

"You never would have, if you meant that, Marion. But you don't and you know you don't. They've been talking to you, wearing you down, telling you you're a fool to bother about me. Maybe you are, but you want me and I want you, more than anything else in the world. We've got to talk this out ourselves, without interference, and this was the only way. Don't

(Continued on Page 61)

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The names of several additional cars and buses, on which Lovejoys have been adopted as standard equipment, will soon be added to this list.

DELCO-REMY CORPORATION, ANDERSON, INDIANA

Note—If you wish to modernize the riding qualities of your present car, see the nearest Authorized Lovejoy Distributor of United Motors Service or your car dealer. A set of Lovejoys can be quickly installed. The cost is small. $15 for small cars, per set of four; $20 for other cars.

Delco-Remy LOVEJOY HYDRAULIC SHOCK ABSORBERS • • KLAXON HORNS

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STARTING, LIGHTING AND IGNITION EQUIPMENT • • BLOSSOM AUTOMOBILE LOCKS

National MAZDA LAMPS

NIGHT now reveals these cathedrals of commerce more clearly than does day. Light from National MAZDA lamps picks out in bold relief their lofty peaks and spires—just as the light from National MAZDA auto lamps reveals each detail of the road ahead—making night driving as safe and enjoyable as driving by day.

Wherever you need light—on the road, at work, at home—there is a MAZDA lamp for the purpose.

Look for the MAZDA mark, and for the familiar blue carton.

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS of General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland

A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 56)

you see, dear? If I didn't love you so much I'd never have dared do it."

"I hate you!" she repeated, though something in her tone told him she was listening to what he said.

"If we want each other bad enough, what does anything else matter?" he went on. He patted her shoulder. "I can't give you everything you've been used to, but I may some day, and I'll make you happy. I know a sweet little valley on the Queensland coast where we can build a house. It's not far from Townsville and it's perfect cotton country. I can get the backing too, and then, with luck, we'll make good, dear. There's a missionary at Rahiroa, sweetheart, if you want him, and we'll be there in a day or so."

"I hate you!" she cried. She sat up suddenly, her eyes dry and blazing, her cheeks tear-stained, her fists clenched. "What right have you to take me away like this? Who do you think you are? Do you think I'd marry you now? I hate you! Take me back at once!"

He looked at her for a moment or two, steadily and somberly, and then he rose to his feet.

"Tomorrow," he said, "you will feel better. This cabin is absolutely your own and you'll find a bolt and a key on the inside of the door. If you want anything, just call and I'll come." He hesitated, held out his hand, but she ignored it and averted her face. "Good night," he said gently. She did not answer, but as he went out of the cabin, drawing the door shut behind him, she called icily: "I suppose you know that abduction is a serious crime."

He looked back then and smiled, and there was a queer reckless twinkle in his eyes. She stared at him, almost fascinated in spite of her cold rage.

"In the Islands," he said, "we play for big stakes—win big or lose big. I think the prize is worth it this time."

He laughed as he closed the door, and Marion remained staring at the varnished panels for a long time.

At dawn the next morning, Barlow was in the main crosstrees searching the horizon with his glasses, but there was no trace of smoke or of any ship save a small barkentine beating against the wind for an atoll whose palms just peered above the sea rim in the east.

"Guess we lost 'em," commented Porpoise, shifting his quid across his mouth. "And I'll bet she's burning up the air with 'er wireless. There'll be a couple of gunboats out looking fer us in no time."

"And I'm finished in the Islands," said Barlow with a trace of regret. "There'll be warrants out for me from Suva to Papéiti. . . . It's queer how a man'll wreck his whole career for a girl."

"Lots of 'em do it," asserted Porpoise authoritatively. "'Igh and low, it don't make no difference."

Barlow nodded and went below to breakfast. The Kanaka steward had already laid the table, and Barlow tapped on Marion's door. She opened it after a brief pause and looked at him coldly.

"Breakfast," he said.

"I'm not hungry."

He shrugged and, turning away, sat down. She closed the door with something of a slam. He ate in gloomy silence and, finishing, went up to relieve Porpoise, so he could eat too. The morning passed away and noon came. And this time Marion appeared at the table. She was really quite ravenous, though she would never have admitted it, and she ate deliberately without looking at Barlow or speaking to him. He seemed quite unaware of this, and there were moments when she felt she wanted to throw a cup or plate at him, sitting there so cool and calm in his spotless whites and shirt, his skin deep brown and his eyes startlingly blue.

The meal ended, he went up to relieve Porpoise again, and the mate of the Tiafura came below looking quite embarrassed and confused to find Marion still seated.

"Beg pardon, mum," he commenced heavily, "but if you don't mind me sittin' down ——"

"It's not my ship," she said coldly, and slowly stirred her third cup of coffee.

Porpoise blushed to the roots of his remaining hair, carefully stowed his cap under his seat, looked furtively at his hands to see if they were clean enough, and then mumbled something to the steward. He ate as quietly as a mouse, though he could usually be heard up on the poop when engaged in mastication, and from the way he coughed and blew his nose at times, Marion guessed he was thinking of something to say. She found herself growing quite amused.

"You mustn't take it 'ard," whispered Porpoise hoarsely, when he was finished eating. He leaned his hairy red arms on the table and leaned toward her as if they were conspirators. "Wot I means, mum, 'e don't mean no 'arm. Sort of 'ot-'eaded, that's all."

"Really?"

"Yes, that's right. 'E thinks a' much of you 'e'd give his right arm t' see things straightened out. 'E's a white man, 'e is. I've sailed with 'im five years now an' I ought to know. You're jest as safe 'ere as if you wus aboard that yacht."

"When is this nonsense going to end?" she inquired. "He surely doesn't expect to keep me here forever."

"I dunno," admitted Porpoise. He scratched his bald head. "If 'e gets th' notion to, why, it's likely 'e will."

She frowned a little at that, and Porpoise, thinking perhaps he'd said too much, groped for his cap and stood up to go.

"I suppose," said Marion, "you wouldn't like to earn some money—a lot of money—say, a thousand dollars?"

Porpoise blinked and absently put his cap on.

"There ain't much I wouldn't do fer that," he said carefully and slowly. He nodded as to reassure her of the fact. "But," he added, with a touch of contempt in his tone, "t' back out on a pal's something th' Islands don't care about." He went heavily up the companion to the poop then, and Marion bit her lip. She felt as if she had somehow degraded herself and she was angry.

Curiosity and a desire to get some fresh air drove her on deck at last, and she first of all looked round for any sign of the yacht. But the sea was empty save for a cluster of atolls in the south. She turned then and found Barlow behind her, and she made as though to step aside, but his hand on her arm detained her.

"You're still angry?" he asked. "Marion, why can't we talk it over—just the two of us?"

"There's nothing to talk over," she said determinedly, "except when you are going to take me back." She was conscious that her face was unpowdered and her dress—a formal dress too—was rumpled and soiled.

"You can't be honest, can you?" he said, his voice hardening. "You'd marry that fool Richard and tell yourself you were happy because you'd pleased your father and got a man of your own position. Even a Kanaka girl wouldn't do that."

"If I loved a man I'd marry him in spite of anything," she said, very chill and aloof.

"And you don't love me?"

"Don't be a fool!"

"I've had you close to me, Marion. I've kissed you and you've kissed me. And you've told me you wanted me. What am I to believe?"

"That was just a flirtation. I'm surprised you took it so seriously."

He gripped her by the arms and for a moment she thought he was going to shake her. The blood mounted under his tan, his eyes turned frosty and she saw his jaw tighten. He held her so for a moment, tense and still.

"I'd do anything for you," he said at last, his voice shaking. "You're the most wonderful woman I've ever seen and somewhere inside you've got honesty and fineness. It's too late to tell me you don't love me. You've done something to me that's driven me mad. I've got to play the game through now even if I've lost it already."

He drew her to him and kissed her, gently and briefly. She felt, somehow, it was the most sincere kiss he had ever given, and she did not protest or struggle. He released her and she walked to the rail, to remain gazing over the sea while he strode aft to the wheel, where a grinning golden-skinned Kanaka adjusted a flower in his hair and pretended to be absorbed in the booming mainsail.

They had two or three talks after that. Sometimes she angered him so he would leave her abruptly. Sometimes he would anger her until she was white as a sheet. Toward the last they were both cold and seemingly indifferent, and a shadow settled like a tragic mask over his face while her lips remained half curved in a triumphant smile. It seemed to be a battle of wills, and they were drawing farther apart. But under it all Marion was in a tumult, and there was growing in her a strong, sure conviction that she had acted like a fool all along. Away from her father and her perpetually sneering brother, away from the drawling Richard and the rest, she was able to think and look ahead as she had never done before. The old life seemed very far away. She missed chiefly her clothes and her powder. She was sure she must look ridiculous. She came to the reluctant conclusion that that really was at the bottom of all her rages. She would never forgive him for carrying her off as some barbarian might have done, but he was still rather nice, and there were times in the night when she awoke and thought of him and felt his lips. It was impossible that she should marry him, now, of course. He had acted altogether disgustingly, and she couldn't imagine him in San Francisco with her crowd. He simply didn't belong. After all, she was the daughter of John Renfrew and one day she would be very rich. She had her position to consider. Her father was quite right there. But somehow it all seemed very trivial and far away on this little schooner booming along through the crowded atolls of the Paumotus, manned by two white men and a crew of golden-skinned natives. It was almost like a dream.

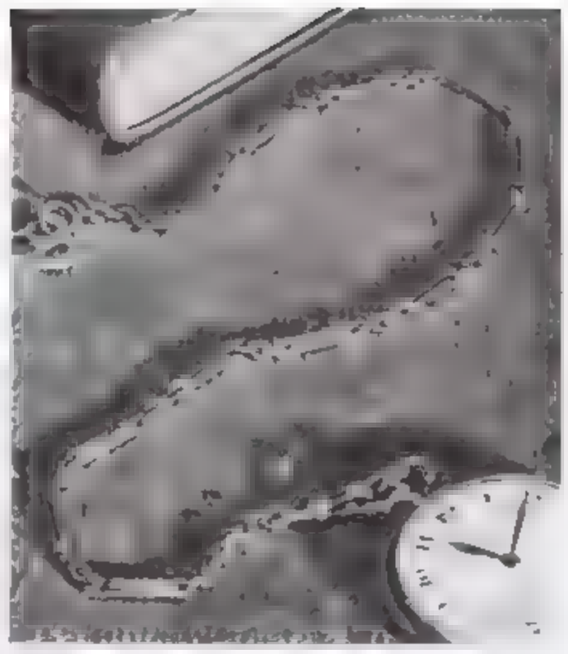
And then, early one morning, just as she came up from breakfast, Porpoise saw smoke on the western horizon. In an hour the masts of a ship were visible, and in two it was possible, through the glasses, to distinguish the upper works of the Alice Renfrew. "Now," Marion thought, "he'll want me to forgive him."

But Porpoise had gone below and brought up a chart, and now he and Barlow were holding it flat against the main-cabin skylight and were talking in low tones. Soon after that the schooner's course was altered, and the auxiliary motor started up. Marion watched, at first with cold scorn, then with curiosity, and finally with an eager excitement, for the chase was on.

The schooner drove ahead, the sprays heaving up over her bows, her foredecks wet, the Kanakas hanging in her rigging and yelling gleefully, and Barlow standing erect and still near the wheel, his hands in his pockets, his cap perched back on his head and his lips puckered as he cheerfully whistled. Marion wondered.

The yacht crept up astern, overhauling the little schooner and making sixteen knots to her ten. Barlow did not even look at her. Nor did Porpoise. Porpoise was up aloft in the foremast trees, the glasses glued to his eyes, and staring fixedly ahead. And presently even Marion could see from the poop the clusters of palms far dotted over the horizon that told of a jumble of atolls. The Paumotus are dense, and it is not often a vessel sailing among them can lose sight of land

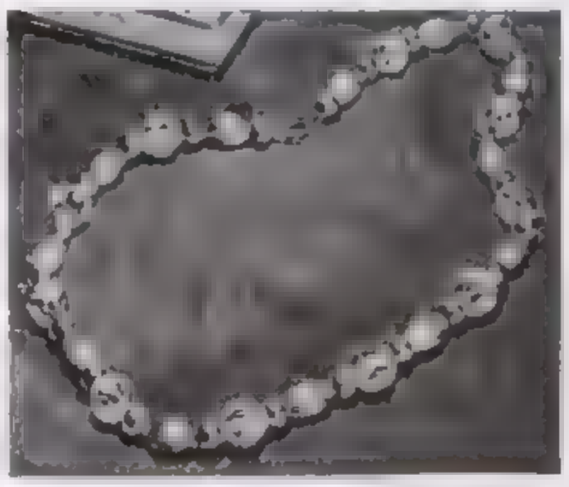
Nearer and nearer came the yacht. Nearer and nearer came the atolls. Marion watched with fascinated eyes. She knew she ought to be hoping her father would soon come alongside and send his harsh voice across the water in a demand for his daughter. But somehow her heart was with the



Two Simmons gifts for two June graduates

A YOUNG man? Why not send him a modern chain for his graduation watch . . . or a modern chain to replace the one he has worn these last four years? The Simmons Waldemar above (29618) is priced at $7.50—in natural or yellow gold drawn over a metal base. The same pattern, made by the same process, comes in green or white gold or a combination of the two, at $9.50. Others of the handsome Simmons styles—belt, vest, Dickens, Waldemar—range from $4 to $15.

A young lady? The Simmons bead and crystal necklace is both recent and popular. The price of No. 29547, below, is $9. Other delightful necklaces in the Simmons selection include plain gold-filled beads, lately in favor, and sharing the popularity of the bead and crystal combination. Reasonable prices run from $6.50 to $12. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Massachusetts.



SIMMONS
TRADE-MARK
CHAINS AND NECKLACES

"Need some air, too?"

"No—had some put in just before I left Los Angeles."

"You mean to say you've gone three thousand miles on California air? Must be some tires you've got."

"You bet they're some tires—Kelly-Springfields."

schooner. It was so small, so white and lovely, plunging bravely ahead. And it was so slow—like a snail compared to the greyhound behind. She felt herself saying "Come on! Come on!" as the deck lifted and the wet bows roared into a swell. She hoped Tom couldn't see her face.

The yacht was close astern now, a scant couple of miles off, and they were plunging past the first atolls. Porpoise called something from aloft, and Barlow motioned to the Kanaka at the wheel. The course changed, the lift of the deck altered. They rounded the atoll and plunged by another. With a sudden pang Marion noticed the yacht had slowed down and was keeping cautiously at a distance behind the Tiafura. The yacht's captain, as a matter of fact, had no intention of risking his vessel blindly among atolls and reefs he did not know, and in spite of John Renfrew's indignation and threats, he dropped to half speed while he and his first officer pored over charts and sailing directions. Then, when he thought he had the waters clear enough in his head, he jumped to full speed once more and clung to the schooner's stern.

But the Paumotus are treacherous and long to learn. They abound with currents and cross currents, with rips and tides, and not all their reefs are on the charts. And there are, besides, many places where a light-draft schooner can sail in triumph, but where a deeper-draft steamship would rip her bottom out. Tom Barlow was more merciful than that. He played among the atolls and shoals all the rest of that morning, Porpoise aloft to call the channels and dangers that might be hid, and then, toward noon, his maneuvers complete, he led the Alice Renfrew onto a beautiful reef of mushroom coral with shallow water all around. The yacht captain folded up his charts and put away his pilot books.

"Well," he said to the irate and almost apoplectic Renfrew, "you insisted that we follow him. I warned you I didn't know these waters."

On the Tiafura, as they sped swiftly away to the north, Marion almost shouted with triumph. They had won, beaten a full-powered steamer with a little trading schooner, left the yacht helpless and impotent while they were still free—free! It had been as exciting as anything she had known. She had to go to her room to compose herself before Barlow called her for lunch.

"Well, I guess that's the end," he told her calmly as they ate. "I couldn't resist leading them on. But now the game's all yours. We're just a few hours' sailing from Rahiroa, where there's that missionary I mentioned once before. It's one o'clock now. At three I'm going to change the course. It will be laid either to your father's yacht or to Rahiroa. And you can have your choice."

She smiled.

"I'm glad you've come to your senses at last," she said. He nodded and she thought he looked pale. "Of course," she went on, "I shall prefer to return to the yacht."

"As you wish," he said briefly and left her.

She sat for a long time with her chin in her palms and her dark eyes fixed on the opposite bulkhead. She would, she decided, ask her father to let him go. He had been very kind and polite to her since she had been aboard and, after all, it had been her own fault in encouraging him in the first place. She frowned a little. She wondered if her father would let him go. He would undoubtedly be in a furious temper, what with her abduction and then the yacht being wrecked. He was a harsh man. She had no illusions about him in that way. But still she would probably be able to persuade him; would even declare she went on the Tiafura of her own accord if she had to. Yes, she must be fair. It had all really been her own fault. And, after all, it had been quite an adventure.

She was standing by the for'ard taffrail of the poop when Barlow touched her on the arm.

"It's three o'clock," he said. "Is it Rahiroa or the yacht?"

"I should think you would know by this time," she said with some asperity. He was still for a moment, and then he strode aft, erect, steady, even with a hint of a swagger. She watched him with cool, speculative eyes and with the comfortable and pleasant feeling that now she held everything in the palm of her hand.

"The yacht," Barlow said to Porpoise, who stood by the wheel, his thumbs in his belt, his jaws moving steadily on his quid. "I guess it's jail all right. I'm sorry I got you into the mess, Porpoise."

"'Sall right," said Porpoise, spitting over the rail. "All in the game. I guess she ain't thoroughbred after all. I'd 've sworn she was too."

He strolled for'ard after a while, leaving Tom Barlow standing by the rail and staring bleakly over the swells, crisp and blue under the diamond sky that was spotted with floury clouds harried under the thrash of the trades.

"Porpoise," said Marion, as the fat old man drew near. She had fallen into the habit of calling him by his queer nickname, as everyone did. "Porpoise, tell me something."

"Anything you say, mum," replied Porpoise gallantly, leaning on the rail near her and gazing solemnly at her with his shrewd blue eyes.

"Are they very strict about abduction, do you know?"

"Well, mum"—he scratched his bald head and turned aside to spit before continuing—"well, mum, I guess it's a ten-year stretch. I knowed a man named Billings in Port Moresby who got three years fer chasing off with a Marshall Islander, and I guess, seeing as you're white and a lot prettier, they'll run the sentence up."

"Well," she said, with a trace of defiance, "he deserves it."

Porpoise grunted, spat again and ambled away. She felt he suddenly disliked her, and that hurt. She would have liked to keep that queer old man's regard. She fought against a growing alarm and tried to feel angry. But somehow she couldn't. There seemed nothing to get angry about now, except she was sure she must look terrible in her rumpled party dress and without powder on her nose.

Her eyes roved back and forth, but always returned eventually to the still, erect figure by the rail aft. She kept thinking of that night in the palm shadows of Tahiti and of the times he had kissed her since. She was lost in a vaguely pleasant dreaming when Porpoise called something from near the wheel and, looking up with a start, she saw the superstructure of the yacht standing clearly against the green of some distant palms.

And then panic swept over her. She suddenly knew that her father would take things over with iron hand, and Tom would go to jail and she would some day find herself marrying Richard and doing everything else that was expected of her. She walked aft very quickly, and Barlow was roused with a jerk when he felt a touch on his arm.

"I don't see why you have to act as if you didn't care—didn't care whether I went back or not," said a small unsteady voice. He looked down into swimming violet eyes, and his jaw dropped. He said, afterward, he was never so astonished in his life. He had been grimly resigned, and the shock now left him breathless for a moment. He felt her hands close round his arm and then her head was against him. She said, very softly and wearily: "You'll be good to me, won't you? I'm awfully tired, dear."

At the wheel, Porpoise spat overside and then wiped his forehead with a big red handkerchief. He spoke to the Kanaka helmsman, and the wheel creaked over. The lift of the deck changed. The wrecked yacht fell astern.

"Well," said Porpoise to nothing in particular, "'ere goes fer the missionary. . . . An' I'd jest thought up a good yarn t' spin at the trial."

What do you mean – it's yours ?

That home of yours—is it really yours? Paid for, yes, but never *surely* yours until it is protected by insurance. Fire is no respecter of persons, or dreams, or ideals. All property looks alike to him. He takes what he pleases.

There is just one way to make that home really *yours* —for always. That way is to insure it so that if Fire does take it, your insurance company will provide means to replace it.

There is a man in your city who can do a lot to make that home of yours *really* yours. He is the Hartford representative. Call him up.* Don't argue that Fire hasn't bothered you. He burned up a million dollars' worth of property yesterday and will burn another million dollars' worth today. If you need insurance the Hartford agent will help you get what you need—no more, no less.

INSURE IN THE

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

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*If you do not know him look under "Hartford" in your telephone book. Most Hartford agents are so listed.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life.

Don't WRECK Your Car this Summer

This SAFE *Lubrication will save your car and gears—and banish the cause of 80% of your repair bills*

DON'T take chances on ruining your car this Summer. Improper lubrication, during the hot weather, may cost you hundreds of dollars. 80% of all repair bills . . . especially in the Summer . . . are due to improper lubrication.

Old-time "greasing" is improper lubrication. So, too, are cheap "greases." They are dangerous, costly and a folly. Improperly lubricated gears go fast. Improperly lubricated chassis grow old before their time. Take care and watch out.

With the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System, in use on most cars today, it is simple to lubricate your car properly. With this system you force lubricant under high pressure to the heart of EVERY chassis bearing on your car.

BUT—You must use the right kind of lubricant. You must stop having your car just "greased" at ordinary "greasing stations," and have it Alemited. Any engineering expert will tell you so. For the sake of your car and your pocketbook, go to an official Alemite-ing Station. (Note sign at right.)

A New Service to Protect You —Alemite-ing

To protect the public from the so-called "greasing stations" that have sprung up everywhere—and from the dangerously inferior, quick-to-melt, quick-to-break-down-under-pressure greases that have flooded the market since the universal adoption of the Alemite System—we have done this:

Developed SPECIAL Lubricants MADE SPECIALLY for use in the Alemite System.

Developed a nation-wide service called ALEMITE-ING (trade-marked) which makes it simple and convenient to have your car properly lubricated with GENUINE Alemite Lubricants. The sign below identifies such stations.

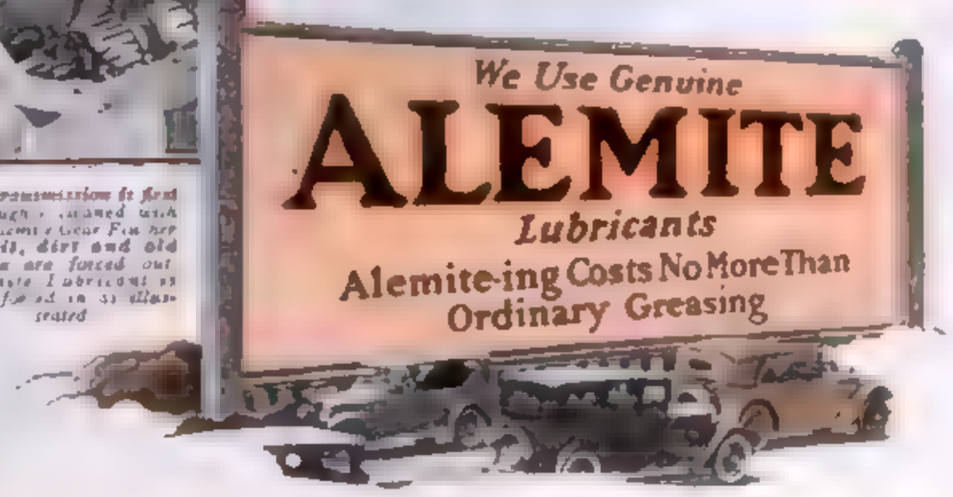
What to Do

Just drive in wherever you see one of these official Alemite signs and ask to have your car Alemited. The service consists of the following:

1. BEARINGS: Genuine Alemite Chassis Lubricant is forced into the heart of every chassis bearing on your car. (The picture shows how this is done.) This lubricant is pure, solidified oil that will stand up under 3,000 pounds pressure. (Average grease breaks down under 200 pounds pressure.) It resists heat up to 200°. And will lubricate bearings properly at 30° below zero. This service eliminates burnt out bearings and rattles in your car that come from worn, corroded bearings.

The differential is first thoroughly cleaned—grit, dirt and old grease are forced out Alemite Lubricant is then forced in as illustrated.

The transmission is first thoroughly cleaned with the Alemite Gear Flusher—grit, dirt and old grease are forced out Alemite Lubricant is then forced in as illustrated



2. GEARS: By means of the Alemite Gear Flusher, the operator thoroughly cleans out your differential and transmission, removing all grit, dirt and any chips of steel. He then forces in new Alemite Gear Lubricant. Most of the grinding noise and rumbling you hear in the motor car comes from the use of cheap grease in transmission and differential. Such grease thins out in Summer, allowing gear teeth to run dry. The grinding gears act like a dragging brake on your motor

The use of special Alemite Gear Lubricant usually adds 1 to 1½ more miles per gallon of gasoline, due to freer running.

3. SPRINGS: Having your springs sprayed with Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil. It penetrates thoroughly, spreading a thin layer of graphite between the leaves of your springs. Makes your car ride easier and eliminates spring squeaks.

The above is what we mean by Alemite-ing your car. It is the easiest way to keep a motor car running sweetly. It is a service that will eliminate 80% of ordinary repair bills.

(Chassis bearings and springs should be lubricated every 500 miles. Gears every 2,000 miles.)

The Bassick Manufacturing Company, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2674 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill. Canadian address: The Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

Alemite and Alemite-Zerk equally adapted for Industrial Lubrication

HUNGRY, THIRSTY, FAR FROM HOME

(Continued from Page 21)

Riccarda shut her eyes and jiggled her feet. The palms of her hands were damp. She saw a drift of yellow poppies in brilliant sunshine around the patio at the ranch. She saw the Mexican barrel-hoop chairs, the tall old oil jars, the rough, cool stone floor. She saw her geraniums, so brave in their earthenware pots, on the steps of the outside staircase to the roof. She saw chinta curtains blowing. She heard a man's voice calling:

"Rick! Rick! Where are you, darling? Where are you? Rick!"

She became aware that Aunt Jane was talking to her over the telephone, that Aunt Jane, mounted upon her favorite hobby, was riding it hard. The Flemings—Hoady Fleming's money was inherited, not made—the Fleming prestige the corner stones of society. . . . Oh, what a bore! Ricki's future—the hearth—the home—woman's place—Ricki's past—the folly of looking back—the necessity to face forward ——

"You're right, Aunt Jane," said Riccarda, cutting in suddenly, decidedly. "I will face forward. You're wonderful, Aunt Jane. The ranch is my home and my place is in it. I'll face forward for the ranch at once. Good-by, Aunt Jane. I'm ringing off."

Riccarda took the road again within the hour. The great yellow roadster tricked out in brass leaped forward like a monster refreshed. Ricki had not slept, had not eaten, had not rested, but Felicitas had done all three and Choogy had done all three. Felicitas, in her pink georgette party dress, with an angora sweater topping it for warmth, looked even less of a glass of fashion and mold of form than usual. Choogy, alert, bright-eyed, busy, brushed the wrong way, looked as if before very long now he might grow into a dog. Both these creatures were an incredible nuisance to Riccarda. They interrupted her black thoughts. They hampered her reckless speed, for she must keep to safety with Felicitas in the car. They constantly talked, barked, churned about. They constantly saw things. But they kept the girl, worn to the thin edge as she was, in touch with reality. Without them she might have gone off the road.

"Corner stones of society sit still," said Riccarda a hundred times hopelessly. "Who ever heard of a bouncing corner stone? Why must I see your legs so prominently, so eternally? You've got only two, haven't you? Why do they seem like a hundred?"

"There was a Scotchman went into a restaurant," said Felicitas, settling herself anew and hauling in Choogy, "and he said to the waiter, 'I want two boiled eggs and a kind word ——'"

"What does that signpost say, Felicitas?" murmured Riccarda. "The letters blur when I look."

"R-o-sal-ba thirty-nine miles," spelled out Felicitas slowly. "'Two boiled eggs and a kind word ——'"

"Thirty-nine," said Riccarda, figuring it up. "And another fifty to San Luis Rey—and another twenty to Twelve Palms—we'll be there by dark, Felicitas. We'll be there, God willing, by dark."

"Do you know, Rick," said Felicitas, settling herself anew and hauling in Choogy, "I get a little hungry talking about those eggs."

"Then don't talk about them," said Riccarda, skirting two cars, taking a curve with an inch to spare—driving, driving. "Corner stones of society are thin. Who ever heard of a fat ambassadress? Remember your lunch."

"My lunch," said Felicitas dreamily, exploring her past. "What did I have for my lunch?"

They made San Luis Rey by five o'clock. At Rosalba, Felicitas absorbed an ice-cream cone, and at San Luis, sandwiches. To Riccarda the day seemed to have but one dimension. It was a narrow, timeless, endless ribbon of length, stretching over levels, stretching over hills, shot through with golden glare, cut off definitely now and then by stops to refresh Felicitas or Choogy or the car.

Riccarda was thinner at the end of that day. There were unusual crescent lines about her lovely mouth. There were straight lines on her lovely forehead, twin upright lines of strain between her long green eyes. Her little face looked like a cup that had been drained. Her little fingers could not get warm. From San Luis she tried to call up the ranch. She stumbled as she came out of the booth. No one had answered. From San Luis the road seemed like a treadmill to Riccarda—endlessly rolling, endlessly getting nowhere. The road seemed like some sinister place in a dream, through which one hurries for fear of being too late, from which one wakes shaking, with one's heart heavily beating and the palms of one's hands wet.

It was somewhere between San Luis and the deserted town called Twelve Palms that they passed the man. They passed the man at tremendous speed, for Riccarda was doing sixty on the straightaway. The dusk was drawing in. The man was walking. He did not look up as they roared by, but Felicitas looked back at him over the lowered top of the car.

"Poor man," said Felicitas, her round head, her round eyes just high enough above the top of the car.

"He's tired. He's just stumbling along. Poor man."

"Last time it was a kitten," said Riccarda hopelessly, slowing down to forty, "and before that it was a rabbit and now it's a tramp. How do you contrive, Felicitas, to see so much on the road?"

"Well, I look," admitted Felicitas, swallowing. "The man has just fell down flat on his poor face, Riccarda, with his arms stretched out."

"Oh—oh—oh!" moaned Riccarda, looking at her wrist watch in the growing dusk, slowing down to fifteen, putting the car in reverse.

The man was lying quite still with his arms stretched out when they reached him. Riccarda looked up and down his silent length in the steady glare of her searchlight. The man didn't look quite like a tramp lying there. His clothes were rough, but they were all right. He had been wearing a hat, but it had fallen off. There was a plain gold ring on one of his flung-out hands. The man was undoubtedly young, tall, blond. His hair was cut too close to his head to curl.

"There's blood on the road, Rick," whispered Felicitas hoarsely into Riccarda's ear, squeezing Riccarda's hand. "Look—under his head."

"But he isn't dead," said Riccarda queerly. "He isn't—dead."

"How do you know, Rick, until you look?" whispered Felicitas, hoarse but logical. "How can you tell until you turn him over?"

"Must I turn him over, Felicitas?" asked Rick queerly. "Must I—touch him?"

"Maybe you could roll him over with your toe," suggested Felicitas, hoarse but businesslike. "He'd roll easy, Rick. He's thin."

"He's thin," said Riccarda. "He's hurt. He's almost dead. But he isn't dead."

There was a pause. The two stood in the glare of the searchlight, holding hands, clutching each other, looking. The southern dusk had deepened suddenly. There seemed to be about them infinite space. All boundaries had been lifted away. It was a lonely place—sand—the road—the mountains. It was a cold moment. Far off a locomotive whistled, but within the brilliant circle of light everything was still.

"What are you going to do, Rick?" whispered Felicitas, awed, hoarse before the drama of it, but functioning as usual. "Why do you just stand here? Why don't you move, Rick, if you're in such a hurry?"

"I can't," whispered Rick. "I can't."

Dropping to her knees, she buried her face in the child's shoulder. She clung to the child. She shook terribly, uncontrollably. She was all to bits. She was shattered. And the world reeled before Felicitas. Rick—her friend, her beloved, her goddess Rick, her admired, her adored, her pattern, her paragon—her unhappy, plucky, proud, beautiful Rick in a heap on the highway, clinging to a despised, rejected corner stone of society!

For a moment Felicitas thought of crying herself; but looking at her reeling world, she picked from somewhere in the chaos of her education the memory of *noblesse oblige*. Felicitas understood *noblesse oblige*. And her father had been a captain of industry. And her mother throve on opposition. And Felicitas herself was as healthy and as sane as a life guard at a bathing beach. Felicitas, in short, was not a mere corner stone she was a rock.

"Darling," said Felicitas, choking Riccarda with the sudden warmth and the strength and the lovingness of her arms, "I'm here. You've got me."

Riccarda was crying into her neck. Choogy was circling about the man, barking a large rich bark, making a frantic, useless to-do as usual. Felicitas herself was hungry and thirsty and far from home. She was not very old or seasoned. She had never before stood in the dark on a desert highway, facing a supreme tactical problem involving two helpless grown-ups and a car and a dog. But she rose to it gallantly. After all, her great-grandfather had been an ambassador under Cleveland.

"If we had a dolly—like the men used under the nursery piano—we could roll him," suggested Felicitas, wiping off Rick's face with a grubby, loving hand. "We can't let him just lie here on the highway and—and die, can we? We've got to save him, haven't we, Rick?"

Rick sank down on the highway and mopped her face. For a day and a night Ricki had not powdered her nose. She did not powder it now. But she was quiet again. The storm was over.

"I'll look at his head," said Rick, rising suddenly, very pale and determined and brave. "And then—we'll see."

They saw a good deal. They saw too much. Ricki turned faint for a moment. Felicitas swallowed nothing very hard.

"It's just—just a little crack where his head hit the road," said Felicitas gallantly, rallying to it.

Riccarda was feeling his pulse. Riccarda was listening for his heart. Riccarda was getting her vanity case out of her pocket with shaking hands and holding a mirror against his mouth.

The man was impressive lying there. There was dignity to him. And even the blood could not make him ugly. He looked like the crusader in Felicitas' book. Within the circle of light, everything was still. Silently Riccarda held the little mirror up to the light—and the mirror was dimmed.

"We'll take him to some ranch," said Riccarda, rising at once. "We'll get a doctor. If I only had a petticoat —— Bring me my bag from the car, Felicitas."

Riccarda tore a georgette nightgown into strips and bound up the man's head. Finished, there was a spray of pink roses just above the man's ear. But nobody except Felicitas noticed the roses, and Felicitas noticed them with only a half of one eye in the midst of feverish activity. At any other time the roses would have looked funny, but they didn't now. Felicitas was carrying the man's feet, with Riccarda at his head, and the man was heavy.

"Don't joggle, Felicitas," panted Riccarda. "It may start the bleeding again. Lift, Felicitas! Lift!"

"Gosh, I am lifting!" panted Felicitas, very hot within the angora sweater.

"One more—heave! Can you hold on one minute more?"

"You—bet!" gasped Felicitas.

(Continued on Page 68)

Pipe-Smoking Fisherman Goes Poetic

Expounds in rhyme his theory that ties up with smoking of favorite tobacco

Fly-fishermen say there's nothing so thrilling as a battle with a fish that rises to the fly. And by the same token there's nothing so heartrending as to lose such a fish after you've played him until you've felt sure he was yours.

Life is often just like fishing. You get all set to do something. Maybe it's a vacation trip like this one below. Whatever it is, you've got it within your grasp—and then you strike a snag, your dreams are wrecked, and you must begin all over

However, here's a pipe-smoker whose philosophy includes a balm for such disappointments:

Bingham, Maine
Jan 31, 1928.

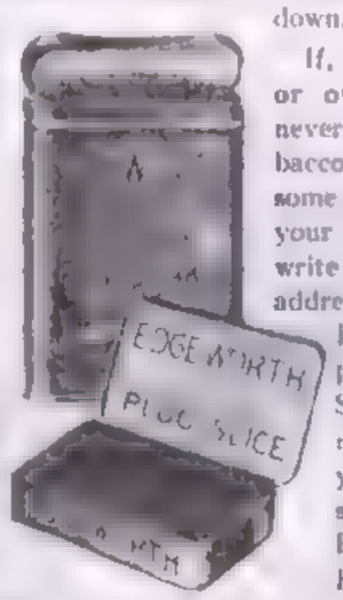
When you've planned a trip for fishing,
And you've spent a lot of kale,
Bet the whole of your vacation
On some advertiser's tale
And you fish a lake of beauty
Hidden in a land of dreams,
Where the air is clean as sunshine
Haunted by songs of crystal streams.

Comes the moment when you're casting
And a smasher hits your line,
Then you play him like a gamester
With the battle going fine,
Till a snag, a yank, and silence
And the line is hanging slack,
While you grit your teeth and whistle
And reel the fishline back

Take the pipe and fill with Edgeworth,
Light her up and learn to grin
Then by guns you are elected
To the Club of Try Again!

A. R. M., Jr

To pipe-smokers who know it and like it, Edgeworth has that happy faculty so often found in old friends—it stands by them during periods of adversity just as well as it does during their successes. It is the same good old Edgeworth whether you are up or down.



If, for some reason or other, you have never tried this tobacco, let us send you some samples to try in your own pipe. Just write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va and you will receive samples of both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice.

Try the samples. If you like them, then go and buy a can. It will be just as good as the samples, and so will each succeeding can you buy—for the quality of Edgeworth never changes.

You can get this tobacco everywhere, in either the Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth Plug Slice form, in various sizes, from the can that fits your pocket to the handsome humidor that holds one pound.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters. Frequency 1180 kilocycles

The new Ford has been built to endure

Long life and economy of new model as important as its beauty, speed, safety and quiet comfort

THE remarkable performance of the new Ford is the direct result of the quality that has been built into every part of it.

It has beauty of line and color because beauty of line and color has come to be considered a necessity in a motor car today.

Yet even more important than this outside beauty are the strength, efficiency and beauty of those parts which are on the inside—those vital mechanical parts which are the very heart of value and performance. It is well to look to this mechanical beauty when you buy an automobile.

Instantly you examine the body construction of the new Ford, its engine, its transmission, its oiling, cooling and ignition systems, you will understand some of the reasons for its speed, safety, comfort, quiet, reliability and economy of operation and up-keep.

Steel forgings instead of castings and stampings

An example of the quality that is built into the new Ford is the use of steel forgings instead of malleable castings and steel stampings. They are used throughout the chassis, except, of course, for the engine castings.

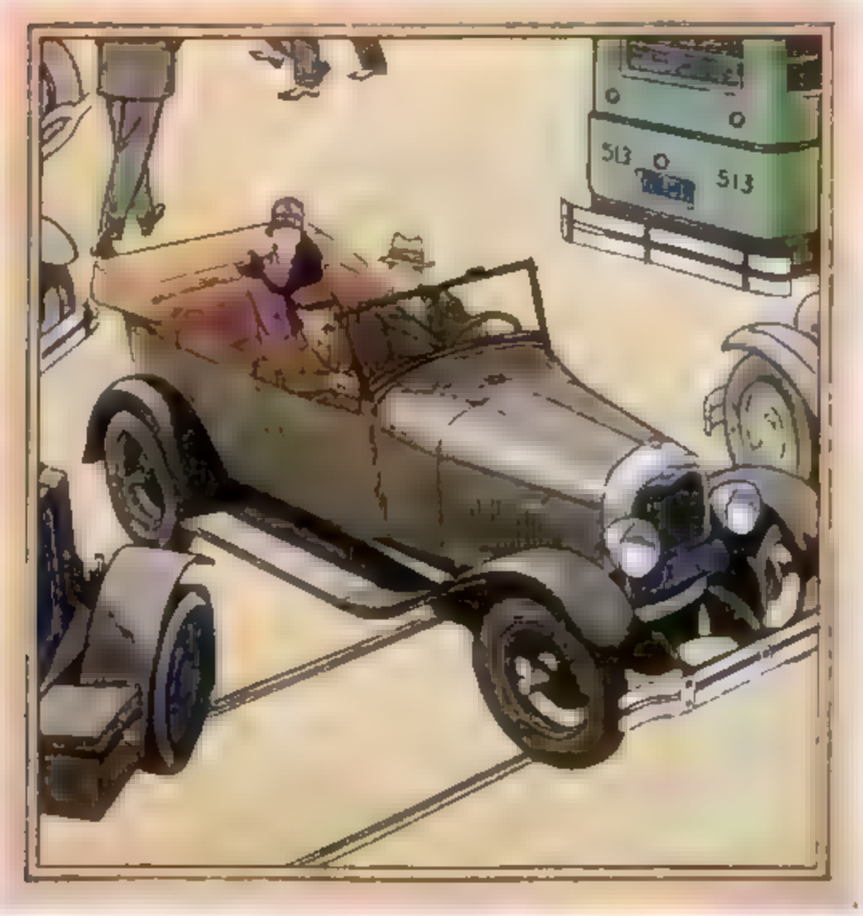
More steel forgings, in fact, are used in the new Ford than in almost any other car regardless of price.

Just what this means to every motorist is shown in the strength of the forged-steel spring perches alone. They will withstand 15,000 pounds pressure before indicating a permanent change in their structure. This is thirty times the strain put on each spring perch under normal running conditions.

Added strength, quiet and reliability also come from the number of electric weldings used in the new Ford. By the use of these weldings, one-piece parts of great strength replace those formerly made up of several parts bolted, riveted or soldered together.

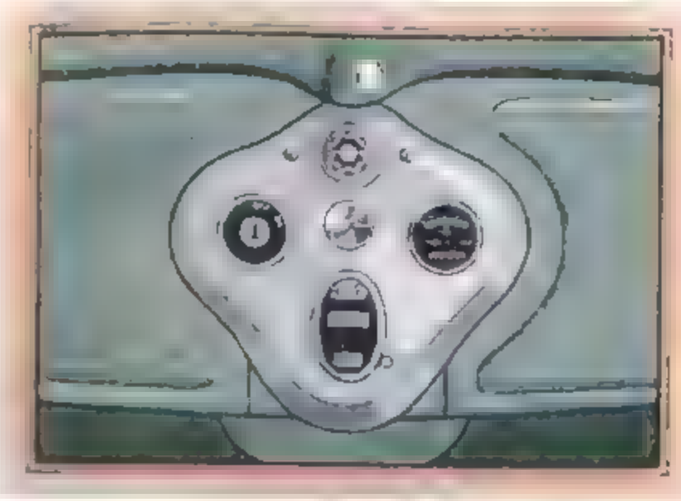
The perfecting of electric welding machines to do this work was the result of ten years of constant experimenting in shop and laboratory.

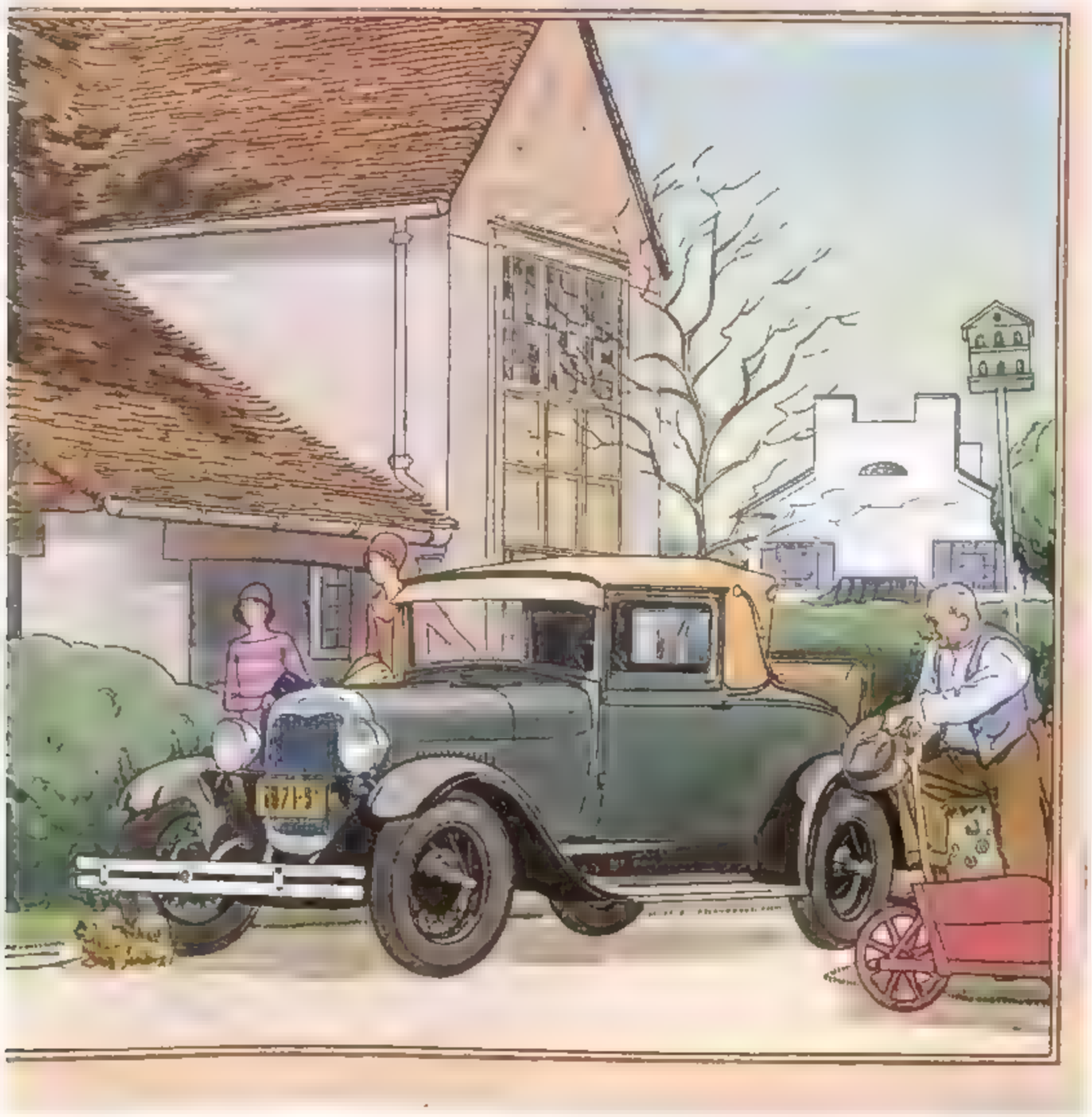
Some of the other features which show the strength and quality that have been built into the new Ford car are the steel bodies; the carbon chrome nickel alloy valves; the five-bearing camshaft; the heavy crankshaft which is statically and dynamically balanced and built to withstand a twisting stress up to 60,000-inch pounds; the new pump, splash and gravity oil system; the



The new Ford is a great car in traffic because of its quick acceleration, easy steering, short turning radius, and the safety of its four-wheel brakes. Gears shift easily, silently, because of the multiple dry-disc clutch and the standard gear shift with ball and roller bearings.

Shown below is the instrument panel on the new Ford. It is made of steel, beautifully finished in satin nickel. Instruments are in convenient clover leaf cluster, illuminated by light in center.

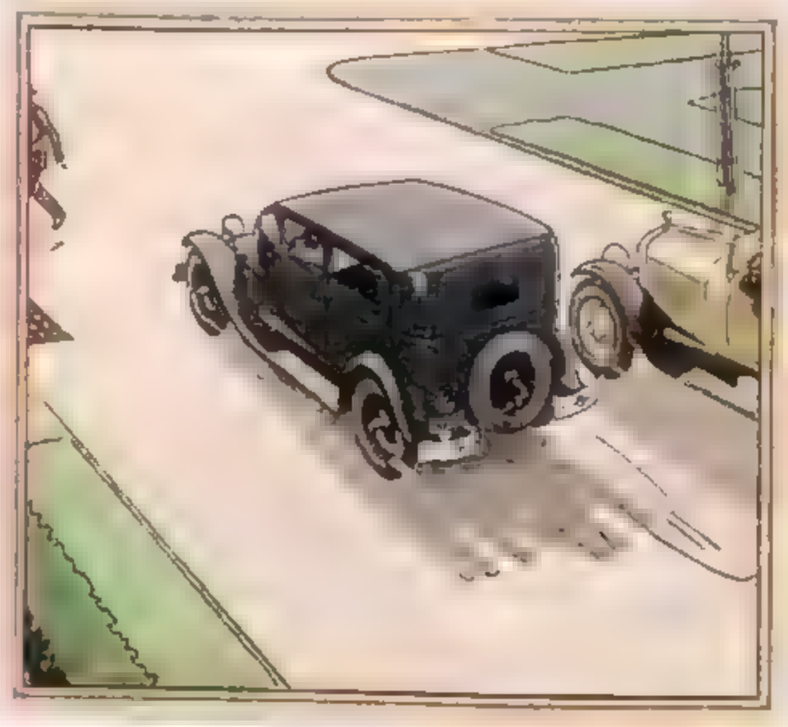




The new Ford Sport Coupe is distinguished by its smart, low lines and air of rich simplicity. All hardware fully nickeled—all appointments in quiet good taste. Wide, deeply cushioned rumble seat is standard equipment.

multiple dry-disc clutch; the standard gear shift with ball and roller bearings; the new battery, coil and distributor ignition; the low center of gravity and minimum unsprung weight which combine with the Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers and the new transverse springs to make the new Ford such an easy-riding car; the Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield; the new steering gear which prevents road shocks from being transmitted to the hands of the driver and is unusually strong because the column and the housing of the steering gear mechanism are welded into a single all-steel unit; the mechanical four-wheel brakes; the seamless, all-steel torque tube; the new one-piece, welded, steel-spoke wheels; the aluminum alloy pistons which were selected because of their light weight and heat-conducting qualities; the three-quarter floating rear axle, and the all-steel rear axle housing.

There are definite reasons, therefore, why the new Ford is more than a new automobile—more than just a new model. It is the advanced expression of a new idea in modern, economical transportation.



The new Ford is a great car on the hills. You face the steepest grades with confidence, knowing you have power to climb them all without greatly reduced speed, without strain, or unnecessary shifting of gears.

FEATURES OF
THE NEW FORD CAR

Steel bodies
Beautiful low lines
Choice of colors
55 to 65 miles an hour *40 horse-power*
Remarkable acceleration
Four-wheel brakes
New transverse springs
Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers
20 to 30 miles per gallon of gasoline
Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield
Reliability and low up-keep cost

So we say to you—take a little while to see and inspect this new car at the nearest Ford showrooms. Examine it carefully, part by part. Listen to its quiet, smooth-running engine. Know the thrill of driving it. By its performance you will know there is nothing quite like it in design, quality and price.

New manufacturing methods make the low price possible

The low price of the new Ford is made possible only by manufacturing methods and production economies as unusual as the car itself.

The Roadster sells for $385; Phaeton, $395; Tudor Sedan, $495; Coupe, $495; Business Coupe, $495; Sport Coupe, with rumble seat, $550. (All prices are F.O.B. Detroit.)

These prices include five steel-spoke wheels, four 30 x 4.50 balloon tires, windshield wiper, speedometer, gasoline gage on instrument panel, dash light, mirror, combination stop and tail light, theft-proof coincidental ignition lock, high pressure grease gun lubrication, and Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Detroit, Michigan

Takes down without tools. Fits in a suitcase

FOR MORE FUN ON YOUR VACATION

YOU will be amazed at its speed. Pull the trigger as fast as you can work your finger, and the mechanism does the rest—ejects the empty cartridge, reloads, and fires. Talks so fast it stutters, but never jams or misses.

Model 24 Remington Autoloader is chambered either for .22 shorts or for .22 long rifle cartridges. You can buy this ammunition at any crossroads store.

The construction of the Model 24 is simple. The lines are graceful. It is accurate to a hair.

See it at your dealer's. Swing it to your shoulder and get the "feel" that comes from perfect balance. See how easily and naturally it points. You'll know you want one. Write for descriptive folder.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
Originators of Kleanbore Ammunition
25 Broadway New York City

Model 24 Remington .22 Caliber Autoloading Rifle. Standard Grade $25.45

Remington

"The Only Shot That Counts is the Shot That Hits"

(Continued from Page 65)

One minute more - a heave - Felicitas felt as if her heart would burst and it was over. He was in the car. He was slumped in a heap in the corner of the seat. And the bleeding had not started.

"Hurry, Felicitas!" called Riccarda, climbing in swiftly, lightly, over the man and starting the car. "Get in, Felicitas! What are you scrambling about for in the dark?"

"Choogy isn't really lost," said Felicitas, feverishly scrambling. "Not lost. Wait, Rick!"

"I can't wait! He may be dying! Get in, Felicitas!"

"But I can't seem to find him." The voice was uncertain, pretty far from home. "Po-o-r little Choogy! You get r'sponsibility when you get a dog."

"You do," said Rick, grimly shutting off the engine. "You do!"

She climbed out again over the man's feet. She half fell from the car. The bitter savor of life lived too intensely, too deeply was in her mouth. She stumbled as she tried to join Felicitas. She swayed and clung to the car. They lost four minutes by Riccarda's wrist watch before Choogy himself recalled them. Choggy had discovered what he pretended was a rat in the rumble seat. It was not really a rat, of course, and Choogy knew it. It was just a little bundle of lunch which Felicitas had gathered up in a hurry from the supper table at home, which Felicitas had brought along and forgotten—an avocado with mayonnaise from the center of a salad, ripe olives, crushed éclairs. It was a dingy package—sloppy, sticky, unspeakable. Riccarda pitched it silently away. She climbed into the car.

The man was lying as before, slumped into a corner of the seat. He had not stirred. He did not seem to breathe. His profile against the intense blue night, against the intense southern stars, was as clear cut and cold as a cameo.

"The less you say for a time, Felicitas," gasped Riccarda as she started the car, "about dogs or boiled eggs or lunches or kind words—the less you talk, as a favor to me ——"

Thereafter the silence in the rumble seat was complete. Riccarda steadied herself down. She drove. Once she stopped to feel the man's bandage in the dark. It was not wet. The bleeding had not started. . . . Forty-five—fifty-five —— They were through the deserted place called Twelve Palms. The nearest ranch was just beyond.

"I don't seem to hear you, Felicitas," said Riccarda vaguely at last, beginning to miss something which was familiar, which was as much a part of their progress as the motion of the car. "Are you there? Why aren't you saying something?"

Silence in the rumble seat. A hiccup.

"Felicitas!" said Rick sharply, coming back from the far place to which she had gone, reviving to life again. "Felicitas! You're not crying?"

Silence in the rumble seat.

"Felicitas," said Rick desperately, driving her car and making a clean job of it, driving her life and making a mess of it, "if I have made you cry, I may as well go off the road."

Listening in the rumble seat. A "Gruff" from Choogy.

"If I have made you cry," continued Riccarda, driving—driving, "I am a failure at everything. I ride roughshod—over loyalty, over courage, over love. I hurt my nearest, my dearest. I hide my heart. I am cross. I scowl. I squeeze your hand. I walk too fast. But it isn't because I don't care, Felicitas. It is because I care too much"

A "Gruff" from the little dog. A faint reviving sniff.

"When I think of tonight," continued Rick, looking beyond the glare of her headlights into the unknown, anticipating, dreading but not hesitating, not stopping, eternally getting there—"when I think of tonight - and of what you have done—I could go down on my knees —— I have been nearly out of my mind, Felicitas. But, darling—dear little girl - loyal little friend—be patient with me—forgive me feel sorry for me - love me."

Warm arms stretched over from the rumble seat. Inarticulate murmurs. Hugs—embarrassments—wet kisses wet licks.

"Try to grow up to be as unlike me as possible, Felicitas," said Riccarda, her voice none too steady, but her speed and her purpose unfaltering. "Try not to love anyone too dreadfully. Try to cultivate an enthusiasm for the history of the postal service or—or the bones in the Gobi Desert. Then you'll be quite happy, Felicitas. Then you'll be safe."

"All I want to be happy and safe," said Felicitas humbly, choking Riccarda with the warmth and the lovingness and the strength of her arms, "is you, Rick. You're not really cross, Rick—not cross. There's something about you," said Felicitas, feeling her way—"there's something about you —— I don't mind being hungry or a grit in my eye or blood on the road. I think, 'Oh, well, there's Rick.'"

"You're doomed, Felicitas," said Rick with a sob. "You're done for—if you can love like that."

"Well, I like to love like that," said Felicitas largely, disposing of her life without worry. "Some day, when I grow up, I am going to elope with a boy who hasn't a penny and live on an almond ranch with him and be happy."

"Don't do it, Felicitas," said Riccarda sharply. "You'll suffer so. You'll rue the day."

"What day, Riccarda?" asked Felicitas thirstily. "And how do you do when you rue?"

There was a dirt road leading in from the highway. There were two bumps in the dirt road—the one beyond the yellow-tasseled acacia and the one at the turn. Riccarda took the bumps carefully, anxiously, shifting into low. She drew up before the black blot of shadow which was the house, its tiled roof line jutting sharply against the glittering blue above. The headlights shone on a parched garden, on row upon row of young almond trees in the sand beyond. The almond trees and the garden were in need of water, but Riccarda did not glance at the almond trees. She did not notice the garden.

"I'm going in," she said briefly, climbing out of the car.

She turned the searchlight into the dim length of a deep-roofed patio. There were pink oleander trees set in tubs between the pillars of the patio. The doorway was a lovely arch, cool, hospitable, deeply recessed. Beside it hung an old Spanish lantern. At sight of the doorway, Riccarda stood still, but not because of the lovely arch or because of the Spanish lantern. The door was open.

"Are you here, Felicitas?" said Riccarda quietly, looking at the open door and at the darkness within. "Give me your hand."

There was solidity to Felicitas' hand. There was strength, comfort. They went forward step by step together, Felicitas carrying the little dog. The patio smelled of orange blossoms. Some tree in flower was shedding magic through the night. Felicitas' feet were soundless on the Navaho rugs. Choogy's nose was moist and quivering.

The living room—Riccarda found a switch and it stood forth. Rough-plastered walls, beamed ceiling, rows of books, casement windows, puffy chintz chairs, a fireplace with a wrought-iron screen, flowers on the low table beside the puffy black sofa—flowers long since faded, mere wisps of blackened splendor on withered stalks.

"There's dust," whispered Felicitas hoarsely, squeezing Riccarda's hand, "thick enough on the piano top to write your name—if you wanted to write your name."

"Days," said Riccarda with a dry sob—"days it has been standing here like this. Nights—it has been standing here like this."

"Any time now," said Felicitas hoarsely, but enjoying herself more than she had ever enjoyed herself in her life, "the gun may go off."

"Is anyone here?" called Riccarda sharply toward a dark doorway. "Hello—anybody!"

But there seemed to be no one. All was quiet. The blocked linen portières swung forward gently and settled into place again.

"A breeze—the house is open from end to end," said Riccarda.

"Any time," said Felicitas, quivering but living more intensely than she had ever lived in her life—"any time I may fall into a well."

But once through the blocked linen portières, all that Felicitas fell into was the dining room, down three steps. Riccarda found a switch and the lights went on. The dining room was distinctive. For a ranch house, it was notable. It glowed with beauty, with color—cream, black, orange, mauve. A massive Spanish dresser, carved, black, very old, was set forth splendidly with silver.

"Briggs," contributed Felicitas hoarsely, looking at the dresser, "shines up our silver every week. He uses qu-a-ntities of polish. Mother thinks he drinks it."

"Look, Felicitas," whispered Rick, moving forward as if her feet were clogged, "at the table."

But Felicitas was already looking at the table with all her might. The table was long and black and narrow. A runner of Italian cutwork went down the middle of it. There were places for two. There were service plates of bone china—silver—amber glass—tall cream-colored candles which had burned down long since and guttered out. The table was perfectly arranged and in order. There was a roll upon each of the two bread-and-butter plates. There were almonds in individual silver dishes. There were flowers. There was dust. And beside one place—the place where the chair had been overturned -lay a small blue-black revolver.

Riccarda's eyes widened to the revolver. Felicitas' eyes stuck out at it. Felicitas' whole face seemed to bulge.

"Someone," whispered Felicitas hoarsely, "sat in that chair and fell out of it onto the floor—before he could shoot," she added, feeling her blood deliciously curdle.

"Before he could shoot?" echoed Riccarda stupidly. "He?"

"Of course he," said Felicitas, squeezing Choogy into breathlessness, into insignificance, between her elbow and her angora sweater. "It's an armchair, isn't it? And the man sits in the armchair in proper houses, doesn't he? And the lady in the straight one? There's the lady's straight one and here's the man's arm one—upset. It's just as plain. Don't you see it, Riccarda?"

"I'm beginning to," said Riccarda—"I'm beginning to—at last," beating her hands noiselessly together. "But who was he going to shoot, Felicitas?"

"The lady, I guess," said Felicitas with unction. "Probably she was very pretty and annoyed him."

"Probably she was—probably she did," said Riccarda "But you're wrong about one thing, Felicitas. The lady wasn't here."

"Her chair's here, isn't it?" said Felicitas, pointing to it. "And her place is laid, isn't it? How do you know she wasn't here, Rick?"

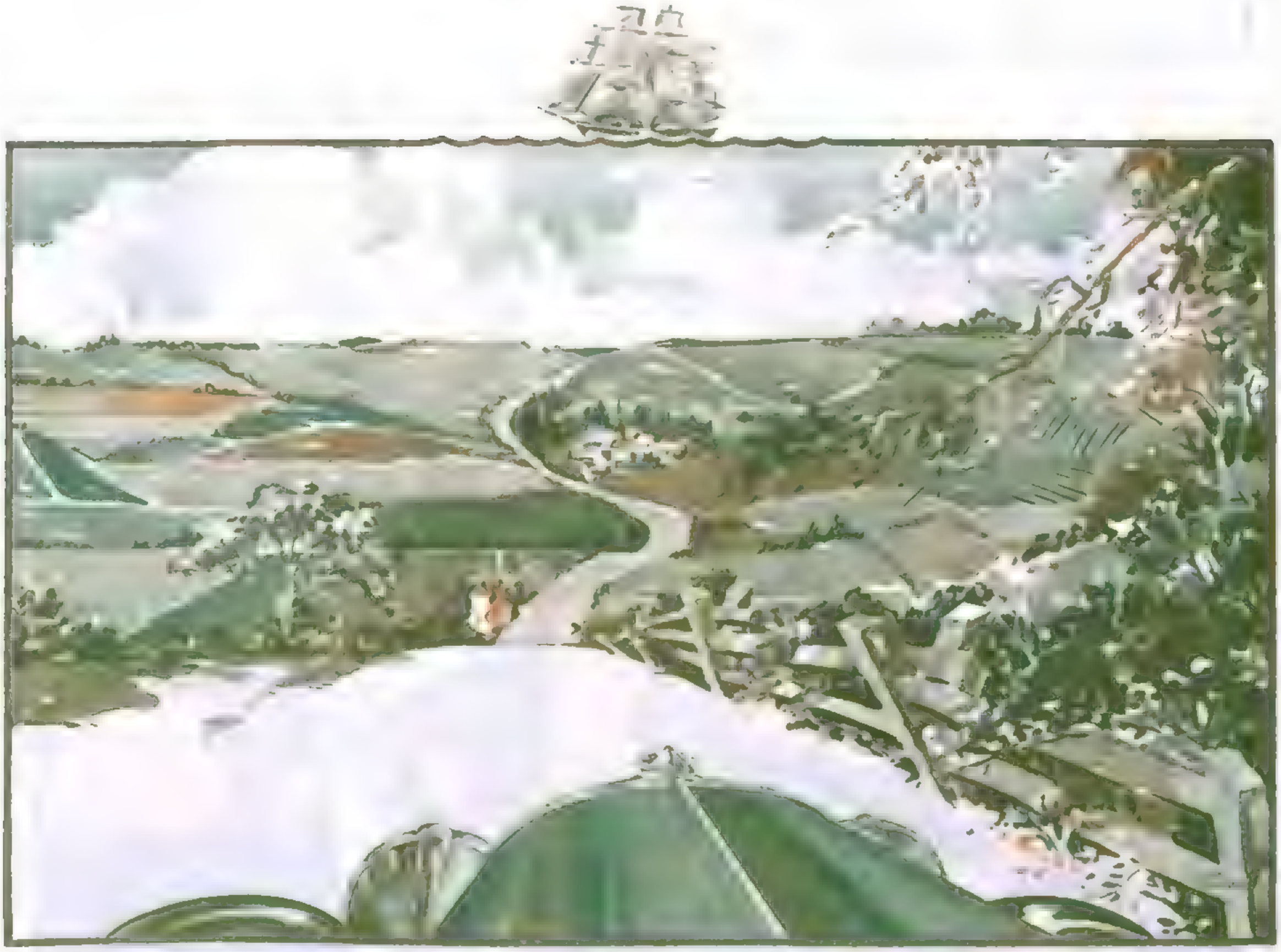
"I know!" moaned Riccarda, covering her eyes, swaying as she stood. "I know!"

"W-e-ll," said Felicitas, reluctant but convinced by Rick's conviction—"w-e-ll, then he was just going to shoot himself."

There was a moment of hush; and then Riccarda, without sound, without warning, without hurry, slipped to the floor—like thistledown floating, like quiet water trickling, like a wounded bird falling—Rick. She leaned back against the leg of the table, looking ghastly, and then in a final moment of horror she toppled over and lay in a heap.

"Rick!" cried Felicitas, able to move again, to cry out. "Rick!" shrieked Felicitas, dropping Choogy, losing her head, running about in circles, touching terror,

(Continued on Page 71)



—and the Roads That Once Were Open Will be Open Once Again

Twenty million automobiles crowd the once open roads.

A hundred million people seeking freedom from the drabness of daily life ride up and down the modern version of the trails of pioneers.

Yet still there throbs in every vein, the old American call to romance and adventure, still the lure of going somewhere to meet the thrill of the unexpected.

But it's hard to get beyond the multitude in ordinary cars. There are so many of them. They fill so much of highways that were lonely yesterday.

There is a way to leave the crowds behind. There is a car so swift, so comfortable, so dependable, that you can reach and cross the farthest horizon with ease.

It is the Reo Flying Cloud of 1929.

Roads that once were open are open roads again when you drive this pleasure car.

For the Reo Flying Cloud laughs at sluggish traffic as it alertly beats the rest to every opening.

Hour after hour, it will hit a higher average speed to take you farther than the average car can cruise.

Gayly it takes the roughest roads, the steepest climbs, the widest plains.

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For those who prefer the graceful panatela

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A mild, mellow, perfect-shaped cigar

(Continued from Page 68)

beginning to cry, going down on her knees, pulling at Rick, getting up again, clasping her hands, unclasping them, stretching her arms toward the ceiling for help. "Rick! Rick!" In her frenzy, Felicitas fell through a swinging door into a pantry and fell out again. "Help!" called Felicitas at the top of her lungs, running up the three steps into the living room. "Rick has fainted! Maybe she's dying! And I love her—I love her more than anyone!"

Felicitas was sobbing. She was all to bits. She was shattered. She was enduring the unendurable thing.

"Water!" roared Felicitas, running out into the patio. "Rick has fainted! She can't open her eyes! She's all in a heap! Maybe she's dying! Maybe she's cut her head! Help! Police!"

Vaguely, Felicitas became aware of a presence in the patio, of someone who was there, of someone tall and shadowy who leaned against a pillar. Vaguely she saw a bandage, a spray of pink silk roses.

"Are you alive?" demanded Felicitas, seizing the presence by the arm, losing all fear of the unknown in comparison with the unendurable. "Can you walk? Are you any good at all? Because Rick's in there—Rick's fainted on the floor. It isn't because she don't care enough—it's because she cares too much."

"Go away," said the presence. "You bother me. You—hurt."

"Rick's in there, I tell you!" screamed Felicitas, dancing up and down, pulling at his arm. "She's on the floor! She's on the dining-room floor! You fall down three steps ——"

"Go away, sprite," said the presence. "You are talking nonsense again. You are splitting my head with your racket."

"I won't go away!" roared Felicitas. "I am not talking nonsense! I am talking truth! I am not a sprite! I am real! Feel my arm! Feel my muscle!" In her frenzy Felicitas doubled up her arm and made the man feel. His fingers were cold, but they gripped her suddenly. Felicitas, even to a man in a dream, was solid.

"Did you say—Rick?" he asked her suddenly, swaying downward from his pillar to look into her face. "Be careful now, sprite. No fooling. Did I hear you say Rick?"

Felicitas' face, even in the semidarkness of the patio, even to a man coming out of a dream, was no vision. It was streaked with dirt and tears. It was so white that the freckles stood out. Felicitas was having her teeth straightened and when her mouth was open the wires showed. Her mouth was open now. Felicitas did nothing by halves. When she loved, she dropped everything and followed. When she helped, she moved mountains. When she opened her mouth to roar, she split one's head. When she started out to convince, she convinced.

"Riccarda Guest Anthony," said Felicitas, her soul in her eyes, in her freckles, in her very teeth—"Riccarda Guest Anthony is in there on the floor!" Felicitas pointed behind her to the very spot. She spoke to the man as if he were a child who must be humored, who could not understand. In spite of the wires, Felicitas was distinct. "She is my cousin. She is the most beautiful girl in the world, with black hair and qu-a-n-tities of money. Hoady Fleming is crazy to marry her, only he can't do it quite yet, because, you see, she is married already. She is married to a man who is poor and who lives on an almond ranch and is proud and stiff and doesn't love her. But she loves him so awfully that she scowls and walks too fast and squeezes my hand. She got a letter from a Chinaman and she came down here to find him."

"To find the—the Chinaman?" he asked stupidly. He was trembling. Felicitas could feel a thrumming where his hands gripped her arms.

"Who ever would want to find a Chinaman?" demanded Felicitas in disgust. "She's come down here to find him, I tell you! She's been far away and she's come home."

The man was gripping her arms. He was looking over her head toward the doorway, toward the lovely lighted arch, and some of the light was reflected in his face, in his eyes. The man was more than good-looking at the moment. He was like the crusader in Felicitas' book. And then he dropped Felicitas' arms and went in through the doorway, and Felicitas pounded after him.

Through the living room—through the blocked linen portières—down the three steps. The man was on his knees beside Riccarda. He was gathering Riccarda up in his arms; he was smoothing back her hair with his shaking hand; he was kissing her pale mouth.

Felicitas fell down the three steps and stared. Felicitas felt as if her heart would burst

"You've been far away and you've come home," the man was saying. "You've come back to me—when I'd given up hope—when I found that I couldn't live without you. Darling—heart of my heart—you've come home."

The man was kissing Riccarda's hair, her eyes, her pale mouth. He was kissing her as if he could never get enough, as if he were starved for it, parched for it, dying for it. Felicitas had never seen such kisses, such abandon, such joy. Felicitas had not known that love was like that. The man was crying. He was hiding his face in Riccarda's neck. He was all to bits. He was shattered. Felicitas had not known that love was like that.

"He must be Dar," Felicitas whispered hoarsely to herself. "He must be Dartry Hargrave Anthony. He must be the man she eloped with and lived on an almond ranch with. Gosh, he must be her husband!" A great light burst upon Felicitas. "Gosh! And this must be the ranch!"

Rick, coming back from that far place to which she had been, opened her eyes. Felicitas saw her hand go up to the man's bandage, saw her touch his cheek, saw her push him away from her weakly and look at him. And Felicitas felt that she had never really seen Rick before.

"Hello," said Rick weakly, and for a moment that was all that Rick did say.

Felicitas felt all caved in. She felt hollow. For Rick was going to hide her heart again. As soon as she was able to rise she would walk away again—too fast. So far Rick had done nothing but look at him. She had not said "My lover" or "My king." She had not played up one inch. All she had said was "Hello."

And after a moment he drew back a little. Felicitas, on nettles, had feared that he might. But his arms were still around her and he looked as if he meant to keep them there. There was a set to his jaw, and his head was up.

"You've—been ill," said Rick weakly, inadequately.

"Oh, a little," he answered. "Just—a fever. I fell off my chair here one night and landed in a hospital. Was it you who—picked me off the road?"

"Felicitas picked you," said Rick.

There was a pause. Rick lay in the circle of his arms, looking at him. He knelt, looking at Rick.

"The—revolver," said Rick—"on the table."

"Oh, that," he said. "I—imagined things. I was off my head. Sometimes I thought you were here, and when I realized you weren't—the—the loneliness rather got me. . . . Not that I'd ever have done it, I was always—sane enough for that."

There was a silence.

"About the reservoir," said Rick at last with an effort, trying to lift herself away from his arms. "I was wrong. I realize that. I shouldn't have insisted —— But all my life money has been the least important thing. It was there—so much of it. And you needed it so badly. It all seemed so simple —— I give in. We will go without the reservoir until you can afford it"

"But we won't," he said quickly. "I give in. If you want to build the reservoir—on your money—go ahead. I give in. . . . Money is the least important thing."

There was a silence.

"So—easy," said Rick.

"Not so easy," he answered steadily. "It nearly killed me -going without you."

"And I couldn't eat!" cried Rick wildly, suddenly. "Look how thin I am. And lines in my forehead. Feel my wrists. I couldn't sleep. I couldn't rest. And everything was ashes. I had the taste of ashes in my mouth. In Paris—New York—I tried to like another man. I tried my best. I couldn't! I couldn't! I had to come back to you. What does it mean, Dar? What does it mean? It's dreadful to love like this!"

"It's heaven," said Dar.

Felicitas was hungry and thirsty and pretty far from home.

"There was an immigrunt wanted two boiled eggs and a kind word," confided Felicitas to Choogy, rocking herself back and forth patiently in one of the Mexican barrel-hoop chairs, "and the waiter brought the two boiled eggs and the immigrunt said, 'Where's the kind word?' And the waiter leaned over like this—and he put his hand up to his mouth like this and he whispered into the immigrunt's ear like this: 'Don't eat the eggs!'"

A pause. Felicitas rocked patiently. Choogy slept.

"Gosh!" said Felicitas patiently to Choogy. "It does make me hungry talking about those eggs."

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AMALGAMATED SPORTS

(Continued from Page 13)

it would seem magnificent. The inclination is to big mergers in business, and it seems only logical that the national game should swing into this movement eventually.

Let us suppose that Mr. Rickard and his backers have brought about their merger. Organized baseball has become a stock company, with the former owners or presidents of the various clubs mere members of the board of directors. Mr. Rickard, of course, would be managing director, a post which he now occupies for Cauliflowers Common.

Then if the Phillies and the Boston Red Sox finish at the bottom of their respective leagues for another year, efficiency engineers will be sent out to investigate and to get to the bottom of the trouble. As managing director, Mr. Rickard might take up this work himself. Of course Mr. Rickard knows little or nothing about baseball. But then he knew little or nothing about boxing or boxers when he started as promoter of the Gans-Nelson bout more than twenty-one years ago.

He does know, however, how to make professional sports pay. Nobody questions that after reading the financial returns on his prize-fighting and hockey ventures. His board of directors will want dividends, so will his stockholders. They will not care how little he knows about inside baseball if he can demonstrate that he does know all that needs to be known about inside finance.

Without attempting to indicate how it will be done, I would be willing to predict that the man and the methods used to make heavyweight championship prize fights, which used to pay purses of $25,000 for a high mark, bring in gate receipts of $2,600,000, might even make some of the tail-end teams climb a little higher in the percentage column and considerably higher in the matter of gate receipts.

There is much tosh written about practical baseball men in baseball. The most valuable baseball property is the New York Yankees. Formerly it was operated by Frank Farrell, a race-track man, and Bill Devery, former chief of police of New York. They were supposed to be practical sporting men, but under their management the club turned in nothing but a deficit.

Everything Under Control

When those two innocents, Col. Jacob Ruppert and Col. Tillinghast L'Hommedieu Huston, took over the property, there were dire predictions as to what would happen to these angels. Colonel Ruppert is a brewer and Colonel Huston is an engineer. But they turned this deficit into the best-paying property in sports. Colonel Huston bought his half interest for $220,000 and sold out to Colonel Ruppert for more than $1,000,000, after taking out some dividends in cash and in the ego satisfaction that comes to a business man who has put something over and turned the scoffing into admiration for his astuteness.

There is every reason to believe that Organized Baseball Common and Preferred would rise in the market soon after the organization is under way. Such an organization would certainly discourage competition. The realization is growing that professional sport promotion is partly a real-estate business, as is the theatrical game.

One of the schemes now working in the brain of Tex Rickard is the establishment of a chain of indoor arenas for the hockey leagues in which he is interested. He is interested with his associates in a new arena in Boston, and the plan is under way for a Madison Square Garden for Chicago. Following this there are to be arenas of the same character in all the big-league cities. With the baseball parks sewed up, that would give the new company control of all the professional sports indoors and outdoors, all excepting golf, in which there is no real money.

In the early stages of this great business organization of professional sports there would be the two stocks to start with, Cauliflowers and Ivory. These would be the big ones. In addition, there would be hockey, which would include the two big hockey leagues.

At the current writing there is in the process of formation a new company which is gaining control of professional soccer, or association football. This game has been growing in popularity in the United States, and shrewd sports promoters see in it a greater chance of big money in the future than there is in the attempt to professionalize the American, or intercollegiate, type of football. It is true that Mr. C. C Pyle did make some money out of this venture, but it was largely because of the personality of Harold—Red—Grange and not through the drawing power of the game itself."

A Championship Tour

Other promoters who attempted this postgraduate football went bankrupt or became convinced in time that there was no financial future in it. The English game of soccer has been growing in popularity, so that there are soccer teams and soccer leagues that can stand on their own today. At first they were made up of industrial teams supported by business firms for the advertising that they brought.

Mr. Charles A. Stoneham, owner of the Giants, bought one of these soccer clubs outright and became interested in one of the leagues. He did it with the idea of experimenting with something that would keep the Polo Grounds occupied after the baseball season. Obviously it was unbusinesslike to permit so valuable a piece of real estate to be worked not more than seventy-seven days out of the year, with only a few football games played there in the fall. And Mr. Stoneham made money out of his first venture into a new sport enterprise of which he knew nothing.

In soccer football there is the making of another baby stock company for the sports group. I do not claim any of the vision of the real sports promoters, but it is my notion that this would be a good stock to buy—if it were on the market. I am offering no investment tip, because my ability, if any, does not lie along those lines. And at any rate, the stock is not on the market—not yet.

There is another industry which Mr. Rickard has sponsored after a long spell of attempting to ignore it. This is professional wrestling, which fell into very low esteem following a certain championship bout. In sophisticated communities it is regarded in a humorous light, but it has a following.

Jack Curley, a New York promoter, seems to have the same knack of handling the wrestlers—they call them pachyderms—that Mr. Rickard has shown in handling the fighters. He has been promoting most of the wrestling bouts that are held throughout the country. Until very recently Mr. Rickard frowned on the admission of pachyderms into Madison Square Garden, but eventually he and his board of directors were convinced that there was money in the importation and exploitation of the pachyderms and they overcame their repugnance to professional wrestling.

You can see that the chain of arenas in the various big cities would be thoroughly practical and profitable for prize fighting. The same gladiators could travel the entire circuit. No state in the Union permits more than fifteen rounds, and many of them allow only ten.

Take the case of Tunney and Dempsey. They fought ten rounds at Philadelphia. Tunney won, but it seems that so many were skeptical that a return bout drew the world's record for gate receipts. Even today there are so many who remain unconvinced that a third bout between this same pair of prize fighters would pack them in again.

With a limit of ten rounds this third bout might well enough end without a knock-out and there would be enough interest to have the thing repeated. It might travel indefinitely along the cauliflower circuit, turning in more dividends for Cauliflowers Common stockholders until the interest finally fell flat. Mr. Rickard will tell you that you cannot have a "battle of the century" in the same place twice, but when you can move it from city to city, that is a different matter.

In the minor championship bouts the chain idea could be carried out very well. By the time the contenders went all over the circuit out of New York the patrons of Madison Square Garden would be ready for them again. With the fight patrons hope certainly does spring eternal, as Mr. Rickard knows through years of experience.

Though the cauliflower crop—the prize fighters—seems inadequate to the number of potential battle sites, it could be manipulated to keep all the properties owned by the syndicate fairly busy. At least, these could be kept busy enough to return fair dividends. The business men on the board of directors would see to that.

There is a minor sport which is almost purely amateur at present, that is interesting the promoters. Some time back I came on John Ringling, the circus man, who has been affiliated with Rickard and his colleagues in the Madison Square Garden enterprise, watching an indoor track and field meet. Mr. Ringling was fascinated by the performance of Sabin Carr, the pole vaulter for Yale.

"I would like to get three or four good pole vaulters for my circus," said Mr. Ringling. "There are many spots that we take in where this sort of thing would be a novelty, but they tell me there are no professional pole vaulters. Why is that? I could pay them pretty good money as circus performers and the work would be easy enough. Why should they be doing it for nothing if this is the case?"

Professional Interest in Amateurs

"One of these days," put in Mr. Rickard, "there will be money enough in it to make most of these athletes turn professional. There would be right now if it was handled in the right manner, with the proper promotion and the right kind of advertising. That will come pretty soon. We shall be having professional meets at Madison Square Garden."

It is an open secret that the promoters are watching with interest the coming Olympic Games at Amsterdam. If some colorful figures and some dramas are developed there, you may see a realization of Mr. Rickard's prediction. He is after everything in sport.

Obviously, this will lead to the one great end, which is the ultimate dream of Mr. Rickard and his associates, the merging of the promotion of all professional sports into one great company. This would include the cauliflower industry, the ivory industry, the hockey interests, the soccer football leagues, the bicycling game, the pachyderm promotion and all the other little sports which are being organized as units.

Eventually there will be one great company and one stock on the New York Exchange. Let us say that they will call it Amalgamated Sports. It will involve more than mere millions. It will rival in the matter of resources and assets some of the great stocks of the Exchange. Everything points that way.

The United States spends more on sports than all the other nations put together. The money used up in sports would liquidate the war debt of the world in a very brief space of time. To control this would make new captains of finance who could

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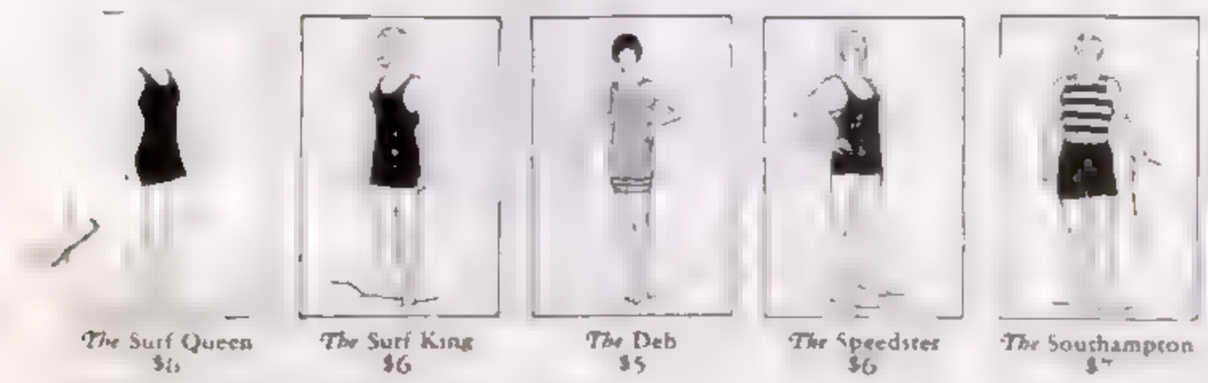

The Surf Queen $5 — *The* Surf King $6 — *The* Deb $5 — *The* Speedster $6 — *The* Southampton $7

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sit on terms of equality with the monarchs of steel, motors, oil and railroads.

Of course other countries would gibe at us if such a corporation were formed. They would say of us that we make a business out of our play, and traffic in our amusement. But even as it is, sport promotion is a business not only in the United States but all over the world, whether the fact is recognized or not. We alone would be frank enough to recognize a business when we see it and to rejoice over the fact that it is conducted in a businesslike way by business men. Is it not true that it takes a business man or business men to build for permanence and stability? And surely we would have our sports permanent and stable.

The ambition of Mr. Rickard in this line is boundless. When he first came East from the Nevada desert where he was wasting his genius, some of us took him to the Yale Bowl to see a football game between Harvard and Yale. Mr. Rickard was fascinated first by the structure, then by the crowd.

"What a place to hold a prize fight!" he said. "I'm going to offer them big money for it when I get a real good fight."

We saw that he really was serious and tried to convince him gently that it could not be done. He could not see why it would be at all out of the way.

"But nice people go to prize fights," he said. "I'm sure all the people here would like to see a good prize fight, and that all the professors and even the president of this college would like to come to one."

It was useless to attempt to convince him. Eventually he gave up the notion, but only for the time. I have heard that he actually did make overtures to lease the Yale Bowl. He was not offended when he was told that it could not be done. He merely was a little surprised that the college authorities were so impractical.

The crowds at football games have interested him. "If things go right, I am going to promote college football games," he said. "There is no money in football unless they are college games. But there is big money in them if more of them are put on and you promote them right. Why, you could get any price for a ticket to a Yale-Harvard game!"

"But the only way you could have college football would be to own a few colleges," he was told.

"Well?" said Mr. Tex Rickard enigmatically, with a significant rising inflection.

He probably was turning over in his mind some of the interesting developments in football gate receipts. It has been shown that intercollegiate football in a season that includes only eight games per college takes in more in gate receipts than does big-league baseball, which has 155 playing days out of the year.

Then there is one little university, Notre Dame, the football team of which plays to more money than some big-league clubs, and in a very brief season. The gate receipts—or at least the potential gate receipts which could be accumulated by this college team in its travels—might very well support a substantial university.

Perhaps Mr. Rickard's idea, supposing that he contemplates founding or buying a chain of colleges, is to farm out the academic part and retain only the athletic business, to be merged eventually into Amalgamated Sports.

There is one sport that will not be amalgamated with the others. It has no real commercial possibilities. This sport is golf, and Mr. Rickard has become an addict. I was talking to him one day on the links near Saratoga.

"The United States spends $500,000,000 a year or more on golf," I said. "Have you ever thought of doing something with it?"

"You couldn't make much out of it," said Mr. Rickard. "Then it is the only sport that I play myself, and I've got to have some amusement that isn't business for me."

So golf remains safe for democracy.

MRS. HERBERT HOOVER

(Continued from Page 9)

learned the secrets of bird and plant life and was forever fetching wild things home to grow in the garden.

And then one day the *deus ex machina*, the agent who was, unconsciously, to alter the whole pattern of her existence, dropped off in Monterey to deliver a lecture. He was a geology professor from Stanford, Professor Branner, an earthquake sharp, an enthusiastic and inspiring man. He delivered a lecture entitled The Bones of the Earth. Do you guess what is coming? Yes, Lou Henry attended that lecture. It is just the kind of lecture that kind of girl would attend. For already she knew something of those bones from her trampe about the country, and what the professor said fired her imagination. She decided she would go to Stanford, study under Branner and become a geologist herself. Unusual for a girl? Not for this girl. Her family sat in conclave over the proposition and decided she could go. She went. And one day, when she was in Professor Branner's laboratory, discussing with him, so the legend runs, the origin of a certain specimen of rock, a young man opened the door. His name, if you would like to know, was Herbert Hoover. Like Miss Lou Henry, he hailed originally from Iowa; and—another coincidence—like her, in his youth he had come West; and finally, to make things shipshape and complete, like her, he was studying geology with the firm intention of conquering the world as a mining engineer. Only one long arm of coincidence is permitted to fiction. But this true fact story has three long arms.

The professor introduced them.

"Miss Henry thinks," he said, "that this rock belongs to the precarboniferous age. What do you think, Hoover?"

The embryo geologist examined the specimen and gave his considered judgment. Discussion ensued. The professor was called away. And thus began a friendship which, starting with the bones of the earth, went on to other things.

The friendship ripened under auspicious conditions; for accompanying the classroom work in geology were long excursions afield under the professor's scientific tutelage in search of specimens, rock formation, and so on. And it may be deduced that topics slightly less impersonal than old earth bones occasionally engaged the two students.

"Do you see that man over there?" exclaimed Mrs. Hoover suddenly one day to a friend years later in London. It was in August, 1914, to be exact, when Mr. Hoover was in charge of the American Relief Committee and hordes of fleeing Americans were stampeding London to obtain transportation back to their own peaceful shores. "Take a good look at him," Mrs. Hoover whispered, laughing. "I'll tell you something funny later on."

The "something funny" proved to be an episode which barely escaped being a tragedy in Hoover's senior year. For the gentleman in question was the professor of English at Stanford, and he had flunked the young engineer—flunked him good and hard—so hard that it was a grave problem whether he could be graduated. He was brilliant in engineering, a most promising young man, so the faculty agreed; but in literature his name was mud, or so his professor firmly believed. Shocking, wasn't it? So, for a few hectic hours, young Hoover's diploma hung by a thread—a thread badly raveled by the close proximity of a Damoclean sword held in a stern professorial hand. Eventually, however, the professor consented to give the young man

(Continued on Page 78)

For the new High-Compression motors -a new super Heat-Resisting Oil

High-compression motors. Higher speeds. Temperatures hotter and hotter—friction multiplied—the toughest lubricating job ever imposed on oil.

When you fill the crankcase of your modern motor, choose an oil prepared to do battle with heat, *super-heat.* If the oil fails, then the vital parts of your motor are bared to destructive friction. Nothing short of a super heat-resisting oil will do.

The new Veedol motor oils are fighting oils, designed to tame the super-heat developed in high-compression motors. Each Veedol oil is tested to withstand heat 100° hotter than the hottest friction spot in your motor. Heavier, tougher, longer-lived, these new oils are best for the new motors, better for *any* motor.

1. **They give greater motor protection (the heat-tested, fighting "film of protection" reduces engine wear and repair).**
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Test this new oil today. Drive into any station displaying the orange and black Veedol sign. Have your crankcase refilled with the new Veedol. Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in principal cities.

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To insure the highest degree of lubrication, Veedol is a scientifically proportioned blend of lubricating stocks refined from One Hundred Per Cent Pure Pennsylvania crude and from other Paraffin base crudes. The Pennsylvania crude required for Veedol is brought direct from the Bradford field to the Tide Water refinery at Bayonne, New Jersey, through Tide Water's own pipe lines. Tide Water Oil Company, New York, N. Y.

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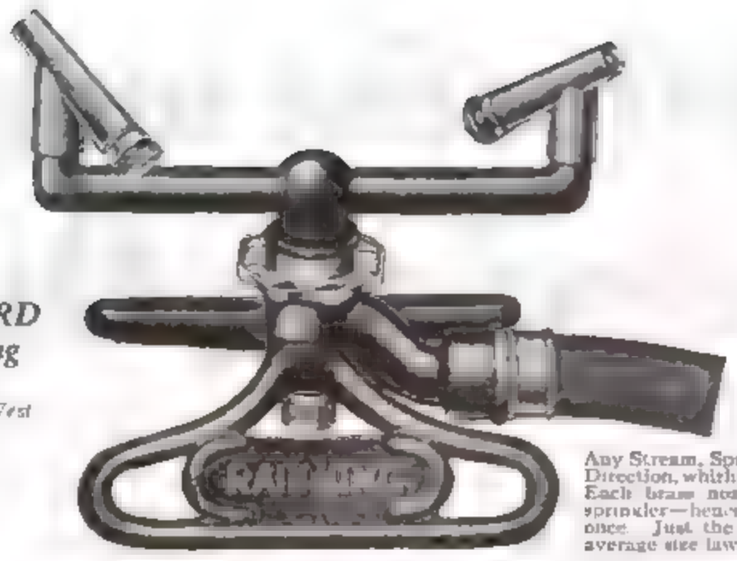
The New VEEDOL Motor Oils



STANDARD
Rain King
$3.50
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Any Stream, Spray, Distance or Direction, whirling or stationary. Each brass nozzle a complete sprinkler—hence two streams at once. Just the right range for average size lawn

Throws *more* Water FARTHER

than any other sprinkler on the same pressure

Any Stream, Spray, Direction or Distance — Under Your Control

Not only dense Revolving Spray, but also Cloud-Mist, Drenching Downpour, or Solid Streams are thrown by the famous Rain King Sprinkler, whirling or stationary.

Hence you can point the nozzles in any direction, and water any size or shape of plot from wide areas of lawn to narrow strips, parkways, flower beds, or vegetable patches.

You can water each kind of growth grass, flowers, trees, shrubs, or seeded beds—with exactly the kind of play conditions demand.

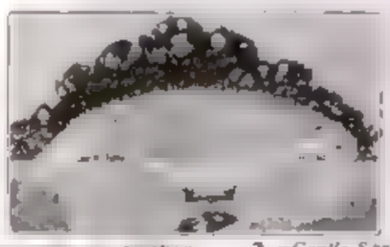
Merely adjust the strong brass nozzles and turn the set wheel for any of these limitless variations, of which four are pictured below.

Correct sprinkling is less work, takes less water, and makes the most gorgeous garden, fine lawns, or vegetable patches. You'll be delighted and surprised at results.

There is nothing else like the Rain King in action, adaptability, and ornamental value. Runs on precision bronze bearings as smooth as a flywheel. And you can't wear it out in a lifetime.

Tell your hardware or seed dealer to show you these Rain Kings. If he can't supply you, send price to us and we'll forward this famous Sprinkler on money-back approval, charges paid.

1— *Revolving Spray for Lawn or Garden*



2— *Wide Spray ... adjusted to sprinkle a ... strip*

3—*Gentle Spray from both nozzles on Flowering Plants*

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Rain King Hose Nozzle

Rain King

The BEST LAWN SPRINKLERS MADE

In 1/4 turn

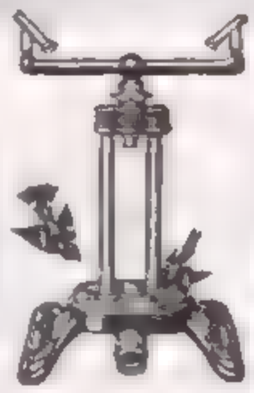
Only Nozzle That Does It

Throws any stream from a Solid Jet, to Spray, to complete Shut-off, by a quarter turn—that's the Rain King Hose Nozzle. A simple cross-cut bore does away with all packing, adjustments, and interior mechanism, hence it's wear-proof, leak-proof, guaranteed forever. Throws more water farther than any other known, size for size. Solid brass, $1.50

MAJESTIC Rain King

Sprinkler Top—Bird Bath Base

Entirely new and fascinating idea. Height lets it throw water well out over tops of plants and vegetables. 24-inch, $6. 15-inch, $5. Denver and West, $6.50 and $5.50. If dealer can't supply send us price and get it on money-back approval, charges paid



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4 Nozzle—Double Capacity

When revolving plays water in long sweeping spirals like a gorgeous fountain—any circle from 5 ft. to 75 ft. across, according to pressure. Easily adjusted to stationary position. Adjustable to height, fully extended, 4 ft., as well as to distance, direction, spray or stream. "Best ... kler for golf greens we ever had," says John Crawford. Ideal for large grounds, parks, etc. $12.50. Denver and West, $14.50.

Rain King Snap-on Hose Coupler

Snap your hose to the Faucet, Sprinkler, Nozzle or Hose Section in a flash! Will fit right into your present hose ... ng invention. Saves twisting, kinking and wearing hose. Solid brass, ¾" size 60¢; 1" size 80¢.

Manufactured and Guaranteed By CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT CO *38 Years Making Quality Products*
Dept. 103, 5542 W. Roosevelt Road, Chicago — 343 Carlaw Avenue, Toronto, Canada
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(Continued from Page 74)

a final test, which he managed to pass. And here history is exasperatingly mute, but sundry obscure factors would seem to indicate that a certain fair colleague in geology helped to tutor him for that test.

Anyway, he graduated and went out to Australia on his first job, with the understanding that Miss Lou Henry, when she had achieved her diploma, might perhaps consent to —— Well, leave it there. But the bones of the earth had served the eternal purpose, which is what bones are made for. Miss Henry duly graduated, a lovely, vital young woman, her contemporaries affirm, and with an excellent little headpiece screwed on the right way. And then one day a cable arrived from the Australian gold fields to this general effect:

Have job offered me in China. Must go at once. Will you go with me?

Would she! She would and she did. The job in question was to advise the young emperor of China about his ancestral mines and railroads. Hoover returned to California to be married. But there was need of high haste, for the boat to China was sailing at once, and time and tides will not wait even for true lovers. Now it is a fixed tradition that Stanford graduates who wed shall be married by the college chaplain, and this they would have preferred; but the chaplain was away, and so in his absence the twain were made one by the nearest man of God, who chanced also to be a justice of the peace.

And so the roaming of the remote trails of the world and the stirrings of earth's old bones, which is part and parcel of a mining engineer's job in order that civilization may be served, began for the two of them, and the names of the places they sojourned in read like the index of an atlas. It must be granted that Lou Henry Hoover was peculiarly well fitted for such an existence; there was pioneer stuff in her blood, courage and adventure such as moved the women of the covered-wagon era to endure ardors and fatigues on the long overland trail; for Iowa, her birth state, had been only an interlude, a breathing space, so to speak, in the steady westward-ho thrust of her ancestors pressing on to newer, greener lands; and she, too, was pushing on still farther into the sunset.

A Chapter in China

And now began the first of that series of big and stirring events which seemed to beset the path of this couple. To persons of a certain type nothing ever really happens; they remain outside of events which may be raging around them. Others seem destined to stand at the very inner core of action, with a hand on the lever, working the controls. Why is this? Is it perhaps a certain kinetic force in the one type, and its lack in the other, which establishes an immediate connection with the outside, like a spark of electricity leaping through ether? For after they had been in China a little more than a year and Herbert Junior was still an infant, they bumped into the Boxer Rebellion. Followed anxious days for the young mother. The foreign residents of Tientsin were gathered together in the compound, which was shelled; and Lou Henry Hoover took her turn at sentry duty, speeding around the compound on her bicycle with bullets whizzing overhead. If this were fiction the author would doubtless portray the young engineer with his organizing genius efficiently bossing the whole show—a kind of minor tryout of the rôle he was to play years later in the great catastrophe which wrapped the whole world in gloom—but that is not the true fact picture.

"We simply did our share in civilian relief," said Mrs. Hoover to a friend, "along with all the rest."

Nevertheless, it was an exciting and dangerous experience. Near her house was a gun for defense, and some romanticists have asserted that Mrs. Hoover shot off that gun. That, however, as Mark Twain said of the premature report of his death, is a gross exaggeration. The gun, to be sure, was there, but the young wife let it severely alone and attended to her woman's job, which was caring for her baby, helping other women and attending to the manifold prosaic and primitive tasks which assail a beleaguered community. It was, however, a significant human experience. She saw life in the raw as it is given few women to see, and it broadened her vision, made her heart-wise as well as head-wise.

After the China chapter came other chapters, other wanderings on the far rim of the world, and three times they had circled the globe before Herbert Junior was three years old. But this was not the conventional globe-trotting de luxe, viewing the world romantically from the velvet cushions of a sixty-horse-power limousine, and a courier in tow, doing an art gallery or a notorious foreign night club; but, on the contrary, a hand-to-hand encounter with the actual inside living conditions of remote settlements; and it should be added that there is a vast difference between earning your living in a foreign country and the mere spending over there of an income earned in America. Europe as a playground is all right; but Europe as a place to earn a living is a totally different continent, unknown to most Americans.

Try earning your living abroad and see how quickly you break through the suave, mellow, Old World surfaces to the grim bed-rock reality of the miser clutch on gold.

Closer to Home

During these wander years young Mrs. Hoover learned to hold fast to the broad essentials, to disregard petty annoyances and ride lightly over the numerous thank-you-ma'ams in the rough road of her existence. And of course a sense of humor is a great sweetener. So are babies. And Mrs. Hoover cultivated both; she became an inimitable story-teller and added another son to her ship's crew. And as soon as the children were able to trot about she instituted the custom, firmly adhered to in later years, even during the feverish activity of the war, of taking them on picnics, camping-out excursions and explorations of the wilds; and mother, on these festive occasions, was voted a dead game sport, because she knew all about rocks and plants and birds and building camp fires and wasn't afraid of snakes.

It has been objected by some that the Hoovers, by all this sojourning abroad outside the borders of their country, have become de-Americanized, expatriates at heart; but such assertions do not come within gunshot distance of the actual truth. As a matter of fact, the reverse is what really happened. In their youth they were rooted too deeply in the essential soil of this republic—which is not city but country soil—to be torn away easily.

One of two things usually happens to Americans who live for any length of time in foreign countries; either they become expatriates living on their incomes earned in America, severing their connections with the land of their birth, and are like withered, dried-up leaves dropped from the big vital parent tree, without native vigor or sap, carping critics of their country's institutions and ways—these drifting dead leaves of expatriates are familiar phenomena abroad—or, on the other hand, through enforced absence on business affairs, they hold even more closely to their home affiliations and become more intensely American.

This is what happened to the Hoovers. It is what commonly happens to the British in their colonies strung around the world; they become even more British than the Londoners and will fight for their country, right or wrong, at the drop of the hat. And that is essentially a noble trait in mankind wherever it may be found. But there are some advantages in residence abroad. The truth is that American institutions, aspirations and ideals, which stay-at-home citizens casually take for granted or forget,

(Continued on Page 79)

I'll make a prediction

FROM the first pipe-load, you'll be boosting P. A. like a small boy bragging about his dad. That's my prediction. I started smoking and talking P. A. about the time pet dogs were being named for Admiral Peary. Good old Prince Albert and I have been pulling in double harness ever since.

I like to turn back the lid on a tidy red tin and whet my smoke-appetite with that P. A. aroma. Gently I pack a load into my pipe. Then a match sets that P. A. flavor to work. Cool as a wind-blown derby rolling down the street. Sweet as retrieving it without a dent.

A pipe and P. A. keep the smile-works running like a clock. And I have mine going from early a. m. till the end of the day. Mellow, mild, long-burning tobacco with a rich, tasty body that never wears off on the edge. That's what you want in a pipe. That's what you *get* with P. A. Try it!

Here you are, Men, TWO full ounces of top-notch pipe-joy.

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke

© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

To all men with "Hair-Trigger" Skins a word about hydrolysis

This new shaving cream, in which *hydrolysis* is controlled, makes the old smarting shave out-of-date.

Hydrolysis is the scientific name for the process through which free alkali is released when soap is dissolved in water. All soap—and this includes shaving soaps—is made with caustic soda or caustic potash (lye). As long as this caustic constituent is combined in the soap it is harmless, but when water is added a part of the soap "hydrolyzes," forming free alkali. This alkali, so liberated, in combination with the action of the soap, causes skin-irritation.

Many men with sensitive skins come to regard shaving as one of their most unpleasant daily tasks. No matter how they sharpen their razors, no matter how much they soften their beards with hot towels, no matter how carefully they shave, they still leave the washstand with their faces drawn, uncomfortable, irritated. And usually, the skin-irritation caused by hydrolysis is to blame.

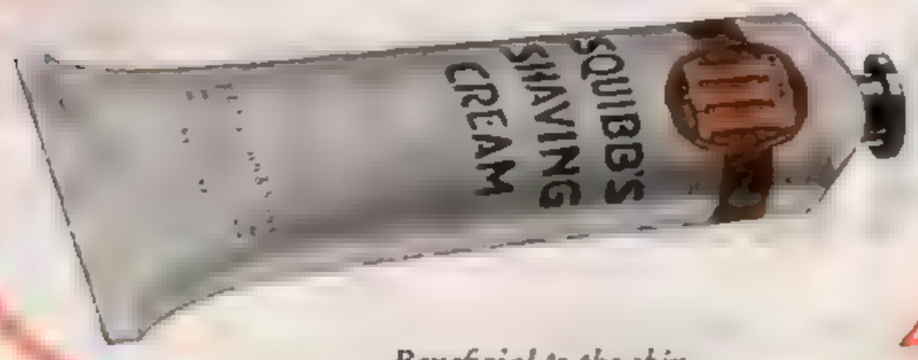
Today, however, instead of undergoing this discomfort you can use the shaving cream newly developed by E. R. Squibb & Sons, and be sure of a lather that will actually soothe instead of burn. For in this new cream hydrolysis is controlled.

In addition to guarding you from this irritation, Squibb's Shaving Cream contains emollient ingredients that actually make it beneficial to your skin.

There's real pleasure in store for you in your first tube of Squibb's Shaving Cream. You will find it whips up rapidly into a rich, soothing lather that leaves your skin supple, softly smooth and refreshed. No hot towels —no lotions afterwards. It quickly softens the toughest beard in either hot or cold water—*consistently!*

If you haven't tried Squibb's Shaving Cream, you're missing out on something real. Get your tube at the druggist's today. One trial and you'll never go back to the old way. © 1928

A SHAVING CREAM BY SQUIBB



Beneficial to the skin—
no rubbing is required

40¢

THIS COUPON IS WORTH 10c

Your druggist will give you a 40c tube of Squibb's Shaving Cream for 30c on receipt of this coupon. If, for any reason, he cannot supply you, mail the coupon and 30c to E. R. Squibb & Sons, Box 1215, City Hall, New York City, and we will gladly send you a full-size tube in return

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To Druggists: This coupon is good until July 1st. You may redeem it at its full value by simply mailing it to us. In honoring this coupon you are extending a courtesy to both your customer and E. R. Squibb & Sons which will be greatly appreciated.

(Continued from Page 76)

loom up more valid, more worth fighting for, more real, when seen in the long perspective from a foreign shore; and an intensive course of earning one's living in other countries is in itself an education in American citizenship, for by actual comparison it reveals how the United States stacks up with the rest of the world in the fundamental matters of opportunity, comfort and happiness for the masses, and the chance to forge ahead.

In London, for example, the Hoovers were considered typically American—provincial, even. In London "provincial" is a favorite word, used somewhat as the Athenians used the term "barbarian" to designate those outside the inner fold. Not a term of reproach, you understand; merely a natural calamity. Mrs. Hoover dressed quietly in deference to her husband's Quaker faith, and Mr. Hoover could hardly bring himself to wear the top hat which is *de rigueur* for the smart Londoner on parade. At the dinners at the Red House on Hornton Street one was likely to meet scientists, professors and distinguished men of the Orient and the Occident, and the conversation was top-hole. Nevertheless, the Hoovers were frankly and unashamedly American.

A Practical Start

But it was not until 1914 that the Hoovers really became known to the British. Then, in August of that year, hell suddenly broke loose and big jobs had to be pulled off in a hurry. From that period the Red House became the rendezvous of Allied statesmen and Hoover's name a household word. But not Mrs. Hoover. Here was a magnificent opportunity for a woman to step forth into the limelight and shine resplendent in her husband's glory. Mrs. Hoover did not avail herself of that opportunity. Her activities during this period were hidden behind a curtain which has never been pulled aside. Her figure was lost in the shadow of her husband's blazing fame. And perhaps that is just as well—unless one is a furious feminist intent on carving a separate path to glory, distinct from the great archenemy, man. But within that shadow Lou Henry Hoover contributed substantial services to humanity and to her country. For first of all came the mad scramble of Americans in Europe to get back to our shores. Not only the wealthy but a vast terrified tide of poor Americans, foreign-born naturalized citizens who were in their native lands on a vacation to visit the old folks, or on business, and were now fleeing like a stampeded herd of maddened cattle before the storm. A woman friend of the family, who was with them during this crisis, gives an illuminating picture of Mrs. Hoover at this time.

"Several women," she said, "were sitting with Mrs. Hoover in one of the rooms of the Savoy. Nothing was organized and we were planning what to do first, when we heard Mr. Hoover's voice. 'Stop talking in there,' he called, 'and come out and get to work!' So the women joined the men. The first need, of course, was for funds, for some of the poor creatures pouring off the trains were women with babies, with no food, money, or even a change of clothing. But where in the world were we to begin? Mrs. Hoover answered the question by a characteristic action. She tossed me her purse, which had seventy pounds in it. 'Begin with that,' she said. And so we did, that very hour. We got busy at the stations; Mrs. Hoover went right along, helping with the women and children, giving herself to the job.

"Well, we began with meeting the trains and taking care of the bewildered and desperate refugees; then we linked up with Scotland Yard, which made a survey of suitable lodging houses and cheap hotels. Mrs. Hoover was right in the thick of it those first terrible days, for she was just as firm as Mr. Hoover in the determination that every single one of these Americans, no matter what their financial condition or nationality, should be got safely back to the United States. In other words, to her it was a human situation, not a political one.

"We were still a neutral nation then. And of course, as was natural with England at war with Germany, the English were not keen on succoring German-Americans whose relatives were busy bayoneting their own men. But Mr. and Mrs. Hoover took the position that no favorites in nationalities should be played; a German-American had exactly the same right to a square deal from us as an English-American. And in order that national prejudices should not override human justice, Mr. Hoover asked me—for he knew my point of view coincided with his on this point—to sit not only on the women's board of the American Relief Committee but on the men's board as well; and he went himself to the War Ministry in order to make sure that my signature written across any case should be honored as his own, and then he instructed the men's committee likewise: 'Whatever Mrs. S says goes.' And that, I think, should dispose of the fiction current in some quarters that Mr. Hoover does not like to work with women. On the contrary, he has the deepest confidence in their ability and integrity. How could he help it, with a woman like Mrs. Hoover around?

"Well, all of us worked our heads off those days. Mrs. Hoover had her two children, and the Red House became a headquarters where war-weary friends tumbled in any hour of the night or day. At first we operated on voluntary gifts, until the government funds came through. I remember sitting up late one night at the Hoovers', watching Mrs. Hoover as she recorded the expenses paid out of the voluntary subscription fund, for she was scrupulous in accounting for every cent, and you know how hard that is in such an emergency rush. But she pegged away, dead tired, and while she was still figuring, Mr. Hoover came in."

Mrs. Hoover's War Record

"'What are you two doing up so late?' he demanded. 'Go to bed. There's always another day.' But Mrs. Hoover wouldn't quit until she had accounted for the last cent.

"However, in spite of all her activities, her first thought was always for Mr. Hoover; his welfare was the most important consideration in that household. She was very crafty at watching his moods, knowing just exactly when the stresses piled up beyond endurance and snatching him out of them for a picnic, a romp with the children or a long, tranquil drive deep into the country. Mr. Hoover is fond of fishing—it is about his only diversion—and Mrs. Hoover is capital at negotiating week-end disappearances, in which they camp out, he fishes and she cooks and browses through the woods."

This brings us up to the well-known chapter when this nation entered the war. Mrs. Hoover interested herself in providing suitable lodgings for the women workers in Washington, in remodeling houses into comfortable living quarters, with restaurant service and recreation rooms, her work, as she conceived it, being to strengthen her husband's efforts, to complete and round them out.

Kaleidoscopic years, crowded with big events. And each event, analyzed, is seen to be composed of an infinite number of minute human details—molecules, cemented and welded together. And it is in applying this human cement that women perform a primary function in the pattern of civilization; they weld the different parts of the pattern together and give solidarity to the whole. Mrs. Hoover is a good cement mason a master mason; in fact, a creative artist in her line; her patterns stick together; they are not constantly falling apart into dissonant fragments; they present a unified, harmonious whole.

When Herbert Hoover became Secretary of Commerce his intimate practical knowledge of business and trade conditions in foreign lands stood this country in good stead and the United States Government promptly cashed in on his experiences. His grip on the business affairs of this nation in their relation to foreign markets and trade has been strengthened a hundredfold by his years spent as a mining engineer abroad. He has put the Department of Commerce, hitherto a vague, nebulous, rambling affair, distinctly on the map as one of the most powerful and far-flung functions of our national Government; for trade, it must be remembered, and trade jealousies are the underlying causes of most wars. He has been an honorable and pugnacious fighter for America's trade rights abroad; and in the reorganization of his department along modern business lines he has slashed the red-tape entanglements to ribbons—and that in itself is a noble achievement.

A Busy House on S Street

As a cabinet member's wife, Mrs. Hoover reluctantly cast aside the cloak of invisibility with which she had hitherto wrapped herself and stepped forth into the arena of Washington social life; for it is an arena in which honorable reputations are often rent to tatters and the ladies' verdict is often a ruthless thumbs down. But it has not been thumbs down for Mrs. Hoover. She is liked, not because she is her husband's wife, but because of Lou Henry Hoover herself.

I have endeavored in this brief sketch to present what may be called characteristic fragments of this American woman's vivid and eventful career in order to observe how she reacts to conditions. To borrow a figure of speech from geology, I have broken off a few rock specimens from the essential strata formation of her nature in order to examine their quality, their worth. And from the scrutiny several major characteristics emerge. First of all, she is a devoted homemaker, not in the petty, meticulous ordering of the physical machinery of domestic life, but in maintaining the big fundamental harmonies on which ultimately all human intimacies and relations must be based. A broad-gauge nature, tolerant, wise, with a sense of humor that does not take herself or others too seriously or let her emotions jump the track; not a self-centered egotist, clamoring for the limelight; conversant with big issues and the chancelleries of the world, but realizing that the simple, near-at-hand, prosaic duties come first in the scheme of life, whether of an individual or of a nation. A real lover of nature—both human nature and the wilds.

Through the house at 2300 S Street flows a constant stream of youth—troops of Girl Scouts collecting for a hike, sons and their friends, grandchildren, nieces, young college graduates, girl secretaries borrowed from some dry-as-dust statistical bureau. They swarm and buzz about the house and Mrs. Hoover swarms with them, enthusiastic, meeting them on a par. And perhaps, after all, that is her deepest interest—youth. Youth absorbed in its own radiant concerns, beautiful, marching resistlessly on and on, flaunting its gay banners, triumphant when all of us old ones are dead.

If it is the will of the people to elect Herbert Hoover President of the United States, we shall have a man who has been tried and not found wanting in war and in peace. he will increase our prestige abroad and our material prosperity at home. And with Mrs. Hoover by his side as First Lady of the land to dispense the hospitality of this great nation, we shall have what we earnestly maintain is the finest flower of womanhood upon this goodly green footstool—a true American lady.

The meat lorries move to the front

HUNDREDS of trucks "loaded to the guards" are on the road. Through crowded city streets they rumble—on broad highways they roll, stopping only to unload fresh meat and other products at countless retail meat dealers'.

These supply trains start daily from a hundred and fifty branch houses of Morris & Company. If it were not for these sources of supply—this movement of provisions—as prompt and precise as any military movement, millions who live in numberless cities and suburbs of this country would be without their daily requirements of meat.

The branch houses of Morris & Company form an important part of the bulwark of supply of the nation's meat. Cities depend upon their stores of choice, fresh meat and those appetizing products bearing the Morris & Company "SUPREME" label:

SUPREME HAM
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SUPREME CREAMERY BUTTER AND "WHITELEAF" LARD

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MORRIS Supreme FOODS

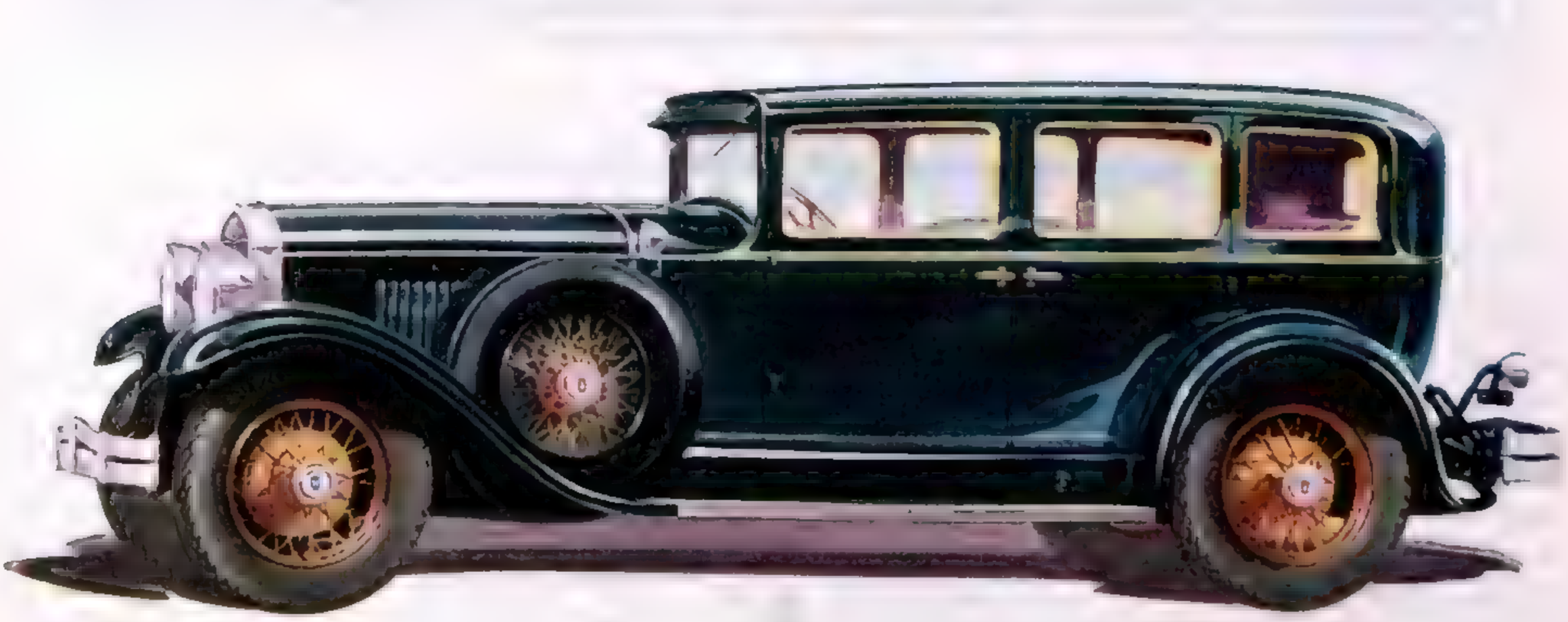
CEN

The majority of buyers come to the beautiful new Century Eight with their minds all made up; and that is as far from the common practice as the car itself is above common cars. Hupmobile's beauty and design and luxury so vividly typify the Twentieth Century that they need no further interpretation to any eye. Hupmobile's fame in performance, its fame in manufacture, inevitably confirm the wisdom of the decision. But you may want to experience, in your own way, the glorious power and performance of a straight-eight engineered as such a perfect type *should* be engineered. In that case, just mention your desire and the Hupmobile dealer will afford you every courtesy and coöperation.

Century Eight, twenty-four body and equipment combinations, standard and custom, $1825 to $2105. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax ··· The Century 125 Eight has all the advanced engineering features, the refinements and luxury of the new Century Eight.

HUPMOBILE

TWENTY EIGHT



Called on him for 3 years
Then, a $5000 order by Telephone

An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service

THE sales manager of a West Virginia tool company made personal calls upon a Cincinnati jobber for three years—without making a sale. Then one day he learned that a large job of work was to be started. He instantly called the jobber by Long Distance. Sold him a carload of shovels. Amount of the order, $5000. Telephone charge, $1.30.

In the packing industry, reams of correspondence are often exchanged before specifications can be agreed upon. In a 10-minute telephone conversation, an Austin, Minnesota, firm took a 5-carload order and laid the groundwork for future shipments of half a million pounds. The new customer was 1500 miles away.

A Cedar Rapids insurance man had learned to use Long Distance while in the coal business. Each week from his desk he calls an average of 20 of his salesmen. "It enables me to talk to them just as well as if I visited them in person." In five years, his annual business has increased from one million to five and a half million dollars.

What long distance calls could you profitably make now? They are inexpensive. New station to station day rates are: San Francisco to New York, $9. Pittsburgh to Boston, $2.20. Chicago to Detroit, $1.35. Newark to Philadelphia, 60c. . . . . Calling by number takes less time. . . . . *Number, please?*

THE TAKEN CHILD

(Continued from Page 27)

heart, that hoss. He would of thought he could jump the Delaware River, let alone the creek. But all the heart in the world couldn't carry him over in spite of the drop, so the two on 'em lands heads down and toes up in three feet of water and four feet of mud. Out of sight, they was, all but a terrible stir."

"Couldn't they get up?" asked Harry.

"No, sir, they couldn't. They had to wait to be dug up, and it took two hours. So ma she ain't talked much after that. It looked for a piece like she was never going to smile again, but one day I caught John studying the wrong end of a gun and I made out to tell her about it. I reckon she done a powerful lot of thinking in the next five ticks of the watch, because from then to this I ain't knowed no pleasanter woman, nor John neither. They've learned their ways, son; and no matter how they done it, they come nigher to being happy than most folks you and me could name."

Harry could not have told just when he began calling Mrs. Galloway ma to her face, so natural had been the transition, but he remembered very distinctly how he had first come to refer to Mr. Galloway as father. Mr. Galloway had been doing his best for half an hour to tempt Banco to his side, when Mrs. Galloway appeared for an instant in the doorway of the sitting room.

"Why don't you let Banco go to your father, Harry?"

Harry looked up from the history book in which he had been immersed.

"Why, sure! Go to father, Banco."

A warmish feeling burned in his cheeks upon hearing the little laugh which Mr. Galloway pretended was for the dog, suddenly friendly, but Harry knew better. He knew that that chuckle of approbation was for himself and that thenceforth he was an adopted son. That was the way things happened in this house. No posing of questions, no arguments leading to cut-and-dried decisions as to this and that. You were just alive and glad to be alive. You sort of grew along with the rest of the things.

Early in April a new air seized on the whole place. Mr. Godfrey, who had been South all winter, returned, and with his coming the serious spring training began. Then and then only did Harry grasp the full difference between jogging and working a horse. Even the colts were warmed up by two or three miles of easy going and then given three separate heats of a mile each at increasing speeds.

"A 2.30 gait for the Whelp, Mr. Godfrey," Mr. Galloway would say; or perhaps it would be, "Ease her around in 2.40, Bert, and do your last in 2.28. I'll do the same with Bellata."

The surprising thing to Harry was that the drivers, even though each had a stop watch strapped to his thumb and held in the palm of his hand, could carry out the instructions to the second. There were times when they were tempted to let some ambitious youngster show all he had, but not until well along in May did they permit their pupils to whirl round the track for a secret record and thunder down the straightaway two and sometimes three abreast for a crashing finish under the whip.

"Why, Jake!" exclaimed Harry. "They whipped them! Father whipped Bellata Doe!"

Jake spat out the broken half of a toothpick, his eyes still fastened on the face of his stop watch.

"Yes, he licked her, all right," he said presently, "and I'll tell you why. If he didn't give her the whip here and now in a close finish, how would he know how she'd act in an honest-to-God race? Would she jump up and down in the air when she got the lash, or would she lay her belly flat to the ground and trot?"

"I see," said Harry, comforted.

"It's just like scoring and all the rest of it. They bring them up to the starting post over and over again to teach 'em to score fast and in any company. They swing them the wrong way of the track when they want 'em to jog and the right way when they want 'em to tear into their work. A man has got to know what he's holding in his lap, ain't he? Besides, I was reading in the papers the other day where it says that when a hoss is excited, good and plenty, he don't feel a whip no more 'n you'd notice a horsefly, with a bull only two jumps behind you."

Some weeks before Harry's summer vacation began, came the exodus of almost the entire stable. Two of the best were headed for the big line, but the bulk were shipped to the half-mile tracks; while a residue, belonging mostly to one-horse owners, were taken by Bert Bally in search of easy money at the pumpkin fairs. There remained only three lame ducks, with Rip to look after them under explicit instructions from Mr. Galloway.

"Now, you Rip, you take good care of them hosses. I'll be back here when I can make it between meetings, but you just show me what you can do, and if it's good enough I aim to take you campaigning next year, or maybe up to Hartford for the fall season."

Harry would have felt far more disconsolate at being left behind if he had not been diverted by the abject woe in Rip's face.

"Why, Rip," he said, "that will be fine for you! Didn't you hear what he said?"

"Yas-sir," said Rip, "I heard him—I heard him just like Ise been hearing them same words for three years."

To the caretakers engaged for the road, one man to every two horses, to Crapsey and to the trainers, the summer was the only season of the year worth counting. It was for this that they worked and lived, to move from one historic meeting to another, to fall in with old friends and gyp their ancient enemies, to clock the fresh flight of youngsters in their workouts and to worship at the shrine of champions, new and old; to bet also to the full extent of their meager resources, but first, last and all the time to be up front in the money when they raced.

All this was too far away to make a definite impression on Harry's mind. On the mornings after Galloway race days he invariably managed to be at Jake's shoulder when the paper arrived at the post office in the back of the general store, and was consequently the first to bring the news, good or bad, to Mrs. Galloway. But though he was as eager as Jake himself to learn of creditable performances, he lacked the background to picture the whole swing of a race meeting; and it was well that it was so, for otherwise his summers would have been times of tribulation rather than of undiluted joy.

It was Jake's custom to get away at least twice in a season to study the results of his handiwork during the supreme test of a race for big money, and when he returned he was more or less communicative; but it was only after the arrival of Mr. Galloway himself that Harry could catch the full flavor of even a single race. If a major victory happened to be in his pocket, or if one of his protégés had excelled himself, although for a small purse, the old man's face would shine on all through the graying stubble of his beard and he would demonstrate the power of a thrice-told tale by holding his audience spellbound through repeated recitals for the benefit of every newcomer.

"You know how it is with the Whelp, Jake. Always kind of rockety, pawing at the moon when there ain't no moon, showing to himself and thinking what a speedster he is till before you know it he comes out of his dreaming to see the field turning the first quarter. Then the ornery little cut-up lets out and trots so's to make your heart bleed."

"All's the matter with him," said Jake, "he ain't never growed up. You can tell that the way he kicks; he ain't got over thinking it don't hurt none."

"Well, there was Laurie, up behind the champion of the West, as you might say, and Bender sitting pretty behind the pick of the three-year-olds from the East. All the money was on them two, selling even in the pool at a hundred dollars a ticket, and they was sure feeling their pride, eying each other before kissing the rest of the field good-by. They got away to a good start, and the Whelp done me like he always does. I kind of lost interest in that heat right there, but I clocked him at the first quarter just the same and went to sleep. The time I woke up was when I flashed the half mile and looked at my watch."

"What was he doing?"

"Jake, that old rascal was going a two-minute clip or better. I says to him, 'So, boy, that's the way you're feeling, eh?' And I pulled him to take it easy. Bender grabbed off the heat by a nose, like you seen in the papers, and half the big money was feeling happy. But here's something you ain't read nowheres. When I come out to score for the second heat I hauled off and laced that Whelp a belt under the belly that raised him two feet off the ground. Then I swung him before he could figure out what had happened and he hit a trot—well, I mean he sure did hit a trot. When they give us the word he was up in the collar and reaching out to pass Mr. East and Mr. West as if they was last year's roses."

"Hot dog!" whooped Jake under his breath.

"Yes, sir; it was all I could do to pull him in behind 'em to ride around on their tail. I had him in my lap, boys. I knowed that if ever the little rascal held 'em till we hit the stretch they'd think a runaway engine was loose on the track, and there I was, sitting pretty, holding him in my lap. You know how everlasting long that straightaway at Toledo can look to a tired hoss, and them two certainly was tired, Laurie fighting all the way to get the pole and Bender doing all he knew to keep a bolt on it."

"It sure is a long way to go," agreed Jake.

"But not for the Whelp. Oh, boy, when I picked up on the lines to swing him wide and he seen plenty of daylight out in front, he says to me, 'Now let me trot!' And he did trot! He trotted his fool head off, to come in alone, and when they put up the time it was 2.04 flat. That was when the big money begun to yelp. They come to me to know how much I would take to lay down and I kind of teased 'em along, because even when a man's honest, he likes to know how much it's costing him not to be a crook."

"They had to come to you," said Jake, "seeing how it was with 'em."

"Yes, sir, they come at me with five hundred dollars and I says, 'Nothing doing, gentlemen. My owner ain't here, but he told me to win if I could win, and I sure can.' Then I asked 'em what about making it a thousand? So they said they guessed that would be all right, and I laughed at 'em. You seen what I done. I went out and let Whelp eat up what was left of their two champions, money and all."

That was the sort of thing that made Harry long to be grown up and a driver, but he was to be seventeen and Banco a fairly old dog before either of them got even as far as the Old Glory Sale. During his second summer at Alloway Deep, when he was twelve, a letter had come from Mrs. Bancroft, the Children's Society's matron, asking how he was turning out, and Mrs. Galloway had written as simply as she could state it that he was now her beloved son and could speak for himself. He, too, had written, saying he was happy, and boasting of the wages he was earning picking tomatoes for the farmer next door.

The sequel had been a receipted bill from the Trenton judge for ninety-eight dollars, the price of the plate-glass window, with a covering note saying that Harry could never be forced to pay, but that nevertheless the judge expected him to do it a little at a time and out of his own money. It was a heavy blow for a boy of twelve, but once he had started saving to meet the debt, the habit grew on him so that it threatened to become an obsession.

"Don't you worry so much about that money, Harry," said Mrs. Galloway. "If father waked up some morning and I told him he was out of debt, I think he'd fall back dead. You go buy yourself a bicycle first to go to school and I'll write the judge how it is."

"I can't," said Harry. "Anyway, I don't want a bike."

"You don't want a bike?"

"No, ma'am. I guess you didn't read about the Old Glory Sale."

"What about it?"

"There was a yearling out of Sister Fantaline by Peter Volo sold for ninety dollars."

"Well, what's that got to do with it?"

"Don't you see, ma? If I can save ninety-eight dollars to pay the judge, after that I can sure save as much to buy me a colt."

"Oh, Lord!" moaned Mrs. Galloway. "Have the horses got you too?" He stared at her in such frank amazement that she was forced to laugh. "You don't have to tell me," she continued; "I know that look."

So it came about that Harry, at the age of seventeen, but with only eighty dollars in his pocket, set out for New York along with Mr. Galloway, Jake, Mr. Godfrey, Bert Bally and Doc MacLaughlin, the local vet. They were going to see what to them was the greatest and sweetest show on earth—four hundred scions of the noble house of Hambletonian put through their paces before passing under the hammer of the auctioneer—to see, and perhaps to buy, if not with their own, then with their patrons' money.

VIII

BLOOD tells at the Old Glory, and looks and manners, and time records. There are youngsters that fetch as high as seventeen thousand dollars; and yet, for all the wisdom of the cognoscenti, a bargain picked up for a few hundred may come in for his inheritance of speed overnight, and in spite of awkwardness of gait, burst forth in glory to win the great futurities. The Hambletonian, greatest of them all, was still in the womb of Time when Harry was seventeen, but was destined soon to establish the fame of the New York State Fair at Syracuse with purses ranging from fifty thousand to seventy-five thousand dollars to the happy owner of the winner, but big money was already to be had at half a dozen points on the Grand Circuit.

The old Madison Square Garden was the scene of many a strange assemblage; but not even excepting the Greatest Show on Earth, did it ever harbor a more picturesque crowd than was wont to gather there at the tail end of November for the annual auction of pedigreed stock. Every note in the social scale was struck, from the humblest swipe with a stolen pass to the millionaire owner and his dazzling womenfolk, for there is no democracy among the governments of men like the democracy of the lovers of the harness horse, be they breeders, trainers, caretakers or traders.

Needless to say, dogs were not allowed, but the contingent from Alloway Deep had long since ceased to look upon Banco as only a dog and was frankly nonplused when he was barred at the gate. They retired in confusion and sorrowfully advised Harry either to abandon the sale himself or leave his friend outside.

"Stand up, Banco," said Harry, and taking off his cap, perched it on the dog's head. "Now walk."

His companions needed no spoken instruction; smilingly they closed in around Banco and his master, advanced in a phalanx, and in the crush managed to pass the wicket keeper without discovery. They were still laughing over the success of the ruse when an official, red in the face, hurried after them.

(Continued on Page 87)

Goodrich

Again in 1928 Silvertowns *are making records!*

GREAT motor car factories are using more Silvertowns than ever before.

Successful tire dealers—seeing the trend—are concentrating on Silvertowns.

Motorists by the millions are enjoying the new measure of mileage and economy they find in Silvertowns.

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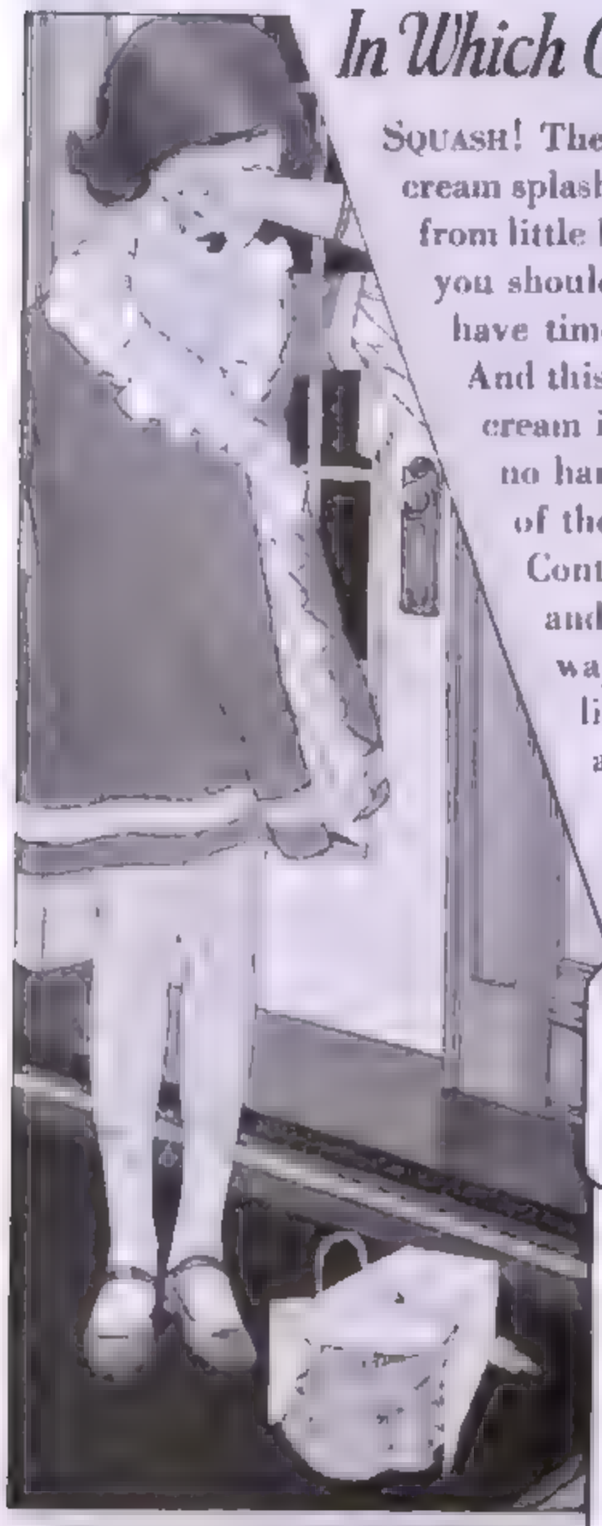
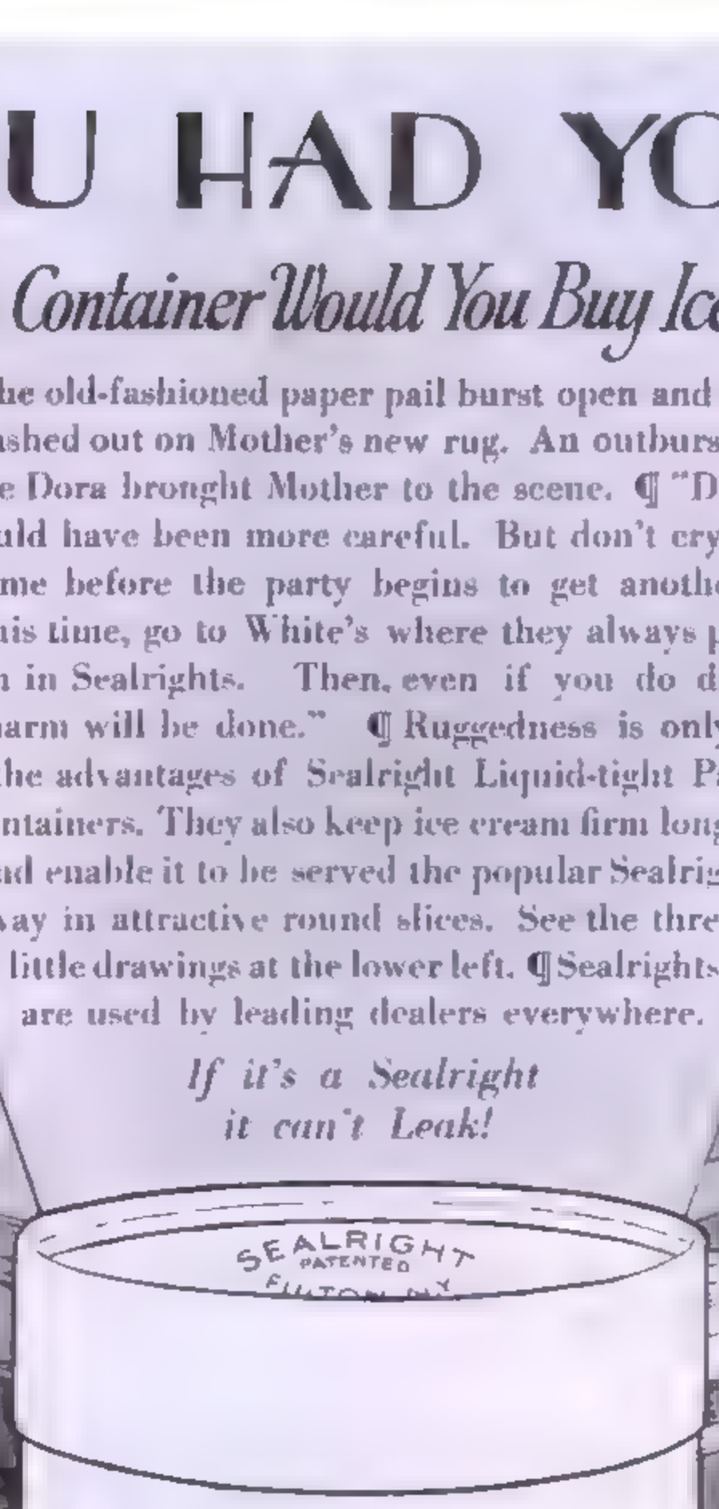
IF YOU HAD YOUR CHOICE—

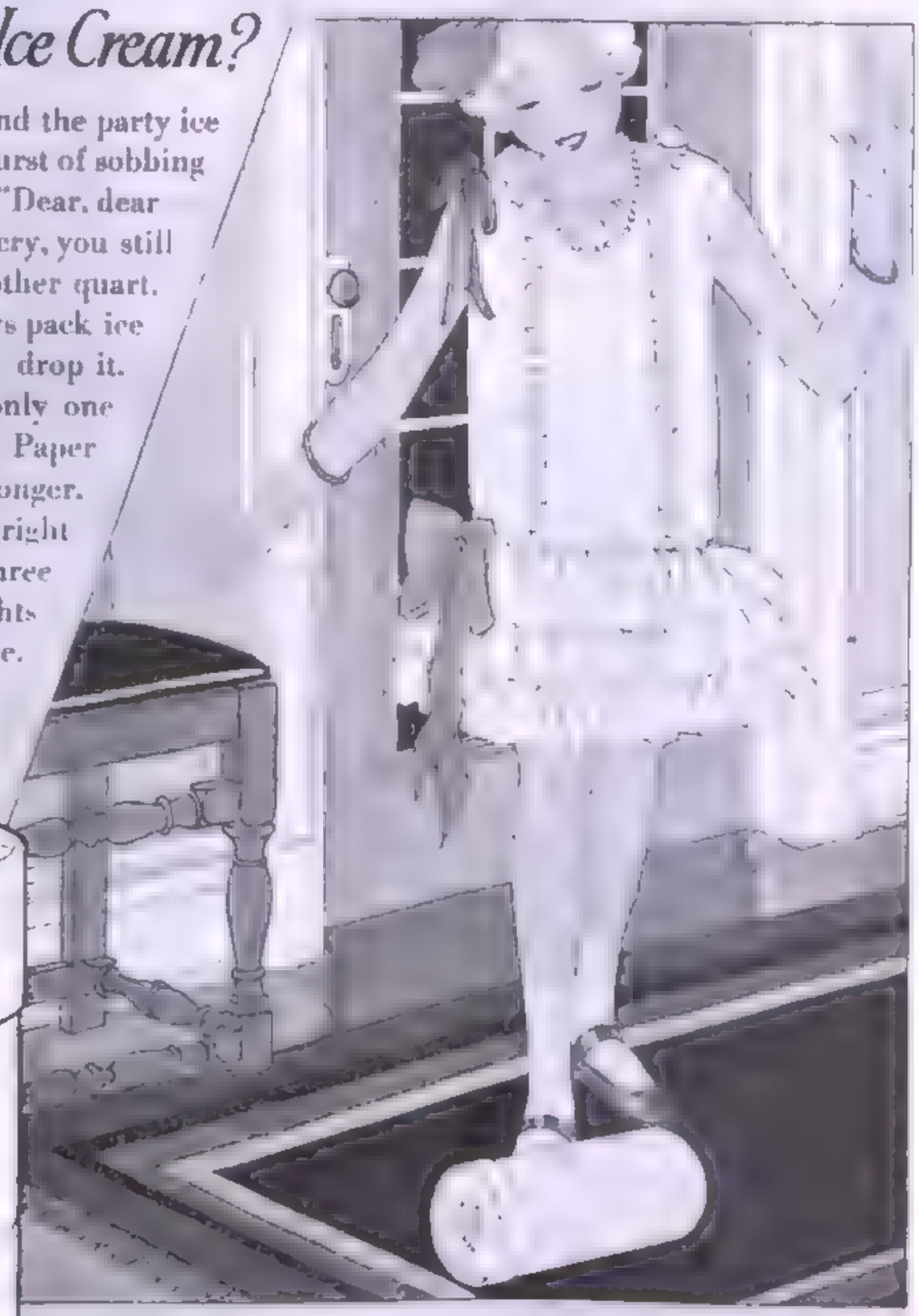


In Which Container Would You Buy Ice Cream?

SQUASH! The old-fashioned paper pail burst open and the party ice cream splashed out on Mother's new rug. An outburst of sobbing from little Dora brought Mother to the scene. ¶ "Dear, dear you should have been more careful. But don't cry, you still have time before the party begins to get another quart. And this time, go to White's where they always pack ice cream in Sealrights. Then, even if you do drop it, no harm will be done." ¶ Ruggedness is only one of the advantages of Sealright Liquid-tight Paper Containers. They also keep ice cream firm longer, and enable it to be served the popular Sealright way in attractive round slices. See the three little drawings at the lower left. ¶ Sealrights are used by leading dealers everywhere.

If it's a Sealright it can't Leak!





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Take this Precaution

ALL round paper containers are not *genuine* Sealrights and do not have the advantages of Sealright's patented construction. To be sure of accurate measure and dependable protection for your ice cream, look for the name "SEALRIGHT" stamped on the top or bottom of the container.

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Liftright Milk Bottle Cap

It's so easy to remove. Just lift the tab, pull and the Sealright Liftright Milk Bottle cap is out. All done in a few seconds! No spilled milk. And it never requires an opener!

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Or, if you prefer—the Sealright Pouring Pull Cap has an opening under the tab to insert straws for serving the milk right in the sterilized bottle in schools, restaurants, etc. Eliminates spilling, glass-washing and is 100% sanitary!

Leading dairies everywhere use Sealright Caps

SEALRIGHT
Liquid Tight Paper Containers

(Continued from Page 83)

"Here, you!" he bellowed. "What do you think this is—a dog-and-pony show?"

They stopped in dismay and waited, looking rather shamefaced. But the official bustling toward them was counting without a young person in her very first Paris frock and hat, whose big brown eyes had been glued on Banco from the moment he had assumed an erect position and commenced his dignified progress toward the inclosure. While her eyes had continued to stare fixedly, the corners of her mobile lips had tipped higher and higher in an adorable and mischief-loving smile. Now she interfered, unhesitatingly seizing the official by the elbow.

"Leave him alone. Let him go, please. It's all right."

"Who may you be, miss? Not the owner of the Garden, by any chance?"

"My father will tell you who I am," she said, the smile vanishing from her lips. She made a little gesture with one hand toward the escort trailing behind her, a towering, florid, tow-headed giant with steel-gray eyes—a figure as well known by sight to the official as the mayor of New York, and far more important. "Perhaps you already know Colonel Kent, of Kent Acres."

"Ha-how do you do, colonel?" stuttered the man in his confusion.

"Howdy, sir. What seems to be the matter?"

"That dog!" groaned the man. "You know yourself, colonel, I can't let by a dog."

"It isn't a dog," proclaimed the colonel, as he marched on. "If anyone tries to bawl you out, tell 'em I said so."

"Please, miss," groaned the man, "you're losing me my job."

Instantly the girl softened. "Nonsense! You won't lose it, but if you should, I'll get you a better one."

"You don't understand. That crowd with the dog is here to buy and they're headed for the ring."

She glanced at Harry. "Is that true, boy?"

"Yes'm."

"The others," she said impatiently; "but you—you're not here to buy, are you?"

"Yes'm."

The smile crept back to her lips, but it was compounded of three-quarters admiration to one-quarter mirth—no ridicule; then she frowned. "Would your—would he stay with me, do you think?"

"Banco will stay wherever I tell him to," said Harry, meeting her eyes steadily.

He was no different from any other boy of seventeen and could imagine few greater embarrassments than to have a girl of his own age address him in public. But in this case, for all his solemn shyness, he was not at all embarrassed, because he felt as if he had seen Miss Kent before, as if somewhere or other she had been intertwined in the grapevine design of his varied life.

Her friendly eyes, the cleft in her chin and even her voice seemed tantalizingly familiar, and yet he could not place her. At the same time he knew positively he could not have met and forgotten her, because she was too real, too all right, too very much alive, ever to have come within the range of his uncanny flair for human dissection and then have escaped into the limbo of the unremembered.

"My name is Doris Kent," she said with disarming directness. "What's yours?"

"Harry Galloway."

"Well, Harry, you bring your dog into our box and leave him there as long as he behaves. Come along."

Harry followed as she led the way to the ringside box reserved for the colonel. Needless to say, its location was choice, for the Kent Acres stock farm had been for years one of the most consistent consignors on a large scale of a noble strain of youngsters to the great sale. The box not only overlooked the stretch where the horses were shown but was within easy speaking distance of the auctioneer's stand.

In spite of its advantageous position, Colonel Kent scorned to use it, and had only a vague idea of its exact location except that it must be a suitable place for his daughter to sit, also his wife and her half sister at whatever hour they should make up their minds to arrive. As for himself, he passed under the bar into the inclosure where he dominated by his bulk as well as his presence a group of his cronies.

"Here we are," said Doris. "Where shall we put him? Do you think he'll stay quiet?"

"He'll sit down or lie down where I tell him to, and stay so quiet you would think he's dead. He'll sit up in a chair and lean back like a man, or lie on his stomach, his back or his side."

"I think we'll just have him sit naturally in the corner," she decided.

"You sit here, Banco," said Harry, indicating a corner at the rail, "and don't you move or speak unless the lady tells you to."

"Couldn't it be a back corner?" asked Doris, as Banco obeyed, his pointed nose overhanging the track.

"No," said Harry, not impertinently but in the matter-of-fact tone of common sense. "He couldn't see what was going on from the back corner. . . . I'll be leaving you now, and thank you very much."

"Don't go yet," she commanded. "Sit down for a minute while I see how he behaves."

"He'll behave exactly the way he's told to behave," protested Harry, sitting reluctantly on the edge of one of the chairs. He looked at her out of the corner of his eye and murmured, "If I told him to stand up and throw you a kiss, he would do it; and if I said 'Bees' to him, there wouldn't be any sale today, because everybody here would die laughing."

"I don't believe in teaching dogs tricks," she stated. "I like dogs just to be dogs."

Harry frowned. "Well," he said slowly, "perhaps you're right; and then again, perhaps this time you're wrong. Banco is a shaved poodle, he's all tricked out like a fool; and if he was only just dog, he'd be a fool, besides looking like one. But the way it is, folks that know him forget about his being a dog at all. He's something outside everything else. He's my friend—the best friend I ever had."

"I'm sorry I said that," said Doris quickly. "It was a low-down mean thing to say, because when somebody loves a dog, he hasn't any faults."

"That's it," said Harry, giving her a grateful glance. "Can I go now? I think they'll begin selling in a minute, because the catalogue says 10:30 sharp."

"You funny boy! Are you really going to bid?"

"Yes'm. I've got eighty dollars, and two years ago a mighty well-bred little filly sold here for a little more than that."

"I see," said Doris gravely, "but you needn't go—anyway, not before mother comes with my Aunt Hillie—because you can bid from here better than from anywhere else. The auctioneer can't help seeing you."

"That's so," said Harry, settling back in the chair resignedly; but the next moment he was leaning forward tensely. They were showing, and before he knew it the auctioneer was rapping for attention.

"Gentlemen—I beg the ladies' pardon—ladies and gentlemen, I am selling a fine three-year-old colt, Sunkist Jay out of Sunkist Sue, out of a half sister to Peter Jenks, family of Peter the Great. As handsome a colt as ever stepped, but he came on late and hasn't had his chance. You've read the owner's and the former owner's statements: what am I bid? Come on now, we've got four hundred and twelve horses to sell. Who will start it? Who says a hundred?"

"Twenty-five dollars," called Harry.

There were many curious glances and one or two snickers.

The auctioneer himself was about to make a facetious remark, when he realized that the bid had come from Colonel Kent's box and quickly changed his mind.

"The young gentleman in the box has kindly started the bidding at twenty-five. What am I offered? One hundred? Two? Two and a half. Three. Three and a quarter—a half. Four. Come on now! It's a bargain at twice that figure. Four, four—four and a quarter. Four and a quarter once, four and a quarter twice! Sold!"

No sooner was the next horse offered than Harry put in his bid again—twenty-five dollars—and again and again as the sale progressed. Twice he had a chance for a secondary bid before the price exceeded his limit, once to make it fifty and once to bid his entire eighty. By this time the auctioneer had come to glance at him automatically and everybody would smile as the solemn boy spoke up, but his bid of twenty-five for the best Futurity prospect of the day brought a roar of laughter even before it was followed by an offer of five thousand flat.

It was at this point that Mrs. Kent, accompanied by her half sister, Hildreth Truman, arrived at the box. Mrs. Kent at fifty was the mother of four, of whom Doris was the youngest and only active child. Of the three others, all boys, one had been killed by the kick of a horse when he was eight, and the two others had been badly gassed during the same engagement in the World War. James, the younger, had subsequently died and Billy was a mere ghost of a man, thin to the verge of transparency, and so silent he was more like a sickly plant than a human being. He not only never left home—he seldom stirred from his rooms.

Like most women who marry early and proceed naturally to the growing of a family in the midst of a wholesome plenty, Mrs. Kent was still a remarkably young woman; but superimposed upon her youth was a shadow, always present, even when her face lighted otherwise to a smile. It was as though she were divided—as if she lent a kindly presence to the present but lived in the past.

Her half sister, Miss Truman, known as Hillie to an intimate circle, was much younger—fifteen years, at least—and of so different a type that any relationship seemed far-fetched. Where Mrs. Kent was handsome and generously formed without being either fat or spare, Miss Truman was thin, pretty and consciously vivacious. She had the appearance of being determined to be gay, not so much out of a sense of duty to others as though an impulse of self-protection. In moments when she forgot herself, her lips twitched with some nervous affection and her eyes assumed a fixed stare. She was the only member of the family whom Billy cared to see; not that she exerted any influence over him, but simply because she liked to sit by the hour the way he did, doing nothing, not talking or reading—just staring.

The two women glanced from Doris to Harry with some surprise, but he was so intent on the sale and his part in it that they could not help but smile. It seemed to matter nothing to him that he was the object of a roar of laughter except to make his lips set in a more determined line. He had been laying his plans for many months and had come to a certain decision based on the childish assumption that the Old Glory must be too proud of its own reputation or to permit trash to parade under its aegis. In the face of his deliberate and private resolve, the crowd did not even exist; he was alone with the auctioneer and each horse as it came along.

"You'll have to go now, Harry," said Doris.

He looked around, jumped up in some confusion and snatched off his cap.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he said to Mrs. Kent. "I didn't hear anybody come in."

"It's all right," said Doris. "Watch and come back for your dog when we go to lunch, will you?"

"Don't you worry about Banco. Just go away and leave him when you're a mind to. He won't move or say a word until I come for him, will you, Banco?" Banco thumped his absurd tail, but did not look around.

"He's wonderful," said Doris. "Run along now."

"Please, will you do me a favor?"

"What is it?"

(Continued on Page 91)

BURKE 50-50

A 50-50 proposition that has stood for a year

A FULL year now since we brought out the Burke 50-50—the fifty-cent golf ball guaranteed to last for fifty holes. The hardest tournament play has had ample time to test the Burke 50-50. And the 50-50 has stood the test triumphantly. It has made good—as we knew it would make good.

Remember, if the 50-50 cuts through, cracks or gets out of shape in fifty holes, we replace it without question. It has the strength, the resiliency to stand shocks that kill golf balls. And all without sacrifice of distance or of accuracy. There is no better ball for the long drive, the putt that must sink.

Low in price . . . guaranteed in performance . . . the Burke 50-50 is the ball you want to play. Your pro or sporting goods house has the Burke 50-50 or can get it for you.

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GOLF BALLS

THE BURKE GOLF CO.
Newark, Ohio

TEXACO

FULL BODY

IN ALL GRADES

FASTER boats—and faster cars—give a new and thrilling swing to days and nights.

Just to be *going* satisfies some; but to be going swiftly and smoothly—with effortless ease and power—*that* is causing those who know and appreciate fine engine performance to insist upon the unfailing protection of clean, clear, golden Texaco Motor Oil—*full body in all grades.*

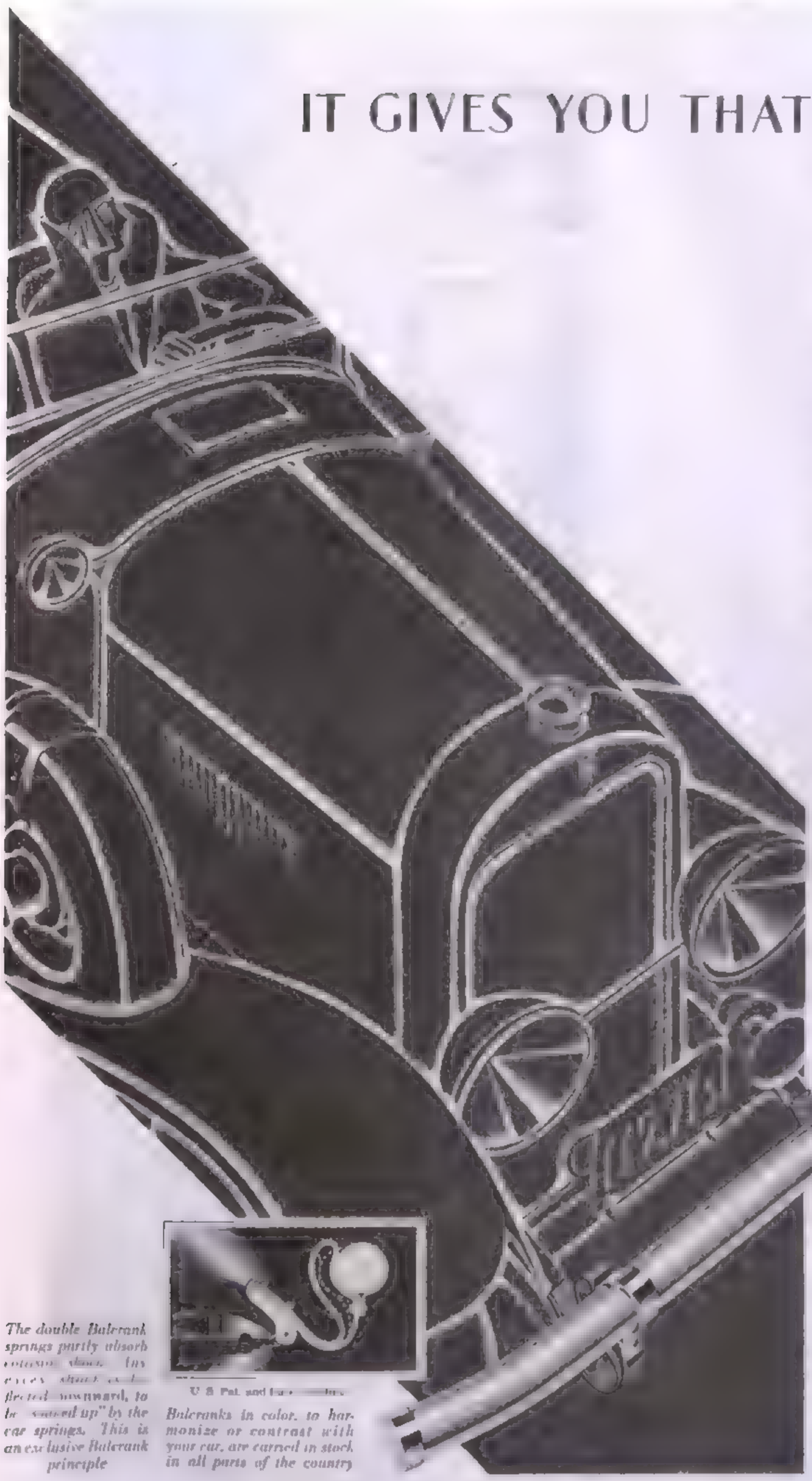
TEXACO

GOLDEN

MOTOR OIL

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS



The double Balcrank springs partly absorb collision shock. The energy which is not absorbed is deflected downward, to be "soaked up" by the car springs. This is an exclusive Balcrank principle

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Balcranks in color, to harmonize or contrast with your car, are carried in stock in all parts of the country

IT GIVES YOU THAT ADDED WHEELBASE LOOK

Not everyone knows that the same motor car can have *two* wheelbases: one that registers on the yardstick and another that the world *sees* as it passes by! The whole secret is a Balcrank bumper. // This smartest and strongest of all bumpers swings a dash of color out, front and rear. The beholder's glance carries from color to color, giving you credit for considerably more chassis-length than you paid for. // Making a good car look longer, lower, better, is only an incidental part of Balcrank's virtue. It is really not a bumper at all, but something much more modern: a *collision-absorber* which soaks up in its spring mountings of tempered steel the impact of every smash, and then deflects the excess shock down through the car's own front springs. /// You're safe behind a Balcrank. And you're proud, too—because your car is dressed in the mode.

The factory price of cars *seldom* includes bumpers. Your dealer will be glad to deliver your car Balcrank-equipped. Of course Balcranks are imitated. The quality product bears the name Balcrank.

THE CINCINNATI BALL CRANK COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO

BALCRANK BUMPERS

Trade Mark Registered

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(Continued from Page 87)

"If they bring in another horse while I'm getting down to the inclosure will you put in my bid?"

"Yes, I'll do that," said Doris after a pause, her face quite serious, though her eyes smiled. "But I think I'll start and end at eighty, if you don't mind."

"That's all right," said Harry; and, bobbing his head to each of the ladies, but not to Doris, he hurried away.

"Who on earth is he, Doris?" asked her mother.

"Yes," said Miss Truman, her lips twitching violently, "who is he?"

"Such a funny boy. His name is Harry Galloway."

"Harry?" asked Miss Truman half absently, her eyes following the boy's disappearing figure. A tiny frown gathered on her forehead. "What did you say is his name?"

"Harry Galloway," repeated Doris with a faint show of impatience—a fault she was apt to indulge in only when talking to her Aunt Hillie. "He must be a son of Mr. John Galloway, the trainer."

"But where did you meet him?" asked her mother.

"I didn't." Then Doris explained up to and including the amount of Harry's savings. Mrs. Kent frowned. "Are you angry, mother?"

"Oh, no! I was just thinking what a strange boy to be Mr. Galloway's son. I've never seen anyone quite so self-possessed."

"There's nothing strange about that," said Doris, "because I've been thinking it out. He was probably nursed by some mare along with her foal, and as long as there's a harness horse in sight he doesn't know he's away from home. I'll bet he makes a great driver." She interrupted herself just in time to get in an opening bid.

"Eighty dollars," said the auctioneer with a deferential nod, and in spite of himself looked around for Harry. "The young lady in the box bids eighty for this upstanding little filly. Two and a half, three, four, four and a half, five, five, five and a half, six, six. Six once, twice. Sold!"

"Well, that's not so bad," said Miss Truman. "If she'd brought as many thousand you'd have felt rather silly, wouldn't you, Do?"

"No, I wouldn't," said Doris shortly, frowning, while her eyes searched the inclosure. "Look at him," she added, her face brightening again as she caught sight of Harry. "He's got a place on the rail already."

"That's Mr. Galloway and his friends who made way for him," said Mrs. Kent quietly. "They don't seem to find him silly, whatever the crowd thinks, or you, Hillie."

Harry resumed his habitual bid and, having located him, the auctioneer never failed to give him the opening chance. In two hours the boy was on the way to establishing himself as a character in the harness-horse world simply because his sincerity was indisputable; but it still remained to be determined whether he was to be a perennial butt or join the galaxy of picturesque figures which command respect as well as attention.

By the second day he had already gained unusual consideration, for he was permitted to have his dog beside him; but it was late in the afternoon of the third session of the sale before the die of his rating was definitely cast. The auctioneer had previously announced that the rules had been suspended for good and sufficient cause to admit a single substitution which would take the place of Number 399 in the catalogue. When that number was reached a pretty enough three-year-old was shown, standard bred, but credited with no performance.

Harry gave the colt a casual glance as he shot by in all the glory of one of the brand-new Knoph harnesses and MacCurty carts bought by the sale for that day alone. Almost imperceptibly the boy's neck seemed to lengthen and stiffen as he waited for the call for bids. In the meantime Miss Kent was striving to catch his eye, but in vain, even though he was not watching the horse. He was staring straight ahead, apparently as oblivious to his surroundings as ever.

"Oh," she cried to her companions, "it's a shame—a low-down shame!"

"Why, Doris! What do you mean?"

"Don't you see? They're framing him, and he's all alone. Where are his friends? They've fixed it up between them to make a fool out of that boy. Look at the colt, mother! He's got a bowed tendon as big as my arm. It's limbered up for the occasion, but it's there just the same."

"Then you must have a small arm, my dear," began Mrs. Kent, "because ——"

She was interrupted by Miss Truman: "Oh, what difference does it make? Can't you enjoy a little fun unless you're paying for it?"

Doris gave her an odd look. "It will be a shame, because the boy is in dead earnest. He'll never get over being cheated; I know I wouldn't."

"Here you are!" rattled the auctioneer. "Trojan Harry, out of Harridan Wilkes, out of an own sister to Hurry On, as pretty a bit of horse flesh as ever stepped in harness. Standard bred and guaranteed gentle to handle. What am I offered?" He glanced perfunctorily at Harry, his mouth open to announce the bid, but Harry did not happen to be looking at him, nor did he speak. Feeling sure that the boy had merely missed the call for bids, the man shouted more loudly: "Let's go now! What am I offered?"

By the intensity of the silence alone one could measure how wide had been the conspiracy. It was one of those silences that grows and grows until it becomes an oppression. Perspiration broke out on the auctioneer's forehead and a wave of color began to rise upward from his collar as he felt a first premonition of disaster. But he had been in many a tight place before and had still managed to crawl out.

"Well, son," he said in a bullying manner he seldom used, boldly singling Harry out into unenviable prominence, "what about it?"

Scarcely a neck that was not craned, and every ear was cocked to hear each word when Harry said unhurriedly, "I haven't got the garbage contract this year. Why don't you buy him in yourself?"

There rose a sudden roar of laughter that shook the very rafters, and Mr. Galloway, Mr. Godfrey, Doc, Jake and Bert Bally could be seen in a body, well away from the rail, pounding one another on the back. The auctioneer, still red in the face, was shouting unheard and waving madly at the groom to withdraw the entry, when Colonel Kent forced his way through the hilarious crowd and managed to gain his ear.

He talked to him briefly and then pushed his way to the rail beside Harry, but he did not speak to him. He merely stood there until the next horse was offered, a sweet youngster under halter alone, and announced as the first of the consignment from Kent Acres, Colonel Kent breeder, owner and consignor.

"What am I offered?" asked the auctioneer, his voice battling against the diminishing din.

"Fifty dollars!" boomed Colonel Kent on the instant, and at the sound there was a mad rush toward the stand.

"Eighty!" shouted Harry.

"Eighty once, twice, and sold!" rattled the auctioneer. "Now will you gentlemen tend to business, or won't you?"

Harry caught the rail with both hands and held on till his knuckles turned almost as white as his face. "He didn't give you a chance, sir," he managed to murmur.

"Oh, yes, he did," said the colonel with no sign of discontent. "It's getting late and we've got to push things along a bit. You listen and you'll hear a new snap to the bidding on the rest of my lot. Want to know anything about the youngster you bought?"

"No, sir," said Harry, "I'm not blind."

The colonel nodded gravely, turned away and started across the inclosure. He had not gone far when he collided with his daughter. "Why, Doris, what are you doing in here? This is no place for a girl, you know."

"Darling daddy," she whispered, grasping the lapels of his coat with both hands and looking up into his face with eyes that laughed to keep from crying, "I couldn't wait—I simply couldn't wait to tell you how much I love you."

"What for?"

He rarely smiled visibly nowadays, but when he was pleased or touched his whole body had a way of making one feel that it was smiling through and through. She could sense the glow of him at this moment, a sort of benign and invisible radiation.

"You know why," she said, slipping her hands through his arm and hanging on it.

"Yes, I know," he admitted. "You see, Doris, the drinks were certainly on the crowd, and somebody had to pay."

"But it didn't have to be you. Try to make me believe you were in on that plant!"

"I was and I wasn't. I wouldn't have stood for it if John Galloway hadn't seemed so easy in his mind. He told 'em to go ahead, because it would be a great joke—and it was."

"You ought to have seen Harry's face when they brought on the rag, dad. It never changed and we thought up to the last minute he was going to swallow the bait, hook, line and sinker."

"A likely lad," said the colonel, and paused to stare down at the ground. "Sort of reminds me of your brother Harry."

"Perhaps it's the name," said Doris, trying to speak lightly. "But this boy is funny—he's the funniest boy I've ever known."

"How do you make that out?"

"Well, he just is—that's all. He's—he's so serious, and so is his silly dog."

"There's nothing funny about being serious," said the colonel, walking on. "Perhaps they're just the kind that know when they're busy."

Harry did not take his hands from the rail for a long time; if ever a boy was in a trance it was he. Finally he moved, but it was only to pull the catalogue, a thick book of two hundred pages, from his pocket and begin to thumb it surreptitiously.

"'The sale is for cash,'" he read; "'25 per cent to be paid immediately after the animal is sold, the balance of the purchase money the same day or the 25 per cent will be forfeited as damages.'"

He wedged his way out of the crowd and watched at the back of the stand until he knew exactly what to do, but before he got in line for the wicket he looked up his purchase by number.

"'Pickpacker Guy,'" he read; "'trotter, bred and consigned by Kent Acres Farm. Foaled 1919; bay colt, standard and registered.'"

So he would be a two-year-old on New Year's Day by the January ruling. Below the pedigree came the owner's statement:

This colt is from the wonderful young brood mare, Tiplady Mary, and by the fast promising young sire, Clarion Guy. It ought to be a successful cross and I believe it has done. He was sent to the track in June to be broken and stayed there twenty-eight days, returning in September for another four weeks. He learned fast. Guaranteed sound, is a nice chancy colt, but requires careful handling. Engagements: Lexington Futurity, Horse Journal Purse, Breeder and Trainer Stake, Champion Challenger Futurity.

Harry went to the wicket, paid down his money in full and received a registration certificate. When he turned it was to find Mr. Galloway at his shoulder.

"Well, son, how you getting along?"

"All right, I guess. I've bought my colt, father, but somebody's got to get him home for me, because I'm cleaned. What about it?"

"That part of it's easy," said Mr. Galloway solemnly; "but how about his board?"

"I thought about that," said Harry, his eyes saying far more than his lips. "I

(Continued on Page 95)

In Horse-Car Days

When the horse was the accepted motive power of rapid transit, Krementz Collar Buttons were as popular as they are today. Then, as now, men knew the hard-wearing, untarnishable qualities of Krementz Buttons. Then, as now, men had worn the same Krementz over a long period of years—were writing us like this:

*"If you ever endow and establish a home for aged and retired collar buttons will you please consider for admittance two that have served me faithfully for over 30 years? Both are frail, but neither is incapable of further service. They are still bright and cheery. I challenge anyone to produce a pair that have served longer than my two Krementz Gold Plate Twins. Of course, someone is going to say no one could go 30 years without losing a collar button. But, every time someone says 'It can't be done' he is interrupted by someone doing it. * * I thought you would like to know how well justified is your slogan 'Guaranteed forever.'"—(signed) L. C. Burke, Madison, Wisconsin.*

Such experiences as this are interesting—are the best evidence that the Krementz guarantee really means what it says. How long have you worn your Krementz Collar Button? We should like to know. Address Krementz & Co., Dept. 102, Newark, New Jersey.

Krementz

GUARANTEED A LIFETIME

REIS JIMSHIRTS

Change to REIS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The STYLE UNDERWEAR for Progressive Men

REIS, specialist in men's underwear, has discarded old traditions and designed a new type of underwear for active, progressive men.

It is called Reis Jimshirts and Reis Jimpants and it has taken the whole country by storm.

You see it in club locker rooms from Maine to California. Men tell you about it in Pullman smoking compartments. You see it displayed in the best stores everywhere.

It has a smartness and a dash about it that appeal to the masculine eye and make men ask where they can buy it. It is so cool and comfortable to wear that after your first trial you want to fill up your dresser drawers.

The idea came from the college campus. We simply took the athlete's track suit and redesigned it. We kept all the freedom that helps to win pole vaults and high hurdles and we added the smartness of the Avenue.

You'll find it in progressive stores from coast to coast. Walk up to your favorite men's counter and demand it. If they haven't got it try another shop. The game is worth the candle.

Be sure you ask for Reis Jimshirts and Reis Jimpants, and be sure you get exactly what you ask for.

They're on the counters now. Ready, get set, go!

ROBERT REIS & COMPANY, Two Park Avenue, New York
Mills at Waterford, N. Y. and Baltimore, Md.

Reis Jimshirts are knit in the snug pull-over style, large at the armholes and generously long. Some are Swiss ribbed, others flat knit—in cottons, silks, rayons, or mercerized lisles. Trim, smart appearance and full athletic comfort. Priced from 75c to $3.50.

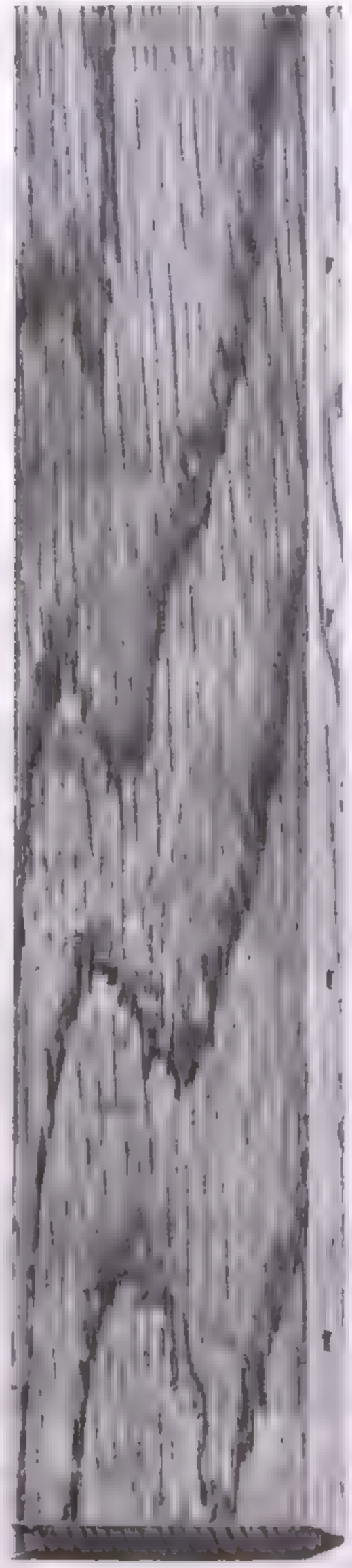
Reis Jimpants with adjustable waist bands flare smartly over the hips and afford complete freedom. Made in broadcloths, silks, madrasses, and fine shirtings—plain white and a wide variety of colors. Priced from 75c to $3.75.

Reis Jimpants may be had if desired with an extra wide tapering waist band, and with slightly greater fullness, a trifle longer in the leg—offered in broadcloths, fine end-and-end madrasses, durable pure thread silks, and other smart fabrics—fancy colors or white. Priced from $1.00 to $6.00.

REIS JIMPANTS

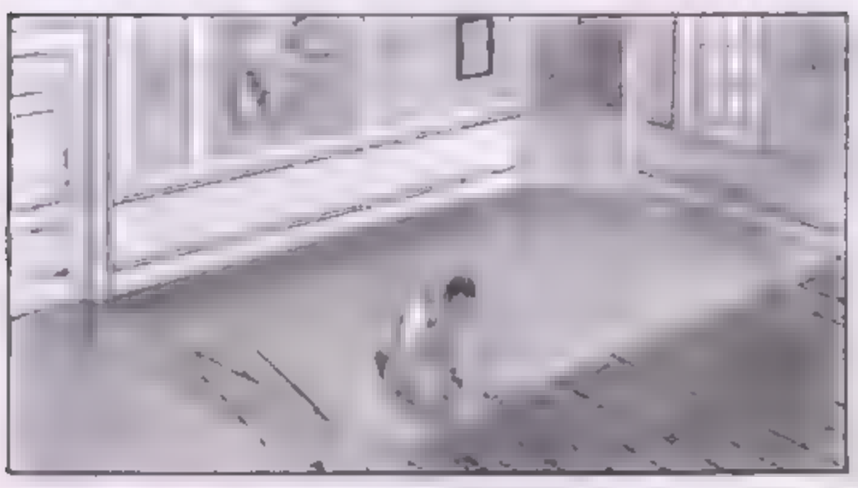
Change to REIS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Like furniture . . . a CROMAR Oak Floor is completely finished at the factory



. . . simply nail it down and use it!

After Breakfast—the room cleared and the carpenter ready to nail down the finished CROMAR Flooring



EVERY strip of CROMAR Oak Flooring is scraped, sanded, filled, varnished and polished at the factory—by patented machines.

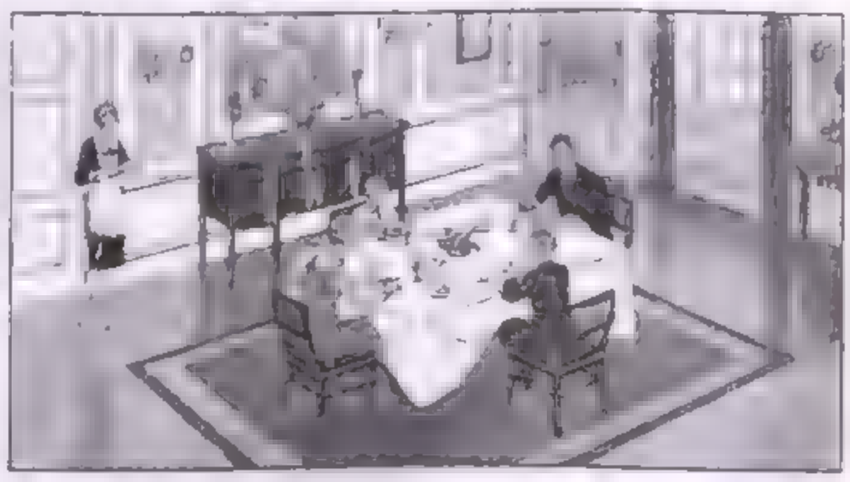
That results in two principal advantages:—

1—Machines can do all those things more thoroughly, more perfectly, than the best trained human hand, and

2—You save all the time it takes to do them—and all the irritating muss and trouble and delay.

When the beautifully finished strips of CROMAR Oak Flooring reach you, *crated* in compact bundles, there is not another thing to do but nail them down—in a new home, or right over your old floors.

In the Evening *of the same day*—the last nail driven and the new CROMAR Floor in use



The complete job (just nailing, remember) is done at the speed of a room a day. Started in the morning—completed in the evening. Think of it! And a CROMAR floor costs you no more than a hand-finished floor!

Write for booklets which tell of CROMAR's numerous *technical* advantages in an interesting non-technical way.

CROMAR is sold by lumber dealers, but carpenters and contractors install it. Consult any of these for further information. If you have the slightest trouble in getting satisfaction, write us and we shall give your inquiry immediate personal attention.

THE CROMAR COMPANY, *Williamsport, Pa.*

CROMAR
FACTORY FINISHED Oak FLOORING

Send for a free sample of CROMAR and try the famous CROMAR Hammer Test on its surface! You will of course dent the wood and crack the varnish, but the CROMAR varnish will not flake off—as does an inferior brittle varnish.

(Continued from Page 91)

thought perhaps you would be willing to gamble and go halves on him for his keep."

"I'll take you," said Mr. Galloway, after an alarmingly long pause; then he added with a chuckle: "Don't you worry about that youngster, Harry. When you get ready to sell him for a profit, I reckon there are plenty will be glad to hear from you, including the man that bred him."

IX

FROM the day Pickpacker arrived at Alloway Deep, Axton Whelp, in his character of Peck's Bad Boy, had to take a back seat. It was not that the colt was mean so much as that he had been allotted twice too many spirits to be comfortably contained in one skin. Already he stood nearly fifteen hands and was all horse, so proud of his power that he looked upon any kind of accomplishment, even to the successful kicking down of a partition, as a satisfying victory.

He had been turned out for nearly two months since his short experience on the track, and in the interim had apparently forgotten what manners he had acquired, so that it took the united efforts of Bert Bally, Crapsey and Harry to hitch him to a cart. Mr. Galloway stood by, watching the proceedings attentively, but not offering to help. He was wondering if the boy would be fool enough to attempt to drive the peppery youngster out of a strange stable to a strange track, but he was determined to offer no advice until the last moment. Just as his mouth was opening to speak, Harry dropped the lines.

"Take him out," he said, "and get me a Rarey rope."

Mr. Galloway turned away with a nervous chuckle and a moment later was giving cheerful aid in fitting the hackamore. It was a long rope, one end of which passed through the horse's mouth, around his nose and over the top of his head just back of the ears, where it could be made to press on a main nerve in such a manner as to discourage gamboling.

Harry took him out across the track to a level bit of ground and schooled him for two hours. Finally he had tired him into a monotonous routine—trot the wrong way, check, turn, trot the right way, and reverse. He had begun on a Tuesday, and he repeated the dose daily up to and including Saturday. Sundays everybody took a rest, but on Monday he hitched him into the cart again with the Rarey rope under the bridle, and after a brief struggle succeeded in jogging him for three miles.

From that day began a new life, smooth on the surface but with a buried bone of contention, for Mrs. Galloway was having a hard struggle to keep her vow never to interfere. When Harry had left home for the Old Glory Sale, he had been a senior in excellent standing at the Salem High School; when he came back he seemed to have forgotten that such an institution existed. His teachers' reports had been so enthusiastic that she had begun to dream of ways of getting money to send him on to college, and now he would not even graduate from high! She would not break the vow she had made to herself, but she managed adroitly to get Mr. Galloway to speak the words she would have said:

"Say, young feller, what about getting your diploma before you set out to be a driver? Perhaps by then you could think reasonable and make up your mind if you don't want to get educated right."

"I can get my dip whenever I've a mind to," said Harry with a set look about the mouth. "Anyway, it isn't the driving I care about." He looked away in embarrassment.

"Why is it then?"

Harry's gray eyes stole around to meet his foster father's blue ones and seemed to try to plunge into them in an effort at complete communion.

"It's the horse, and the horses. You—you can't get away from it."

Mr. Galloway nodded his head understandingly but rather sadly.

"I know. When you get to thinking hoss you can't think much else. But don't you make no mistake. You fix a man like Colonel Kent in your mind, the proudest breeder of them all, and you forget that it's far away from the track that he makes his money. To the rest of us, hosses is some kind of sweet poison, like creeping paralysis or dope. You don't know where it begins, but unless you can manage to die in a bike, it generally ends up at the poor farm."

"I don't care," said Harry, but not at all belligerently; he was merely stating an inescapable truth.

"That's it," continued Mr. Galloway—"that's the way it gets you, and I don't know how you come by it unless it's catching. It's no use my talking, but if you go on the road, like it looks you will, pick out the oldest caretakers, look around at the colt tenders that used to be drivers before you was born, talk to 'em a bit and you'll find that all on 'em are cursing the hosses in their hearts—cursing and somehow hankering for 'em just the same as when they was young like you."

"I can't help it," murmured Harry. "If Banco should die I might cry, but I could stand it; but if you should try to take me away from Pickpacker just now, something would happen. I don't know just what, but something would happen."

"Sho, now! Don't go on like that. Nobody's going to make you do anything you're not a mind to, but I had to tell you, didn't I? It's ma I'm thinking about as much as you. It's sure going to break her up for you not to take your diploma when it's so near by, Harry lad."

"I never thought of it like that," said Harry, flushing. "You tell her not to worry; I'll fix to take it somehow. At least, I think I can."

He returned to school, and whereas he had formerly been a ready pupil who seemed to learn by absorption rather than by effort, he now became a student. He studied furiously by day, rushed home to give Pickpacker his winter jogging between four and five, and worked at his books again at night. By May there was no doubt whatever of the diploma, and an understanding principal condoned his increasing absences. At the end of the term he passed his examinations with flying colors and Mrs. Galloway resigned herself to being content with half a loaf.

Then began a memorable summer, the climax and crown of his not unhappy boyhood. For the first time the annual exodus of the campaigners did not depress him, for Pickpacker was left behind. The colt was in such prime condition that he was a handful at any time, and it began to look as if he were one of those rare rebels destined never to go without a Rarey rope, badge of the eternally unbroken.

But Harry was not discouraged. Hackamore or no hackamore, once he hit his gait, the youngster knew nothing but trot; he might go to a break in moments of fun, but never under the whip and the wire. Twice a week he took his work on the half-mile track, but on the other three days there were long jogs, with an occasional spurt over the finest and kindest soft roads left in a metaled world.

These were days of joy to Banco as well, for he was permitted to lope along beside the cart. He was eight years old and the sides of his nose were turning gray. Harry had kept him clipped, because, like a wife who has married a clean-shaven husband and will have no other, it was so he had first known and grown to love him. The shaved skin had begun to show rolls of fat; but now, under the steady exercise in gradually increasing doses, the old dog took out a new lease on life.

What rides through the odorous woods! The far-flung misty blaze of dogwood and the massed pink and white of laurel gave way to the lush green of summer foliage that cast its welcome shade over sweating beast and man. Down the road to Alloway, around by the Buffalo Farm and across into the Barrens. Miles and miles of surface-packed sand into which no motor car dared venture. A wilderness of dwarfed pine and stunted oak, where the aimless wood roads radiated like the silvery thread of a spider's web, with scarcely a house and never a shout or an echo.

Then the plunge from the root of the big oak after the day's work was done, so near the old brick house and yet out of sight of all the world. Sometimes the soapsuds would float upstream and sometimes down, for there was a three-foot rise and fall of the tide, though the water was always sweet enough for the cattle. He swam losing races with Banco, sometimes as far as the distant bend. Exhausted, he would grasp the dog by the tail, loll on his back or his side, and let him tow him all the way home, his naked slithering body caressed by every bubble and quivering to the shock of so slight a collision as a floating leaf.

He was alive all through, sound of body and mind, strong and long of limb, for during the last year or two he had first shot up into a sizable, gangling youth, and then begun to knit loose joints and stringy tendons into a compact machine, an instrument tuned through action to the basic harmonies of motion.

He was happier than he had ever dreamed of being. Mr. Galloway and ma loved him unreservedly, but without demonstration, and with only such fleeting caresses as a hairy hand laid on his shoulder, or thin, almost transparent, fingers tremblingly flicking a bit of dust from his sleeve. They had legally adopted him long since and for better or for worse he was their son. He loved them in return with a loyalty that transcended the simple reflexes of affection, all the more sensitive because the wall built into his childhood still stood.

There was no use fighting against it; he was different and glad to be different. Banco, Pickpacker, all horses and dogs, the old brick house, the big oak, the creek, the marshes, the sky, sun, moon and stars—could come within the wall, mix with his blood, grow into him as he into them, but not people. All the world was a procession, marching by.

There had been that girl at the sale—what was her name?—Doris—Doris Kent. For a moment he had thought of her as standing within the wall—for more than a moment really. But then he had reasoned it out. It was because he had felt as though he had seen her before, long before, even before the wall; but the mystery had dissolved when he realized it was only because she reminded him of his youngest sister, Edna, the one with whom he had played the most.

No, he asked for nothing—for nothing more than he had. Let those toy with ambition who would, get themselves educated, become lawyers to live by their neighbors' squabbles, preachers to tell others what to believe or doctors to wonder what ailed their dying patients. He was young—almost too young. He was alive in the midst of live horses, live trees and water, a live old house and live hearts, and it was enough.

Into this beatific freedom from worldly cares came the telegram from Mr. Galloway:

Come at once. Godfrey spilled and hurt too bad to drive.

He wanted to start by the evening train, but Mrs. Galloway remarked mildly that he could do what he liked, but it would mean stopping the night in Camden or Jersey City.

"After all, he doesn't need you until day after tomorrow, because that's when they have the double entry."

"So it is," said Harry, giving her an admiring glance. "I never thought of that, ma. He probably wants me just for that race, and then I can come home."

By four o'clock on the next afternoon he had found his way to the grounds where the race meeting was being held and bullied the gatekeeper into passing him in. It was already late in the season. The Bay State and Orange County circuits were over and this was a state fair. Instantly his nostrils distended to a familiar air and his eyes widened

(Continued on Page 97)

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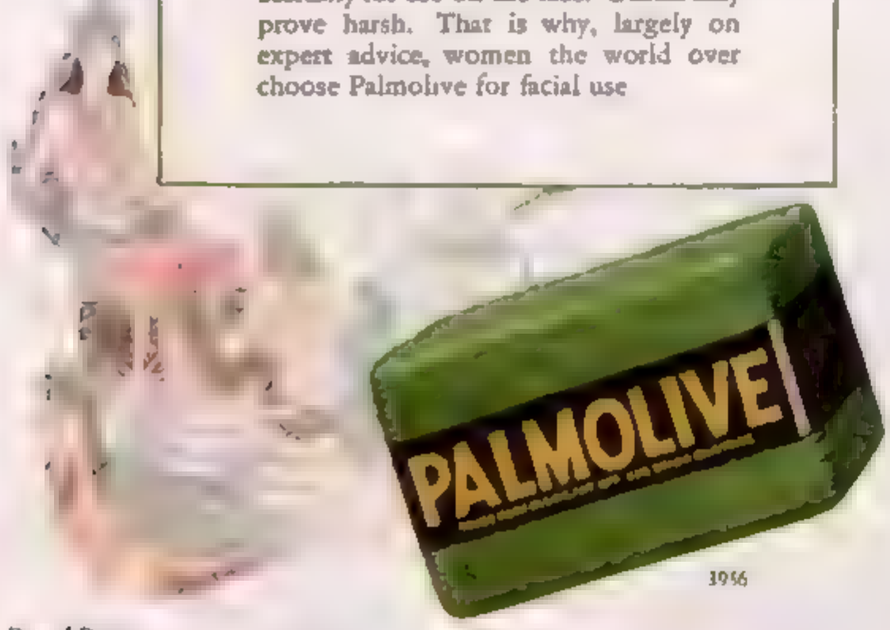
Use soap, but be sure it is a soap made basically for use on the face. Others may prove harsh. That is why, largely on expert advice, women the world over choose Palmolive for facial use



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Use only a true complexion soap

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Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

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KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

(Continued from Page 95)

to embrace a memory, suddenly come to life. It was as though Captain Bill had slapped him on the back, and immediately he felt lonely, ungrateful and full of regrets. Why had he never made an effort to trace the man who had befriended him in his greatest distress?

Somebody hailed him by name. "Harry—Harry Galloway!" He turned with a violent start and stood staring. "Did I frighten you?"

After a moment he remembered; it was Miss Kent, sitting bareheaded and alone in an open car parked near the Kent Acres quarters.

"No," he said slowly, "you didn't frighten me exactly, but I was thinking of something else."

"You must have been!" she laughed. "I never thought you could jump like that. You ought to wear a shadow roll."

He smiled at the use of the familiar technical term. It came so pat that he could almost see himself wearing one of the fuzzy rolls to keep him from jumping over shadows. He went straight to her and held out his hand. They shook like men, with a grip grown strong yet light on the reins, and he asked her as casually as he might have inquired of Captain Bill himself, "How are you?"

"Don't be foolish. I'm like you—always well. But how's Pickpacker? That's important."

"Sound as a silver dollar, but mean and hard to handle. Not poison-mean, you understand, but so full of the Old Nick he has to wear a Rarey rope under the bridle."

Her lip lifted in disdain. "You've been schooling him all winter, spring and summer, and he still has to wear a Rarey? I thought you were a driver."

Harry's gray eyes darkened to the color of wet slate.

"No girl, and mighty few men, have anything to teach me about driving," he said so quietly that the assertion lost the color of a brag and forced her to take him, at least for the moment, at his own valuation.

"How have you got him bitted?" she asked, almost in confusion.

"Smooth and soft, a rubber snaffle. It isn't his mouth and it isn't general badness; it's just the Old Nick that's in him."

She frowned, only half convinced. "There must be something—there always is."

He looked at her without troubling to answer. Yes, she was like Edna, but with his eyes full on her he couldn't quite say how or why. Edna's hair had never been cut like a boy's, nor had she had this sleek look of a healthy body in a minimum of shimmering clothes. Edna had loved to prink herself out in bows, ribbons and furbelows. If she had been dressed like Doris she would have felt ashamed, and yet nobody had to tell him that it was Doris who was dressed right.

"Well ——" he began, half turning away.

"Don't go," she said, her hand dropping outside the door of the car in a gesture that stopped him as surely as if she held him by a rein.

But in his half turn his eyes had fallen on a man standing to one side, evidently waiting for him to get through.

"Excuse me," he murmured hurriedly.

"Don't go, please," she repeated.

He stood a prisoner to some dormant instinct of rebellious courtesy, but nothing could prevent him from hailing Captain Bill: "Hello, there, Captain! Come here for a minute and then I'll go along with you till midnight."

Captain Bill complied, but before he could be introduced or even take Harry's extended hand there came an interruption. Banco darted forward, head and tail down. Circling around the Captain, he smelt his feet, ankles and trousers up to the knees. Then suddenly he bounded up against him with a sharp bark, rushed back to Harry and then again to Captain Bill, leaping as high as his shoulder and half turning in the air in his joy.

They all laughed. Harry caught the dog by the collar and threw him behind him.

"Here, give somebody else a chance, will you?" He took Cap's hand in a strong hold and glanced over his shoulder at Doris. "It's Captain Bill, the man who saved my life and gave me Banco."

She was still laughing over the dog.

"You might tell him who I am," she suggested.

"He doesn't have to, Miss Kent," said the Captain. "I've been seeing you around fairs ever since you showed your first pony."

"Then we're all friends," she answered. "I was just going to ask Mr. Galloway if he would come around for dinner. Will you, Harry? We're staying at the inn. No fussing, you know; just as you are."

"I would like to," said Harry, looking only at Captain Bill, "but I can't—not tonight, I mean."

She flushed a little, unaccustomed to being crossed, but he did not look as if he had meant to offend her.

"What about tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow would be fine."

"You'll come then—about seven?"

"Yes, I'll come."

He walked away with Captain Bill in search of the Galloway quarters.

"Cap, I'm so glad to see you I won't be able to tend to my work."

"It's been a long time, Harry, and I wouldn't much more than have knowed you if it hadn't been for the dog."

"I would have known you anywhere—I'd have known you a mile away. You haven't changed a bit, Cap, except that you're looking a lot richer than when I saw you last."

"I never felt meaner than on that day, leaving you the way I did."

"But it's come out for the very best, Cap. The judge treated me fine, so did the Children's Society. It got me a place as a taken child and then John Galloway and his wife adopted me. I'm Harry Galloway now. You won't forget that, will you?"

"You mean there's one thing I'd better forget, eh?" He laughed. "Why? You're pretty safe now, aren't you?"

Harry paused, almost stopped; then he smiled.

"That place certainly must have had me buffaloed. Come to think of it, there isn't any reason—not any more. There's only Ma Galloway. They never knew my name, Cap; only the judge, and he's kept it under his hat. Somehow I think ma might like it a little better not to know."

"Perhaps she would," agreed the Captain. "Make her feel like she come nearer to owning the whole of you."

They found the quarters and Harry started to introduce his foster father, but Mr. Galloway stepped forward with hand outstretched.

"Hello, Captain Bill. Where'd you pick up the boy? I sure am glad to see him."

"I run into him quite a ways back, Mr. Galloway. He's a likely lad, and I hear you're making a great driver of him."

"So he's been telling you secrets, has he?"

"Not him! I heard a young lady telling him what she thought of him and she happened to be the kind that knows. Got anything good?"

"No," said Mr. Galloway slowly, "nothing solid."

"What about your double entry tomorrow?"

"We've got one thing to beat, but it's a plenty—Black Bangor, with Elk Edmund up. Then there's something else—something I've got to wrangle with the boy here. Harry, you'll have to handle Axton Whelp. I'd take him myself, but the mare's been going fine and owner's orders are to win. I think she's got it a shade over the Whelp."

"What does Mr. Beattie say to my driving his man-eater?" asked Harry.

"It was him picked on you. When we seen Mr. Godfrey was out of it, we went over the drivers available on the grounds and Mr. Beattie passed them all up. Then I offered to pull Bert Bally down from the Buffalo Road Drivers' Circuit, but he said he could beat that—to wire home for you and do it quick. So that's how you're here."

Harry spent the evening with Captain Bill and would have talked till morning if he had not wished to put a good night's sleep between himself and his first real race. Cap had staged a comeback with a vengeance. Some of his cronies had staked him for the road, he had had a bumper year, paid them off, and then taken them on again as backers in a larger venture. Now he was the ostensible proprietor of a ten-car show known as Captain William Bill's Attractions and was doing well for himself and his friends.

"So any time you want a job, Harry," he concluded with a rather rueful smile—"any time you're broke or up against it —— Oh, well, what I mean is, John Galloway kind of beat me out while my hands were tied."

"I'll never forget you, Cap. You were a good friend the best friend a boy ever had—you and Banco."

They planned not to lose track of each other again, but even while they talked they knew they were neither of them the kind to write. But the thought did not worry Captain Bill. One of the most cheerful things about the world as he knew it was that it was so small. The people he had once met and liked, as well as those he cordially detested, were forever crossing his path. Once known, always known, and to meet up with a friend by chance was the pleasantest sort of sweetening to life's not-so-bitter cup.

"Better get to bed now, Harry. See you tomorrow."

"But Jimmy—what about Jimmy the grease slinger?"

"I see him once in a while."

"Is he here?"

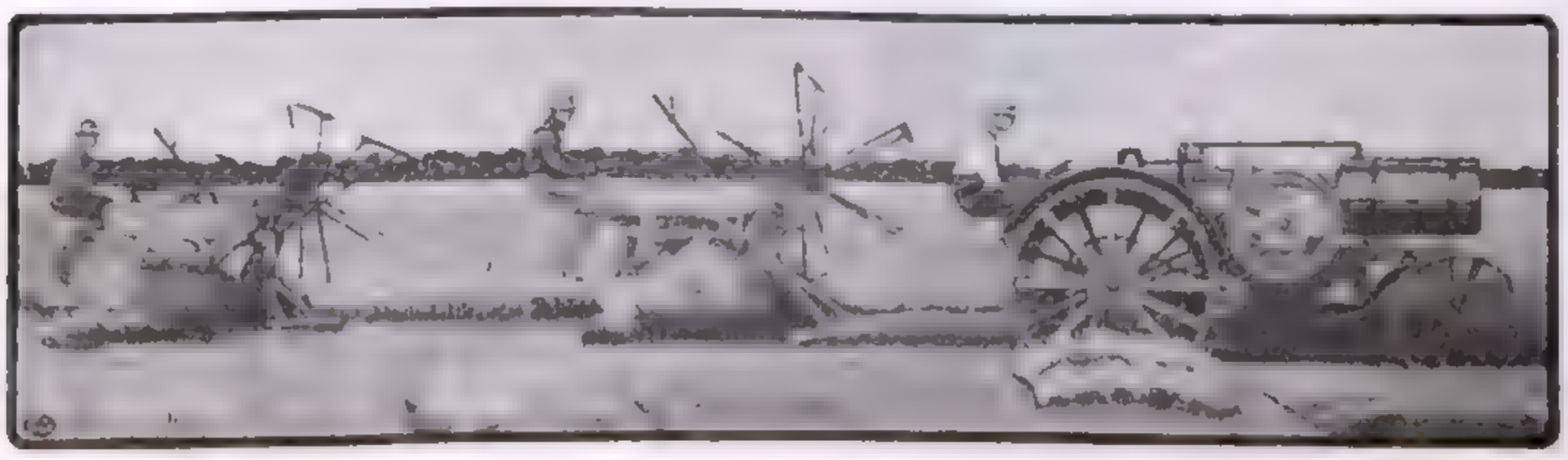
"No; leastways I don't think he is."

"And Moran—Governor Grady Moran. Did you ever get even with him, Cap?"

"Yes, I'm even with him—everybody is. He's dead—drowned himself with green corn whisky from the inside out."

"Oh," said Harry casually, and rolled over on his cot.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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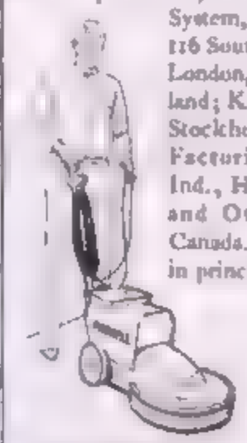

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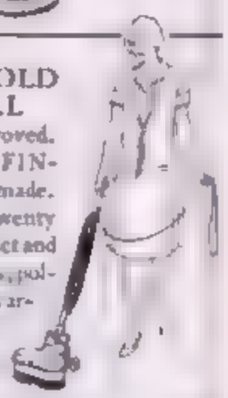

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MISS LA MARNE IN PERSON

(Continued from Page 5)

adventure of housekeeping for the man of her choice with the gay relentlessness of a truly executive nature. She had lived only in a small town and the life of a city delighted her—the shops, the crowds, the parks, and especially the motion pictures. She cooked and dusted and shopped, and with her abounding energy found time to do a little church work. The ladies of the parish were making an amateur motion picture as a feature for their annual fair, and Mollie, during the first month of her Goresport residence, was asked to take a part. For some inexplicable reason this film eventually found its way into a news reel on Broadway, and a manager looking for a beautiful ingénue in a minor part actually wrote suggesting that Mollie should come to New York and have a test made.

A good wife—and Mollie was a very good wife—does not desert her husband for pictures, especially when he hates and despises them and describes them as a way of keeping people who can't think from thinking. Mollie refused the offer, but, like Paul's earlier sacrifice, its effects were disrupting. When Paul was cross—and he was cross a good deal—she thought how but for her marriage she might have been a great screen star. It was then she invented the name Marna La Marne and began to tell herself stories which seemed to be a dream but were actually a prophecy. A thought so constantly in her mind would now and then emerge into her conversation.

"If I had gone into pictures ——" she would say, and Paul, ignoring the plaintive meaning, would attack her words.

"Pictures! Mollie, for heaven's sake don't use that word! Pictures are masterpieces by Velasquez or Vermeer."

"Movies then, darling—don't be cross," Mollie would answer, with her beaming unruffled good temper. She was fortunately protected from understanding, as the amiable almost always are, the depths of bitterness and criticism that lie behind the casual irritability of the irritable.

Paul was irritable, not, as Mollie said to herself, because he was tired and overworked, but because he had already recognized that for him marriage was a disaster. For him solitude and leisure were necessary to his existence; without them his soul withered and drooped. In his present life they were as absent as water in the desert. At home in Gabina, he had both these priceless benefits—leisure because Gabina did not overwork its library, and solitude as he sauntered to and from his work along the banks of the river. But in Goresport, under the slogan These Are Your Books—Read Them, the librarian was the center of the intellectual life of the town. He had no leisure during his working hours, and walking home, he was not only stunned by the noise of the crowded streets but actively occupied in dodging the cars of his fellow townsmen.

And when he reached home, the place where heretofore he had been accustomed to reflect—to enjoy that remembrance of emotion which Matthew Arnold says is in itself poetry—there was his lovely bride waiting to tell him every detail of a lonely and busy day. She would follow him from room to room, relating the events of the day with a confident good temper that would have delighted any man who was not being destroyed by it. But Paul felt himself being destroyed—poisoned by companionship. Even when she was not actually in the room, when he heard her singing popular airs in the kitchen or talking lovingly to the kitten, he was aware of being poisoned.

But you cannot expect a robust executive nature to understand that it is destroying the creative spirit that it believes itself to be cherishing, and Mollie did not understand at all. She felt vaguely that he was dissatisfied with her, and attempted to win him back by greater gayety, more affectionate companionship, a more cherishing attention to his meals. The result was that he began to invent pretexts to get her out of the little flat during the hours he was at home. He almost always failed, for Mollie was not only lonely and eager for his society but she regarded it as a wife's duty to be at home, nicely dressed, cheerful and amusing at the hour of her husband's return from work. Very soon things got to a point with Paul where he stole out into the hall, took his hat, and softly opening the front door was gone while Mollie was out of the room getting supper ready.

Sometimes they quarreled with wild bitterness, sometimes they loved each other with their first fire, but most of the time a chilling weariness came over their relations—more like death than sorrow. Indeed, the unhappiness of young married people who find they do not love each other is largely compounded of the fact that the life to which they have committed themselves is, without love, an intolerably wearisome one. A man who might be adventuring round the world, tied to a desk; a girl who might be enjoying a dozen flirtations, a slave to a domestic routine—all for the sake of a joy that has ceased to be. Paul suffered more than Mollie in this wreck of their ideal—and behaved worse.

She thought all the time: "If he doesn't love me, why didn't he let me go into pictures—motion pictures, I mean?" For even in her thoughts she was loyal to his higher standards of taste.

He thought: "How could I have been such a fool—when my old life made me so happy?"

Then one day a strange piece of luck befell Mollie—or, at least, that was the way she described it—but it was a piece of luck materially assisted by human endeavor. The same director who had invited her to come to New York for a test came to Cleveland to make an address, and there, happening to meet Mollie among the audience after his talk, renewed his suggestion and finally made a definite offer of a small job. Mollie had planned and thought and traveled three hours in order to be in that audience.

She did not sleep a wink that night, trying to decide the words she would use to tell Paul, afraid he would be desperately hurt, but most afraid of all that he would in some way prevent her going. Was it a wicked thing to do?—to desert your husband for pictures—not masterpieces by Velasquez and Vermeer? "Till death do us part"—she had said that once and had meant it.

But when the moment came to tell him, she did not use the elaborate sequence of sentences which she had selected between four and five, just as dawn was seeping through the cretonne curtains of their bedroom.

No, she simply said: "Paul, I was offered yesterday ——" And she burst into tears.

There was no need of saying another word. Paul understood, Paul took charge. Indeed, it was Paul's hand that wrote out the telegram of acceptance. Strange—it seemed to Mollie—that she was hurt by his eagerness, although she passionately desired to soar into this new life where her beauty and ability were to find so great a reward. A moment before, she had been in terror that he would put obstacles in her way, but when he urged her on she wept the more.

She looked up from her handkerchief. "This means an end to our marriage, Paul—don't you see that?"

"My dear," he answered sadly, "our marriage ended about a week after the ceremony was performed—not through any fault of yours, because I am utterly unfitted for matrimony."

"Every man says that when he stops loving his wife."

"I haven't stopped loving you, Mollie."

"No, because you never began—you never loved me."

"Yes, Mollie, I still love you, but I hate being married to you."

She couldn't bear his saying that. They quarreled bitterly, and the telegram was sent off. Then it appeared that Paul, too, had his secret. Even before Mollie, he had been offered his heart's desire. The librarian of Gabina had retired and Paul had been asked to come home as full librarian—peace and the stone cottage. Mollie was shocked to find that he had accepted without even consulting her. They quarreled at once over that. Mollie could not understand Paul's point that it was a kind of loyalty to her that had made him do it, for if he had refused for her sake he would have loved her less.

She looked forward with horror to the intervening weeks, before she went to Hollywood, saying to herself that if she could only leave that night and never see him again ——

Then, most surprisingly to her, she found they were happier and more at peace than they had been since the first days of their marriage. Paul was hardly cross at all, and so thoughtful and generous about all arrangements for her trip. She tried not to reproach him, but it burst from her one day.

"Oh, Paul," she cried, "why couldn't you always have been like this, and then we need never have parted?"

"Don't you see, dear, that I'm like this because we are parting? It's the temporary quality that makes it pleasant. Even the sound of your singing, dear, and walking on your heels ——"

"I don't walk on my heels."

"You do, darling; you always walk on your heels when you are feeling brisk and efficient."

She was outraged, of course, at this attack. "Why, Paul," she said, "one of the things they like for the pictures—the motion pictures, I mean—is the way I walk."

He smiled. "It looks magnificent; it's the way it sounds that I'm talking about."

"You say things like that to make it easy to leave you."

"I say them because they are true."

"What a relief it will be to you to have me gone!"

"A great relief and a great tragedy, Mollie."

"For goodness' sake, don't pretend that you are going to miss me—after all that you have said!"

"But I shall miss you horribly, Mollie—always—your beauty and your love—but not your singing and walking on your ——"

"I don't walk on my heels."

"Yes, dear, you do."

She set forth westward without too idyllic an impression of their last days together. She was surprised, delighted and a little ashamed of the fact that, arriving in Hollywood, she forgot Paul's existence in the first excitement and difficulty of her new career. Then sometimes she would think of him sentimentally, as he had been during their engagement; but soon realizing her mistake, she forced herself to remember him as he actually had been during the short years of their marriage. At first she wrote to him regularly, conscientiously, but very soon all her letters began: "I meant to have written long ago ——" Gradually they ceased entirely. He continued to write to her for months after she had ceased to answer. No one in Hollywood except Julius Cavalho, into whose company she went after her first year there, had a suspicion that she was married. Her innocent eyes, her great smile and her beauty had made her the typical ingénue of the American screen. For this reason divorce soon became an impossibility: the publicity of it would have ruined her for her audiences. Paul, having decided that for him marriage was utterly impossible, was not at all eager for his freedom. And Mollie, like many beauties to whom so

(Continued on Page 103)

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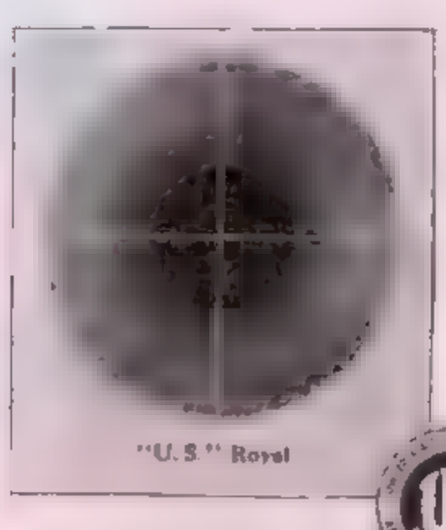

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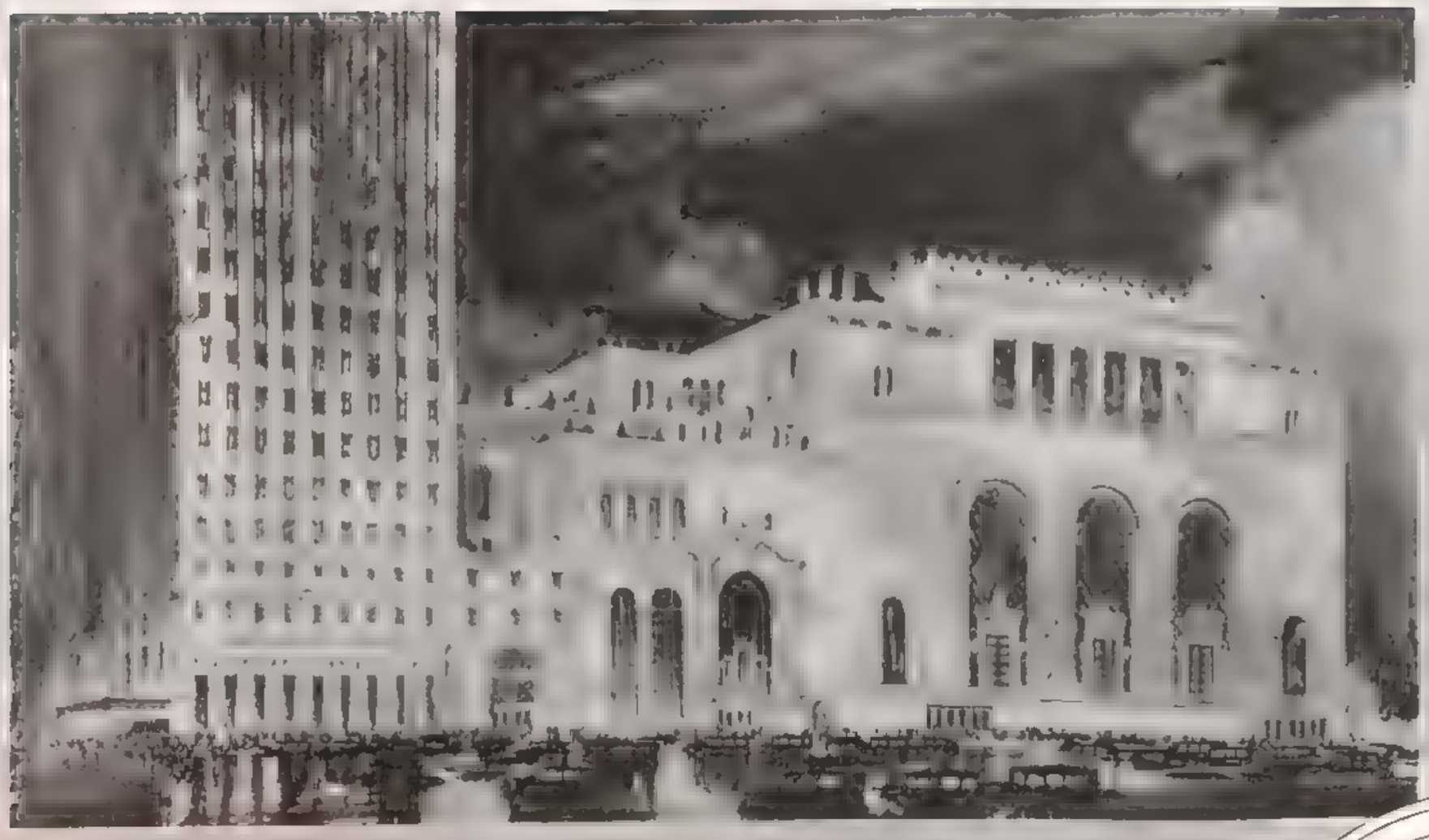

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(Continued from Page 98)

much love is offered, was not greatly interested in love—a commonplace commodity which grew on every tree and could be had for a smile. Sometimes when a beautiful youth or an important magnate asked her to marry him, she found herself thinking: "Perhaps if I were free ——" But on the whole she found it something of a convenience not to be.

After about three years in Hollywood, when she found she had attained a position of security and was making a salary small for a star but enormous for Gabina, she wrote and suggested to Paul that he come out to Hollywood too. She pointed out that the climate in itself made life a joy and that he would have complete leisure to write his beautiful poems, some of which she had noticed reprinted in New York and Los Angeles papers. Paul refused her offer with a decision that was almost insulting. He did not know that she had risked her whole future in making it, but he correctly guessed that she was not eager to have it accepted. The tone he took about her art angered her. She felt not only the loyalty that every honest worker feels for his own work but a sort of fanaticism for motion-picture production, as for a great cause—a state of mind engendered by the widespread and for the most part ignorant criticism to which new arts are usually subjected.

She had hesitated a long time about making an appearance in person at Gabina—at least, she had supposed she had hesitated; but, as a matter of fact, the prospect of appearing before Paul's eyes—and she did not doubt he would be in her audience—as a successful screen star was too alluring to be refused.

It was only driving up in the car that Julius Cavalho had discovered that her husband was a resident of Gabina. He was too wise to reproach her at this moment with something he felt to be a breach of faith. He only warned and watched—watched her feverish opening of her mail and flowers and her eager anticipation of the arrival of the lady who claimed to be a friend of hers.

He had already gone when Carrie was ushered in and instantly clasped in Miss La Marne's arms.

"Oh, Carrie, I'm so glad to see you!"

"Oh, Mollie—Marna, I mean—you've bobbed your hair!"

"Carrie, you'll stay and dine with me, just us two here in this room."

"Mollie darling, what are you crying about?"

"Don't be an idiot, Carrie! I'm crying because I'm so glad to see you again. Seven years—good heavens! Oh, there's that waiter. What shall we have?"

Like all women who truly love and understand each other, these two were able to talk simultaneously and continuously without losing a shade of each other's meaning—a feat so impossible to men that they suppose in their ignorance that women do not listen to one another.

Their talk ran something like this:

"Oh, Mollie, what flowers! I never saw ——"

"Oh, yes, darling, take all you want; I've just sent a lot off to ——"

"Mollie, what is that beautiful fur?"

"Sable, dear. Fancy your not knowing!"

"Mollie, I love your hair."

"There's that waiter still. What shall we have to eat? . . . Do you remember when we used to —— Oh, my dear, with marshmallow on it —— Well, we simply must decide ——"

The waiter was a very patient man. He shifted from foot to foot and moved the greasy card which was headed *Carte de Jour*, but had not changed for years.

They managed at last to put their minds on the problem of food—fresh caviar—and Miss La Marne was explicit as to the method of serving it—chopped egg, but no onions—Carrie looked just a trifle disappointed at this prohibition—and oyster soup and guinea hen and grapefruit salad, and a dessert recommended by the waiter called Pêche Central, but extremely like our old friend Pêche Melba when it actually appeared.

As soon as he had gone, Mollie turned to Carrie. "I wish," she said, "that you would mention to your friend the head librarian of this town that I think he might have sent me a line of greeting. Men are queer, aren't they? If Paul had come to Hollywood I should have been on the platform waving my hands off—not that I care any more than he does, but just for the form of the thing."

She paused, seeing that Carrie had something to say.

Carrie said it: "Paul is a good deal changed, Mollie."

"Changed how? He isn't ill, is he?"

"He has become celebrated—rather celebrated. You know, he has had a volume of verses published and very highly spoken of, and all the magazines are printing his poems. . . . Do you read the magazines?"

"Of course I read the magazines," Mollie answered haughtily, and named a list which did not happen to include the Yale Review. Carrie opened her pocketbook and took out a clipping from this periodical.

"I wonder if you have read this one," she said.

Mollie took it. She perceived it to be a sonnet in the Shaksperian form. She had not been married to a poet for nothing. She glanced hastily over the first lines:

Not in praise only, but in bitterness
Do I compare you to the evening star;
It, too, is radiant and pitiless,
And shines for all men, but from very far ——

Mollie looked up. The human mind, under the spur of vanity, works like a flash of lightning. Was this remorse? Was this written to her? Was she not a star and certainly very distant?

"Carrie," she asked gravely, "what does this mean? What are you trying to tell me?" Her mind continued to rush over the possibilities like a sea sled over the face of the water—he was waiting downstairs—he saw what he had lost—but she would rather die than abandon her career—no, she wouldn't think of it. . . . Poor Carrie, trying, against her real wishes, to arrange a reconciliation! "What are you trying to tell me, Carrie?"

"You must see, Mollie. Paul has fallen in love with another woman."

Mollie had often thought about the possibility of Paul's remarrying, but somehow she had never thought of his falling in love. She felt annoyed—not jealous, not angry, but annoyed, as if someone had stolen something, not priceless, but still distinctly her own. Then a nobler feeling rose in her breast.

"I hope she's a very nice girl," she said, "and doesn't sing and walk on her heels."

"Oh!" said Carrie, and her eyes shone. "Oh, Mollie, she's the most remarkable person! She has about everything. She's beautiful and good and very intelligent. She has endless influence and power. She's the one that got his books of verses published, and so wonderfully reviewed too. She's done so much for him, Mollie. He dresses so much better. He worships her, of course."

"Worships her?" said Mollie sharply. That was more annoying still. She could have tolerated the idea of Paul stooping to love a pretty girl like herself, but the mental picture of him on his knees —— "And does she worship Paul?" she asked.

"Oh, no, of course not," said Carrie. "She's a married woman, Mollie—the most devoted wife and mother."

For some reason this information turned Mollie definitely against the whole thing.

"Oh, that kind!" she said. "I should think you'd tell him ——"

"I hardly ever see him any more."

"What do you mean you don't see him?" cried Miss La Marne. "Do you mean you don't see him?"—as if what she said had any meaning. "Who is she, anyhow?—not that I'd be any the wiser."

"Oh, yes, you would. It's Mrs. Keith Lansing."

"Never heard of her. . . . Oh, yes, she's the woman who wanted me to come and dine and sup."

"Of course; she has all the celebrities—the most interesting house to go to."

"And Paul will be there?"

"He always is."

Without a word, Marna seated herself at the spindly desk which shook if anyone walked across the room and seemed to threaten collapse if anyone touched it, and took up the receiver and said: "Look, girlie, will you be a lamb and get me Mrs. Keith Lansing on the phone?"

Girlie, who was Mr. Green's maiden aunt, rather sourly agreed, and presently Marna was explaining what a joy it would be to slip in to supper for just a minute after the picture. . . . Had there been a mistake? Someone had telephoned that she couldn't? Well, well, what a mistake!

They cooed disingenuously at each other and experienced difficulty in hanging up.

"She says she thinks I will find an interesting little group," said Mollie, making one of her funny faces.

"Why did you decide to go, Mollie?" said Carrie seriously.

"Well, curiosity mostly, I suppose," returned Marna, settling back to dinner with an appetite quite unspoiled. "You know, every woman is curious about her successor. . . . But not only curiosity—a sense of duty, too, Carrie. I feel I ought to see whether she's suitable for Paul or not."

"Could you tell?"

Marna sat erect. "Could I tell? Of course I could tell. Who knows as well as I do what Paul requires?"

Carrie sighed. "I think she's almost perfect," she said.

"You think almost everyone is perfect."

"I said almost perfect," said Carrie, with, for her, unusual sharpness.

"What's wrong with her?" asked Mollie, looking distinctly hopeful.

Carrie hesitated. Unlike her companion, she had no wish to find flaws. She merely wished to share an agonizing doubt.

"Well, I hardly know her. I never see her unless there is some committee on which I can be useful. But I have heard of two occasions on which she read aloud Paul's letters to small groups."

"His love letters?"

Carrie shook her head. "Of course I don't know what is in the letters—only I do know that people have begun to laugh at Paul's devotion and her indifference; and as I'm sure Paul doesn't talk about it, I feel ——"

"—— that she must? . . . Ah, Carrie darling, with all your capacity for admiring, you're not such a fool after all. What a dreadful bum she must be!"

Carrie was shocked. "But she isn't, Mollie—she isn't. That's just what makes it so confusing—she's really a great person—so kind—almost noble. You must have heard her name—such a prominent family in all this part of the state. Miss Halsey, she was—Miss Audrey Halsey."

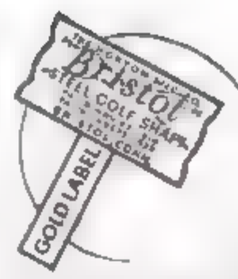
"Miss what?" cried Mollie, and she straightened her spine and reared her head like the deadly cobra about to strike. "Miss Halsey, is it?" She rose and took a few long gliding strides about the room. "Miss Halsey? Ye gods!"

"You do remember her," said Carrie, her face beaming with hope that Mollie was now going to be softened into admiration.

"There's a girl I won't forget in a hurry. The—the ——" She paused not so much because the waiter had come in with the Pêche Central as because she remembered that her language had become a little freer than Carrie would approve. She waited, standing with her hand on her hip and her foot tapping. "Listen, Carrie, do you remember that time when I was here with you, and they asked me to recite a piece at the school entertainment one evening?"

"Very well," said Carrie. "I arranged it and then at the last minute you were taken ill—or were too frightened."

"Frightened—nothing!" said Marna. "I sat up two nights making that red dress do you remember? . . . Well, maybe it



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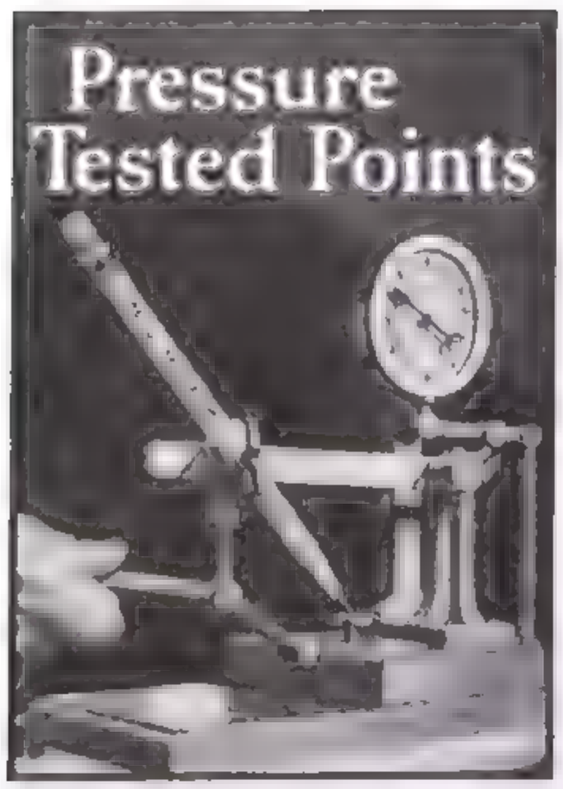

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was a little tight, but it was the fashion to have them tight that year; and besides, I couldn't afford much of the silk. I was waiting there, peeping through and seeing you sitting so dignified on the platform, when this woman came along—Miss Halsey. . . . Oh, yes, I remember her—and told the principal that I was indecent—indecent! The principal was frightened to death. She said the dear little children already dressed wildly enough as it was, and if they saw me in that costume—crude, tasteless and indecent —— Seven years! There's a girl I won't forget in a hurry. I went home with a terrible sick headache. I was so angry, and I never told anyone—not you, or even Paul. . . . So that's his great star, is it?" She uttered a few quiet but extremely menacing snorts.

Carrie, who was truly one of the people who hold their hands uplifted over hate, attempted to mitigate her friend's anger; and even suggested, with some hesitation, that it was possible the red silk dress had been indecent.

"What of it?" replied Mollie. "Was that any reason for humiliating a poor child trying to do the school a favor?"

She should have been, perhaps, ashamed to own it, but the incident had been the most painful of her whole life—not tragic like her parting with Paul, not enraging like their quarrels, but strangely humiliating. She had had some disagreeable experiences when she began acting—one director had ordered her out of his unit on the ground that she acted like a cow, but by that time she had had partisans and people who wanted her in their pictures—there had been something for her to do. But when Miss Halsey said she was indecent, she could do nothing but go home with a sick headache—nothing until now.

Carrie stayed with her all the time she was dressing, wriggling into voluminous pink skirts, while she was fastening the one-button white-kid gloves and the broad gold-and-blue-enamel bracelets. Only when Mr. Cavalho returned, announcing the arrival of the press, did Carrie go.

Miss La Marne blew her nose frankly and gave the tip of it a slight pinch with her gossamer handkerchief

"I do love Carrie," she said to Julius. The press surged into the room.

"Is this your first visit to Gabina?" said the first reporter.

"And what a wonderful town it is—so beautifully situated," said Miss La Marne, actually gasping with admiration. "Such wonderful buildings for a town of its size. . . . Your library, now"—she waved her hand toward the window—"I've been admiring your library."

"We have more volumes in that library than any town of this size west of Albany," said the oldest of the newspaper men. But a young boy with blond hair murmured in her ear: "Yes, and they circulate less."

"How nice for your libr——" Marna began, but she caught Mr. Cavalho's eye and allowed the sentence to die.

She was asked—and expressed—her opinion on the art of the screen, her relation to her public, prohibition and the modern girl. But when it came to companionate marriage, Mr. Cavalho intervened.

"I think," he said, "that if ever Miss La Marne goes in for any kind of marriage, it will be the old-fashioned kind."

She saw this written down, and thought: "Well, that will be a surprise to Paul with his morning coffee."

Her photograph was taken again and again. Men stood on chairs and waved pencils, and lights flared and popped, and then it was time to go to the theater.

Almost as unaccustomed as in her high-school days to facing an audience, she was very nervous. She kept saying to herself, with the hard common sense that was characteristic of her, that they wouldn't listen to anything she said; they would just want to see her and her clothes and her crinoline and short gloves—and, of course, her smile. But still she was obliged to say something, and what had seemed adequate in her room in New York, now, driving to the theater, seemed shamefully flat and banal. She thought of reorganizing the whole thing—not possible in five blocks. Cavalho, at her side, was silent, too—he also was rehearsing the few words in which he was to introduce her. Then they were stopping at the stage door. Mr. Meyer, the owner—or, more correctly, the exhibitor—was standing at the motor door in evening dress, helping Marna out, murmuring his pleasure—his confidence—the audience was eager to see her.

Then she was stepping out on the stage between Mr. Meyer, who introduced Mr. Cavalho, and Mr. Cavalho, who introduced her. A great cheer like a solid wave of flattery came up to her from the great dark cavern of the theater. There was nothing to do but to begin those idiotic words that had seemed good enough when she thought about it in New York:

"It is a great happiness to me to meet you face to face. An actress for the screen does her best to please you, and sometimes I like to think you are pleased, but yet we never see each other. I never ——" She looked and as she spoke her eyes traveled over the rows of pale round blurs which were the faces of her audience. Somewhere in that dark space Paul must be sitting, listening. She felt she must say something to him—her husband. She stopped short and began again: "I like this town so much ——"

And boys and girls in the audience turned to one another and said with a delicious sense of superiority: "There, you can tell she's nervous! Her voice shakes!" Imagine Marna La Marne being nervous before an audience!

"I like this town so much. My room at the hotel looks out on the library. What a lovely building that is! I think anyone must be very happy who has early associations with that beautiful building."

She stopped speaking because she had nothing more to say—her brain became a blank. . . . Paul out there looking at her. . . . Fortunately she was not expected to talk much longer.

Presently she was sitting in a box watching the rest of the program—the glee club of the local college was singing songs of the Victorian age, so it was announced; but the members, being all under twenty, found difficulty in distinguishing the remoteness of 1898 from 1848 and sang There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight, with confidence that it was hardly more modern than Clementine.

All the time Marna was sitting very still, not listening to the music but waiting for the grate of brass rings on a brass rod, as the curtain of the box was pushed aside. She thought she knew just about what he would say to her: "Well, yes, it is rather better than washing the dishes in Goresport." Of course they would pretend that they were merely old acquaintances—and how poor Julius would tremble for fear that one of them would betray the old tie between them. . . . It would be rather fun to make Julius nervous.

The final song of the glee club—The Star-Spangled Banner. Everyone stood up, the performance was over. He wasn't coming—he hadn't come. Marna could hardly believe it.

The lights went up. She was seen standing in her box. The audience cheered her again and again. She waved her hand and smiled her great curving smile at them. Mr. Cavalho and Mr. Meyer stood back, smiling at her too.

Cavalho murmured: "There's an hour or more before my train for the West is due. Meyer suggests we go to his house and have supper."

"That is a great trick—to motor all night," said Mr. Meyer.

"She learned it in California," said Mr. Cavalho, "where we have such wonderful roads that ——"

"My dear friends," said Marna, kissing both hands, and added over her shoulder, "I promised to go to Mrs. Lansing's, after all"

"To Mrs. Keith Lansing's!" whispered Mr. Meyer, obviously impressed.

Cavalho approved of the change of plan: it was what he described as the right kind of publicity.

"Will you come with me?" she asked, turning at last from the sea of admiration below her.

"No," he said, "I'll stay with Meyer, but I'll stop for you; it's on my way to the station. You'll be sure to come at once. I don't want to miss my train."

"Oh, I'll come," she answered. She foresaw a good exit.

It was a short drive through the streets under the bare elms from the theater to Mrs. Lansing's. Adulation no longer intoxicated Marna; it stimulated and calmed her. All fear passed from her. She had been a little afraid of doing something stupid—crude—for the word still hung like a menace over her—but most of all afraid of betraying her secret and of treachery to Julius, who had no idea that Paul was likely to be a guest of the great lady.

But leaning back in her car, tightly wrapped in her ermine, she felt able to dominate Paul and Mrs. Lansing—and indeed all comers. She was no longer Mollie Mason, the indecently dressed high-school student; nor was she Paul's wife, who had slaved vainly to make him happy—she was Marna La Marne, the beloved ingénue of the screen—Marna La Marne.

Her car stopped before the door of a large double house with a squat tower that made it look like a locomotive. Marna swept up the steps and into the hall; an extremely correct English butler opened the door.

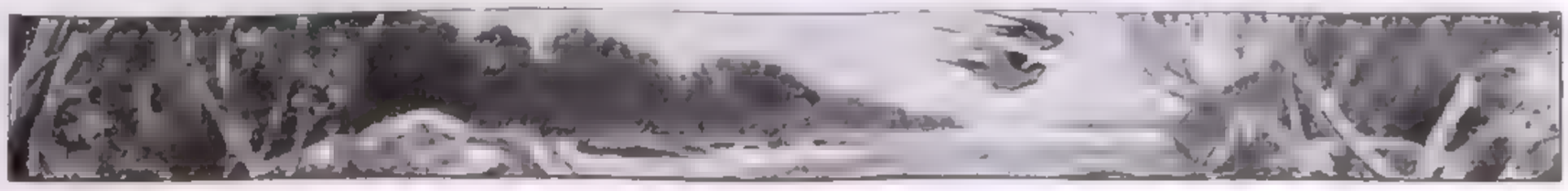
"Is this Mrs. Lansing's?" said Marna. There was just a hint in her tone that she had anticipated something better than this.

Before the man had time to answer, Mrs. Lansing herself hurried out of the drawing-room to meet her—as royalty must always be met. Marna saw with regret that her hostess had hardly aged at all in the years since last they met—a handsome calm woman in black velvet, with parted hair and a gold fillet about her brows. There was no recognition on Mrs. Lansing's part. It would have taken a genius in physiognomy to see in this tall slender beauty the same trembling high-school girl of an incident she had entirely forgotten.

"It was so nice of you to change your mind and come after all," Mrs. Lansing was saying. "I have asked only a few people to meet you. I didn't want to tire you out with a great crowd of all the people who wanted to come—just an interesting little group."

Marna did not answer—she had not heard a word. She was trying to decide whether in the great roar of voices that was issuing from the open drawing-room door she could detect Paul's voice. She did not answer, but she smiled, which she usually found quite sufficient. Then, dropping her cloak and giving a few tweaks to her flounces, she allowed herself to be led toward the great room.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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NORTH OF NOWHERE

(Continued from Page 17)

he felt much the same as he had felt two years before, when he dammed the Octave above Town 9. As soon as L'Eveque could swallow the tube, he pumped out the residue of whisky to alleviate shock, and the job was done.

They stood watch and watch for ten days, Father Cyprien and Craddock, and drank a bumper of brandy to each other when L'Eveque bolted his first real meal from the kitchen—salt pork and mashed potatoes slightly bitter from frost, beans and a soggy pudding that swam in stewed prune juice.

"*Z'at fa'm!*" he said, and smiled his great white-toothed smile.

A thing like that clings to a man's mind as a scar stays on his flesh. Raw and damp and painful it is for a week or so, then it fades to a nervous itch, but it is always there more or less to remind him of its first stark pain. Craddock had done it with fingers and toes, and once a hand that had been frozen solid, but L'Eveque's leg rather got him. He was getting old and losing grip. He brought the great company calendar in from the bungalow kitchen and marked off the days until that distant fifteenth of May when they could begin to look for the first steamer—one hundred and ninety-five days, during any hour or any minute of each one of which the same thing might happen to him. A loose floor board to let him through, a misstep, rotten ice, or a slack belt at the mill.

Where he had been cautious before, he became actually timid now. Always when he went out to the operations he took someone with him. When the job was slight, he sent someone. His evenings began to drag so slowly on his hands that he was afraid of them and took to trudging over the hill to Father Cyprien's or looking in on the boys in the boarding house.

Christmas came and went as it always did, with the men coming down from the camps for a modicum of howling drunkenness, which he always shut his eyes to unless the fighting became too free-for-all. The little cracked bell of the chapel tonked all morning like a fog-bound channel buoy, and snively nosed children hugged stocking dolls to them meanwhile they smeared their mouths and gorged their stomachs with snow wax. For himself, Christmas had never been anything but the twenty-fifth of December, since Mary's going. He watched the children trudge over the hill in the afternoon for Father Cyprien's pathetic little Christmas party and wished for a longing moment that he had one or two of his own. Old Mrs. Massick had a daughter down St. John way, but he had no one nearer than Mary's brother's boy. If he died, his money would probably go to him. He ought to fix that up somehow. After all these years of work it was wicked not to have your money go somewhere—do some good to someone near you

Toward the latter part of January both telegraph wires went down. He sent out two crews of men to look for the break, but it was way beyond their patrol range and up to Wingan or Rock City to find it. Meanwhile Epiphany was shut off from the world. It happened every winter. Two days later something happened at Number 8 that had never happened in his domain before. A man was killed by a cant hook in the hands of another man who had struck from behind. When the news reached Epiphany, it came slowly and uncertainly. The men who brought it seemed to take it for granted. They shrugged and spread their hands. "He steal Joe Mahoo's woman. *V'là*, Joe keel, boss."

"Is that so?" roared Craddock. "Well, if you hunks think that can go on —— Where is he? I don't care if he stole fifty women—where is Joe?"

The men shrugged. "He go north. Maybe Indian *sarez.*"

Craddock snapped over his shoulder to Simms: "Get Andrews and Logan over here from the mill."

Simms rustled into his Mackinaw and cap, and bolted. Craddock reached into his desk drawer for a long blue gun. While the men watched him, he whirled the cylinder and strapped on his belt. He said nothing, but three-quarters of an hour later, he and Andrews and Logan, with packs on their backs, were slogging up the swept bed of the Octave, their shoes kicking up a thin angry snow rift from the frozen webs. At Number 8, Craddock slammed open the cookhouse door while the gang was at dinner. He walked up to the foreman.

"Where is he?"

The men stopped eating and stared.

Diette stood up. "He go north, boss."

"Did you try to stop him?"

"He do it at night. We see trail, but not follow heem."

"Let me tell you somethin', Diette." Craddock's eyes blazed. "This is the first white-man killin' since I took this job fifteen years ago! It's the last—got it? I'm going to get Joe and turn him over. I'll give you one more chance to run this camp, but if there's any more trouble, out you go."

"He steal Joe's woman."

"Yeah. Well, I don't give a damn, see? I'm deputy commissioner here and there'll be no killin' over women or anything else. Has he got a gun?"

"*Sais pas*, boss."

Andrews touched Craddock's elbow. "Scronomac," he said—"it's the only place he could go. He thought these fellows would cover him."

"Scronomac, eh?" snapped Craddock.

Diette shrugged.

For twelve hours Craddock and Logan and Andrews slogged northward out of the company's operations on a four-day-old trail. At midnight they left the Octave's bed and dead-reckoned it across four miles of shed to the Epiphany and into Scronomac. They stumped into the first rough hut and turned everybody out—men, women and children.

"White man!" they hissed.

A stupid halfbreed pointed across the slight drop to a snow-heaped hovel. They slid down and climbed the bank. Outside the door Craddock yelled: "Come on, Joe! We're here for you!"

There was no answer, but the sound of someone moving inside. Craddock leaped at the door and carried it down under his weight. A gun roared like thunder under the low roof of the shack and clods of snow slopped down from the bowed branches of the sheltering tamaracks. There was a yell and a crack of fists in flesh as Logan and Andrews dove in through the shattered doorway.

Two days later they brought Joe Mahoo into Epiphany and locked him up in the cellar of the boarding house, to wait for the wire to be spliced to Wingan, so a constable could come down and take him back to a cell at the police station.

When the constable got through toward the end of February, the last brown scab flake was gone from the bullet scar on Craddock's cheek bone, but his eye was still pulled at the corner from the powder burn that had practically cost him his sight. The constable took depositions from Diette and the witnesses at Town 8 and took Craddock's affidavit.

"You want to add Resisting Arrest to this, too, don't you, supe?"

"No," said Craddock. "He didn't resist long enough."

The man laughed. "If he'd resisted a little better ——"

"The main thing is we got him, ain't it?"

"All right."

In March, Craddock forgot about his calendar and the spring steamer. The last forty days before the first thaw began to slip away so fast that he was afraid. He spent his days with the scaler, going over the operations, checking up on the wood that was in at waterside, estimating the wood that could still be brought in, and making out his rough figures for the year's work. For three weeks he never slept a night at Epiphany, but rolled in wherever he found himself and slept in bunk houses. After that, he and Andrews went over every inch of the sluices on the whole operation and spent a final week in checking up on the fall overhaul of the rossing mill.

The thaw held off, however, and the sled tracks were still as strong as Bessemer-steel rails. More and more wood came in to the river sides. And the last of April, Craddock, after three long nights spent in the office at Epiphany, knew that his last year's work would top any previous year on the operation. The thought warmed him with a deep glow of satisfaction. Nervously he waited. Eventually the thaw came as it always comes and the wood started slowly in. The first log splashed from the sluice into the rossing-mill pond. Men caught it and fed it to the chain belt; up, up it went into the mill slot. The saws shrieked and bit it into pulp lengths. Down it went against the stone jaws of the rossers.

Craddock rubbed his hands together and trudged back up to the bungalow.

The Guide came a week later with all the magazines and newspapers of the winter, with Shanley, from the Aquaam Operation, to take over as superintendent of Epiphany. For three weeks Craddock led him over the operations and told him the story. Shanley was an old wood hand and didn't need much breaking in. He took hold at once and there was nothing much left for Craddock to do but pack.

The last day was a busy one, but late in the afternoon, when his last roped box was dumped on the wharf and his crated phonograph stood beside them, he went alone up over the hill and into the little inclosure. He stood for quite a while with his head bared.

"Good-by, Mary," he said simply. "We done it—you an' I." Then his heart broke within him and the tears came. "But why couldn't you of stayed?" he blurted. Almost at once he slammed his hat on and turned on his heel.

All of Epiphany came down to see him off. He stood in the darkness waiting for the Guide's whistle as she dropped anchor. Father Cyprien stood beside him.

"Look," Craddock said at the last minute. "Don't put that talkin' machine aboard. You take it, padre. I'll get another." He shook hands once more as the lights of the steamer rounded the point.

"Good-by, Joe"

"'By, boys."

Father Cyprien's was the last hand he shook. His voice was husky: "My friend."

"Be good t'em, padre." He jumped into the tender, the motor chugged and the office lights drifted off behind him. He could hear voices murmuring above the engine's cough, but they died in a moment and the darkness shut in all about him, with the Guide's lights far ahead on the black waters. He shrugged his shoulders uncomfortably. "Well, I made it," his mind whispered to his heart.

He was in Quebec in three days and Montreal in four. In Montreal he went to a tailor to have his big frame draped in loose comfortable tweeds of generous cut. He had a doctor look at his eye. He went into every moving-picture theater he saw and sat comfortably in the darkness watching the film unroll vistas of great houses and fine ladies before him. He gorged himself with restaurant food and bought all the magazines with pictures and stories in them. He had his shoes shined every day. He had a barber shop give him the whole works from shave to shampoo and manicure, and went back the next week to have it done all over again.

Presently, when the loneliness of hotels and crowded streets settled upon him, he packed up and went to Hamilton to see Mary's brother and his boy. He stayed

(Continued on Page 109

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Continued from Page 106

three weeks. The boy wanted to go to a training ship when he was old enough and get into the merchant marine. They had several talks about it, and Joe half promised that he should do it. After he returned to Montreal he got to thinking seriously about the boy and about himself. Himself he laughed off easily. This was just like his summer month off, only it was two months now and still going on, and it always would go on

He went to a lawyer and made a will. Then he settled five thousand dollars on young Charlie when he should reach his sixteenth birthday.

After that, for want of something better to do, he packed up again and shoved off for New York. After a mild week of sightseeing and theaters and movies, he went down one day to the huge building the company occupied now—the building he'd helped them into, although he didn't think of it that way—and asked for Mr. Slobeck, the Eastern Division Chief. It seemed funny to see the same company name chiseled in marble over the great bronze-doored entrance, to see pictures on the waiting-room walls of Aquaam and Central and Epiphany River and all the rest. While he had labored all winter, that Epiphany picture had hung serenely there in its massive frame, with office boys and trim stenographers pattering along the carpet below it. Customers had probably looked at it and said, "Like to go there sometime. Is the hunting good?" Craddock grinned to himself.

Slobeck talked to him for more than an hour; asked him how things were going and told him what Shanley was doing. They went out to luncheon together at a better, quieter restaurant than he'd ever been in in his life and talked incessantly of Epiphany. Funny how he wanted to know every little detail that had happened since he left. Luncheon over, Slobeck shook hands and put on his hat to go back to the office. Craddock half wanted to go back with him to talk some more. It struck him suddenly that Slobeck was much older than he was.

"Well, have a good time. By the way, what are you going to do now?"

"Travel a bit," Craddock shrugged. "Settle down somewhere, later, I guess."

"Well, good luck; and if there's ever anything we can do for you, call on us. We owe you a lot. Good-by." They shook hands again.

The Subway seemed hotter and dirtier, and the streets more crowded and breathless. He went uptown to a movie he had in mind, but he had to leave, for it was a terrible thing about dynamiting log jams and a wood feud, engendered by the mind of a director whose contact with wood went no further than a postprandial toothpick. He went across the street to another theater, but he was getting sick of movies. Perhaps travel would be a good idea. He wished he had some friend to travel with. Slowly he crossed Forty-third Street to Fifth Avenue. Two men coming out of a club entrance shook hands. One of them said, "See you tonight, Joe."

"Sure thing."

He started for a moment, for he thought, in his reverie, the man was speaking to him. "Nonsense," his mind said. "You don't know no one in New York but Slobeck." He went on up Fifth Avenue, and suddenly the sign of a travel bureau caught his eye He went in awkwardly and moved over to a desk that held folders. Hawaii, Bermuda, England, Japan. He picked up two or three; then one caught his eye—Canada. He thumbed it over and looked at the pictures.

"Is there anything I can do for you, sir?"

"No, I guess not, son. I'm goin' t' take a coupla these, if you give 'em away."

That night, in bed, he looked the folders over. The lake country, smooth and green and fragile. Hamilton's coral strands and white houses. Helmeted figures in red coats—a gentle, polite little place of ancient years and customs. The beach at Waikiki leis and ukuleles. Diamond Head smiling through the mist. Nikko—a riot of gold and red lacquered temples, decorated with heathen gods. Then Canada with its untrodden miles, its army corps of majestic timber sweeping to the low skies

He put them away a bit wistfully. He didn't want to travel.

"What's the matter with me?" he asked his mirror one morning as he tied his tie. "What th' hell's got inta me?"

He decided it was New York and hotels, and that the time had come for his cottage and a sensible woman who could do for him—a good cook who could get up meals that he liked. He took the first train back for Montreal and got himself a real-estate agent. It took him a week to decide he didn't want to settle near Montreal. New Brunswick was the place, or maybe Hamilton, so he could be near Charlie and his boy. But somehow he couldn't decide. He wanted a cottage like that bungalow at Epiphany—a view like that and some people near him who knew the wood game and could talk to him over the pipes and glasses in the evening.

He ought to have a little work to do, to keep his hand in. Perhaps he could get a part-time job at something that would just keep him occupied for part of the day—something to cure this boredom. It was the first of September now and the boys would be going in again. The Guide and the Labrador would be making their last few trips before the ice, their decks loaded with baled hay and crowded with singing contractors' men, swilling whisky blanc up forward and stamping their calked pacs in time to their songs.

The company schooners would be going down for the last time, loaded with barrels of salt pork, sacks of beans and great pails of pie filling for the long winter's larder. Nails and hame straps, chain lengths and cant hooks, blankets and medicines—all the cruel cold things of life North of Nowhere all the lost, familiar things that had been his life for forty years.

Some irresistible urge took him to Quebec to see the winter exodus. He spent all one morning down at the customs house watching the Labrador load and shove off. There'd be snow soon down there, great wet flakes falling gently on Mary. Suppose he died? He must put that in his will. He must force them to take him back up to the place he had made and put him beside her.

Through sheer loneliness he went into the Quebec office and asked for MacIntosh. Mac yelled at him from the inner office as soon as his name went in: "Joe! You old son!" They roared toward each other and shook hands mightily. "What the hell you doin' here?"

"Business," he said lamely. "Thought I'd drop by on my way. How's Shanley gettin' along?"

"Not so good. Been sick all summer."

He stayed four days. When the wire came, Mac called him at once.

"Joe," he said, "Shanley's done fer. They're sendin' him back on the Guide's last trip."

Something rose in his throat and choked him. His eyes swam until he couldn't see the telephone.

"But you can't!" Mac was yelling. "The ice'll be in at Île des Lacs. It's the last trip of the steamer!"

"Across to Lévis and a train to Rivière du Loup; Matane tomorrow night and a schooner across the gulf. Feed the captain free all winter, if he's caught in —— Andrews can't handle the job and the operation'll go to pot."

His hands were burned from falling against the schooner's auxiliary engine, and the seat of his pants was ripped away where a nail had caught it as the pitching hurled him down the companion ladder. His forehead was bruised from another bump, but he leaped out on the dock in front of the office before the Pucelle d'Orléans was tied up.

Father Cyprien was there to meet him, and Simms and Andrews. It was just as if he was back from summer leave. They all shook hands and went into the office together, and when he was ready to go up to the bungalow, Father Cyprien walked up with him.

"Josephine's having trouble with her husband," he said. "He hit her last week. Perhaps you could talk to him about it. I've tried, but he's not a good churchman."

They passed a great shadow stumping down the path

"Hello, L'Eveque! How goes it?"

L'Eveque smiled in the darkness. "*Soir*, M'sieu boss! *Bien*. Good *pied*. No git cold now."

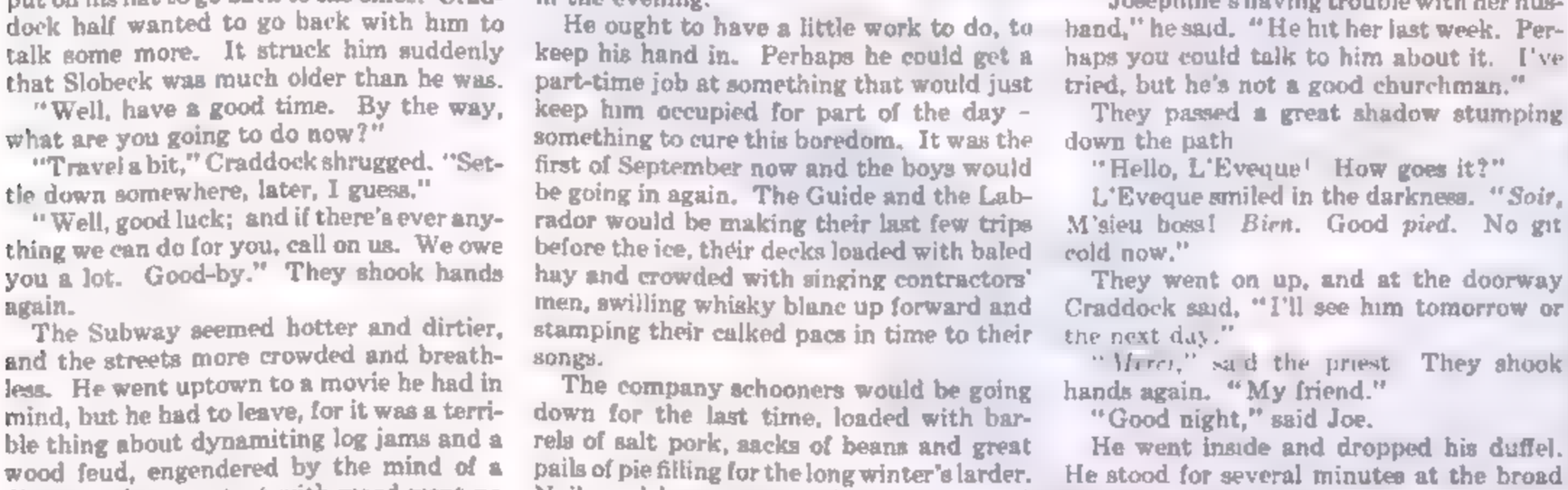
They went on up, and at the doorway Craddock said, "I'll see him tomorrow or the next day."

"*Merci*," said the priest They shook hands again. "My friend."

"Good night," said Joe.

He went inside and dropped his duffel. He stood for several minutes at the broad windows that looked out across sixty-five miles of gulf, drumming idly on the windowpane. He could see the priest's shadowy form trudging up over the hill. Beyond was the pitiful little company cemetery. He nodded toward it.

"I come back, Mary," he said. Then he lit a candle and went up to bed. As he fell asleep he was wondering about getting the new tractors out to Town 9. "Wait till the Octave freezes an' run 'em up the ice."



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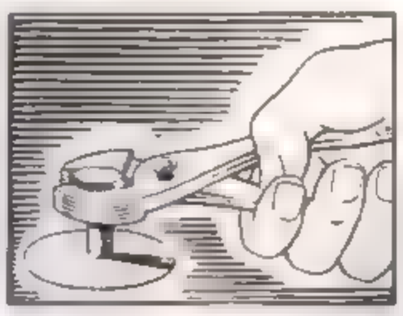

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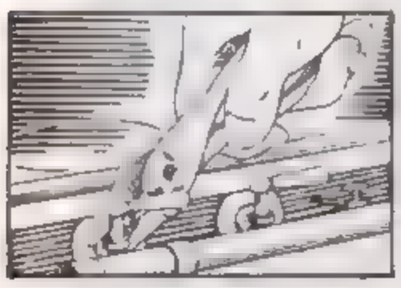

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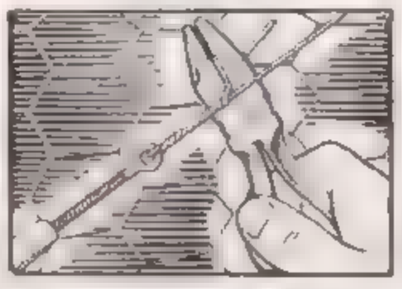

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KRAEUTER PLIERS

"Ask Any Mechanic"

THE DESERT'S DUSTY FACE

(Continued from Page 23)

rose and bowed with a charming Old World courtliness of manner they practiced at his Chummery and smiled back at her, his boyish face flushed with pleasure. Gosh, she remembered who he was! Lovely ladies do not always remember who the juniors are in a country where it is so difficult to know anyone whose pay is under two thousand rupees a month.

"Come and join us, Mr. Gray," she called.

Gerry picked up what remained of his lime squash and came. Sir Richard eyed him coldly. What Sir Richard felt toward impecunious junior assistants was classic.

"So you've started riding?" said Geraldine. "What fun! Is it your own horse?"

"Yes; isn't it absolutely topping? An aunt left me some money and I've bought Sunny with some of it. I never dreamed I would have a horse of my own for years and years, of course. And I can't tell you what a nice thing she is. I mean, so good-mannered and a mouth like butter. I'm going to ride her in the horse show myself. It's rather cheek, of course, for I may fall off; but I couldn't bear anyone but me to take the old girl round. We understand each other so thoroughly."

She laughed and said, "And those smart breeches—are they also out of the aunt's legacy?"

"No, I borrowed these. They belong to Peter Tait. And the boots are the firm's boots. Anyone can have them who wants them."

He stuck out one of them, black and comely. Scorn on Sir Richard's knightly face showed what he thought of young men in borrowed breeches and universal boots.

"Let's go for a ride together one day. Can you?" said Geraldine.

Could he?

Sir Richard said coldly, "The ground will soon be too bad for you to ride, Geraldine. Do not start making these rash plans."

The way she disregarded her papa was masterly. "What about Tuesday next?" she said.

"You are playing golf with your mother," put in Sir Richard sternly. Geraldine retorted, as bright as could be, "Oh, but I can easy get out of that, darling."

Sir Richard was not pleased. He tucked her into the motor and took her home, disapproval writ large on the knightly features that gave Gerry a cold bow through the window.

But Geraldine waved her hand to him and threw him a smile. And all Gerry's world was lit by a rosy light, although it was a black, overpoweringly close and leaden evening in the rains.

He went back and whistled so blithely in his bath that Rob King shouted to him to shut up.

"I've a head that's enough to kill anyone and a pain in my middle," said Rob. "So don't be so infernally full of *joie de vivre*."

"If some castor oil would be of any use ——" began Gerry. He got one of the firm's boots at his head and retired hastily, closing his door behind him. He would have liked to sit on the edge of his bed all the evening remembering the smile Geraldine had given him, taking it out of his memory and having another look at it. But he had to get down to the business of Mark and Dolores.

Mark did not come in until after twelve, and Gerry had to sit up for him. The only chance you got for a quiet word with a chap in the Chummery was late at night when the other chaps were asleep.

Mark Hill was sitting on his bed, wearing a white banian and a pair of Chinese silk trousers.

He said "Well?"

It was difficult to know how to begin.

"I happened to see you in the jungle this afternoon, Mark."

"Well, whose business is that but my own?"

"Don't be a futile ass, Mark. You know very well that sort of thing leads to no good."

Mark lit a cigarette. "That's where you happen to be wrong, young Nosey Parker. In this case it's going to lead to matrimony."

Gerry gave a low dismayed whistle. Things were even worse than he thought.

"Mark, you don't mean to say that you've been ass enough ——"

"Miss de Valentino and I are engaged, so you had better be very careful what you say."

"Will she still want to be engaged to you when you get the jolly old sack for thinking of marrying her?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know quite well any chap in this show who marries a lady from the Lower Poozendaung Road gets the sack."

"Miss de Valentino is the daughter of an Englishman—and don't let me hear any more of your nasty insinuations, please. Her father was a captain in the navy. All the beastly talk and gossip that goes on in this place makes me sick."

"My dear old chap, you surely aren't going to pretend that she's not—well, a bit beige, shall we say?"

"Miss de Valentino is as white as I am, and I will ask you to be careful of what you say about her before me."

"Have you told Bunker yet?"

"No, but I'm going to—quite soon."

"And you mean to say you think she will marry you when she realizes it will mean marrying you without a job? You know what happens to chaps out here when they marry without the firm's permission."

Mark fixed him with an angry eye. "What right have you to come here criticizing me anyhow? I've been out years longer than you have. What do you know about anything? Have you any conception of what love is?"

"Dunno whether I have or not, but I know what making a complete prize ass of oneself is."

Mark arose swiftly. A bootjack stood on the table beside him. He hurled it at Gerry's head. Gerry ducked and it hit the wall beyond him and fell with a crash.

"Clear out!" shouted Mark, infuriated.

Gerry went. "Getting lots of things at my head today," he said. "First the boots, now the jack. But it's my lucky day. None of them have hit me so far."

Rob King, irate in his dressing gown, came into the passage. "What the devil is all this noise? Get to bed and stop ragging at this time of night. I'm feeling like death, and if anyone else wakes me up I'm sorry for him."

Gerry went to his room, but he did not sleep. He lay on his back, his hands behind his head, thinking hard—thinking until dawn came and broke up all the night sky and let the sickly intermittent sunshine of a rainy morning through. It seemed to Gerry there was only one course open to him. They couldn't let old Mark go all to pieces at the eleventh hour, after the trouble they had taken with him. Besides, they did not want a whole lot of local talk about their Chummery.

Rob, holding his head at the breakfast table, said, "What's wrong with you, Gerry? You look a bit boiled this morning."

Gerry said blithely, "Never mind. I've got it."

"Got what? The pain?"

"No, an idea. . . . I say, Rob, if your pain is so bad you ought to tell Bunker and see the doctor."

"When a man is sick he falls into the hands of women," said Rob bitterly, "and from that may the Lord preserve me."

He went into the office with a gray face. Gerry looked after him anxiously. What with one thing and another thing, and Mark's poor heart and Rob's pain, the chaps in the Chummery were in a bad way.

It was altogether rather a ticklish job. Gerry did not like it, but he had to go through with it. He rang Dolores up at the office where she was at present holding up the correspondence with her typewriting. What floored him was to know where to ask her to meet him. Then he remembered that Mark had asked him for a loan of the firm's boots on Wednesday to attend a meeting of the Mounted Company of the Volunteers. That would keep him safely out of the way. Gerry would ask Dolores to meet him at the country club, which was mostly deserted in the evenings.

So he said "I wonder if you will do me a great honor." Dolores was only too pleased, and was quite overawed with admiration for herself at this fresh and quite unexpected conquest. "Come and have tea with me at the country club on Wednesday afternoon at 4:30. I'm Mr. Gray, of Green & Hawthorne's, you know."

"Kind of you, I'm sure," said Dolores over the telephone. "Were you not there the other day when I was out with Mr. Hill? Indeed I thought I saw you."

"That was the very same me. I saw you too. At 4:30, shall we say?"

Gerry went up to the Chummery feeling like a criminal. He hoped Dolores would have the sense to say nothing to Mark. It was a dirty trick he was playing, but when a chap was such an ass as old Mark it left a chap no choice but to play him a dirty trick for his own good.

Back in his own room, Gerry seated himself at the writing table. Sadly, in painstaking letters of large print, he made out a notice:

FOR SALE: BAY WHALER MARE SUNNY 14.2. VERY NICE TEMPERED

He sat gazing miserably into space, all lost among the lovableness of Sunny. What else could he say? Owner only parting for financial reasons. . . . They would rag him in the Chummery. He could tell them his aunt's legacy hadn't materialized. He'd have to tell them something.

Gerry arrived very punctually at the country club on Wednesday. His heart sank into his shoes, for the first person he saw was Geraldine—Geraldine, standing on the veranda, apparently just about to go for a ride. If only she would go quickly. He did not in the least want her to see Dolores. She might possibly think Dolores was a friend of his.

"I say," he began sadly, "I'm afraid I shall not be able to ride next Tuesday. I've had to sell my horse."

Did he dream that her face fell? Oh, surely, he must have dreamed that.

"What hard lines," she said gently. "And you were so fond of her too. Whatever did you do that for?"

"Oh, well, I just had to. It's beastly bad luck and I'm awfully sorry. It's rather expensive keeping a horse, you see."

How he longed to tell her the whole story. When she saw Dolores in a few moments, as she must, because he could hear the taxi, he knew just what she would think. But a chap can't go blowing another chap's affairs all over Rangoon, so he squared his shoulders and went to get Dolores out of the taxi and hoped for the best.

Dolores was got up to kill in a scarlet sports suit She greeted him with quite unnecessary fervor and familiarity. Gerry saw Geraldine's eyes widen with horror—saw something of the sick disappointment on her pretty face as she saw that scarlet sports suit, with lips to match—that beige skin heavily powdered with white. Geraldine mounted and rode away into the jungle. But this time Gerry got no smile as she passed the veranda. She kept her little face disdainfully turned away.

Sick at heart, he gave Dolores tea. It was just what he had dreaded. Geraldine had jumped to the murkiest conclusions.

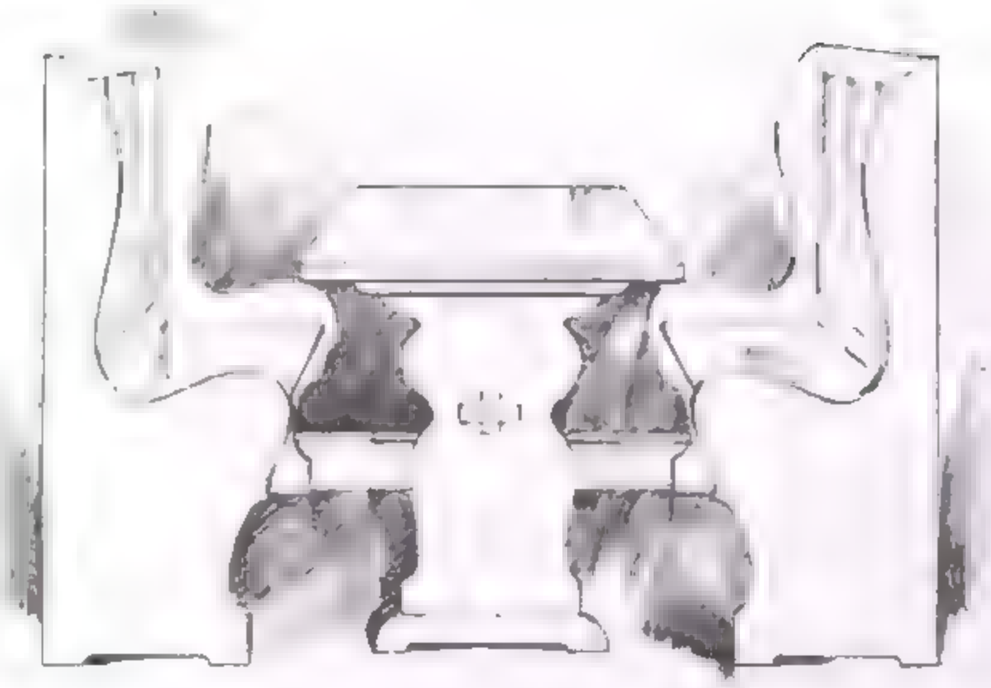
(Continued on Page 115)

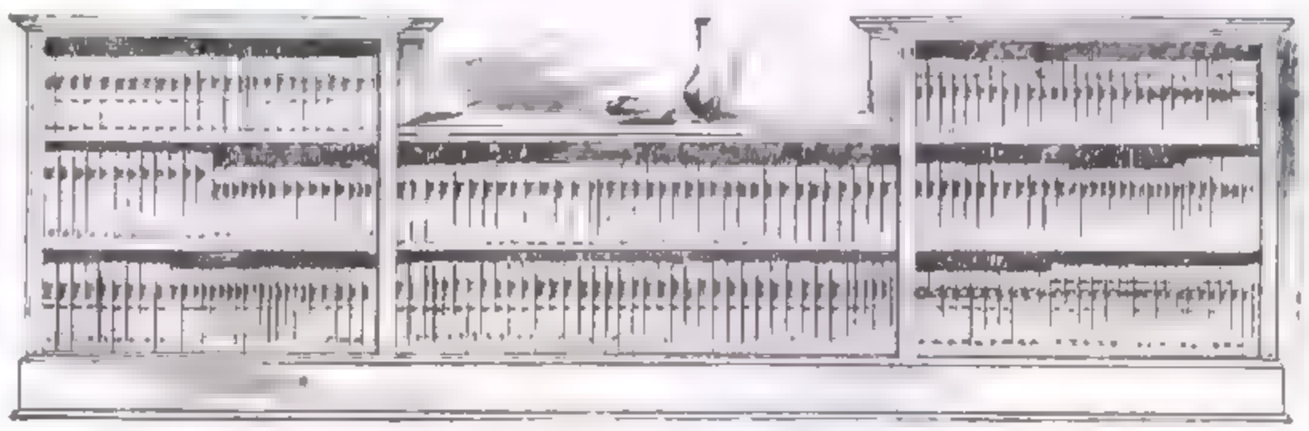
Corner Cupboard C-6504

Gay china and sparkling glassware are never more decorative than in a corner cupboard. This one is made in birch so you can paint it to match period furniture; and in oak to match furniture of Jacobean and similar styles. Only 28½ inches of clear space along each wall are necessary to install it. Three-ply wood backs; adjustable shelf in lower cabinet. Price in oak or birch from $55.90 to $62.89 including trim.

Dining Alcove Set C-6600

These high-back seats and table recall the design of quaint old Colonial and Early American settles. The set occupies a space not less than 64 inches nor more than 72 inches wide by 54 inches deep Price $39.31 to $44.22.





Bookcase Material C-6000

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Kitchen Cupboard C-6700

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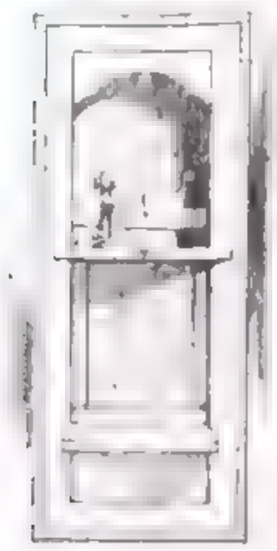
Telephone Cabinet C-6910

The door of this clever built-in cabinet lets down and forms a seat; bell box and directory inside; size over all 18¾ inches wide, 42¾ inches high. Price in birch, $15.55 to $17.49.



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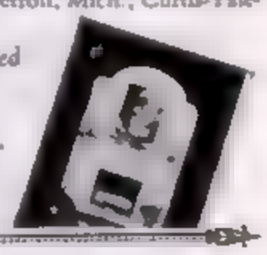

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VEGETABLES AND FRUITS
THE BRAND YOU KNOW BY HART

(Continued from Page 112)

"This is veree, veree kind indeed," said Dolores in her piercing voice. "I am happy to have this pleasure, for I have often wished I knew you better, Mr. Gray."

"Jolly kind of you and all that," said Gerry. He let her finish her tea before he got down to business. It would not do to come to the point too quick. She might turn nasty.

"Look here, Miss de Valentino, I want you to help me. You know Mr. Hill?"

Dolores laughed shrilly. "Oh, yes, indeed! I know him veree, veree well."

"You are, I think, engaged to him."

Dolores let her soft brown eyes fall modestly to her soft brown hands and did not deny the fact.

"Miss de Valentino, it's like this: I've—I admire you very much indeed, and have done so for some time. I can't bear to see you heading straight for unhappiness. Do you realize that if Mark marries now he will get the sack, and you won't have anything to live on at all?"

"And why should he get the sack indeed?" began Dolores. "For my father was a gentleman in the English Navy."

"Yes, yes, yes," said Gerry swiftly and soothingly; "we all know that. It's nothing whatever to do with that. There is a rule in Green & Hawthorne's that no assistant may marry until he has completed ten years' service. Now you see what I mean. You, I gather, have not got any money." Dolores shook her head. "And you don't want to marry a man without any, I'm sure."

Dolores shook her head again. "I had no idea," she said. "He did not tell me."

"It's not good enough for a good-looking girl like you to go and land yourself in a mess like that," said Gerry, rather breathless and perspiring about the brow. "At the same time I know it's rather difficult to get out of an engagement in Rangoon without a lot of talk. And that's where I will help you."

She looked at him hopefully, wondering what form his help was going to take. She knew he was several years junior to Mark and, so, hopeless as far as matrimonial assistance went. She liked this charming boy with his crisp curls. She smiled at him kindly.

"I will do whatever you think best," she said.

"Now why don't you go right away from Rangoon for a bit and forget all about this? Go to Ooty, or Mussoorie, or somewhere like that, where you'd have a jolly good time."

"Mr. Gray, how can I go there? I am a poor girl. I have no money."

"We're coming to that presently. I think you ought to be compensated for the whole of this wretched business, because in a way you got engaged to Mark under false pretenses, didn't you? Now what about three thousand rupees—the only stipulation that you write to Mark and break it off of your own accord and don't mention my name—and that sort of thing?"

She turned quite pale. Here was a colossal piece of luck! She had always longed to travel and get away from her old mother and all those curses in the vernacular. What might a girl with her looks and a dowry not accomplish?

"Three thousand," said Gerry. "Two down at this very moment and the third when you have written to Mark and fixed things up—and the bloke who buys my horse pays me for it." Dolores was quite breathless with gratitude. "And you'll go off at once to Ooty?"

"No—to Mussoorie. I have many friends there. Indeed, I am veree grateful to you, Mr. Gray, for helping me and explaining to me about Mr. Hill." She turned to him suddenly, her large eyes soft and pleading. "Mr. Gray, tell me why you have taken so much trouble over it all. After all, it was really not for you to bother about my poor affairs."

Gerry colored. "Oh, well, you see, we all rather cling together in our Chummery. A chap gets sort of attached to his firm and doesn't want to see other chaps getting the sack and that sort of thing when it can be avoided."

She smiled. She knew that he lied—that to see her was to love her, and to love her was forever. She wondered why she had not made more of this nice boy with hair that would curl in spite of whatever he did to it. He put her back into the taxi and said good-by. Bang went his aunt's legacy; but, after all, he had nothing to complain of. He was no worse off than he had been two months ago. And he couldn't let old Mark get had. Evan Stansfield would have been so sick if all the trouble they had had with him had ended in that.

Whistling softly, he walked to the notice board and read the notice that hung there, neatly printed in large letters. Then he blew his nose hard and walked out into the rain, whistling a tune in a minor key.

From the far end of the veranda Sir Richard Bying also arose. He, too, walked to the notice board and read the notice that hung there neatly printed in capitals of ink.

FOR SALE: BAY WHALER MARE SUNNY, 14.2. VERY NICE TEMPERED. OWNER ONLY PARTING FOR FINANCIAL REASONS. SALE BECAUSE OWNER IS SHORT OF CASH.

He stared at it for some time, chewing a cigar. All sorts of strange thoughts flooded the mind of the man who was a millionaire. And he saw for one moment a vision of the son he had wanted so much and had never had, and then he read some more about the bay whaler mare.

Then he walked out into the rain to meet Geraldine, who was returning from her ride. And he chewed his cigar and looked very thoughtful.

Sir Richard had been closeted with Bunker Green half the morning, and the upshot of it was they sent for Gerry.

Gerry, receiving the summons, scratched his head and said, "Oh, Lor', what 'ave I done?"

When he got into the chief's office Bunker Green had gone out to luncheon. Only Sir Richard sat there, chewing a cigar, and on his knightly features was written all he felt about junior assistants in general, such as was at that time classic in Rangoon.

He said "Sit down."

Down sat Gerry, in that frame of mind one gets when the chair comes sooner than a chap expects it. As far as he could see, there wasn't a single thing against him. If he had cherished dreams about Geraldine they had not been made public, and he had never in any way given her to understand he loved her—that is, not in any way a chap can help. For the life of him Gerry could not imagine what it was all about—unless someone had seen him with Dolores. Well, he could soon get the laugh on them over that.

So he sat perspiring a little. Sir Richard eyed him in a strange fashion. Just, thought Gerry, like an otter regarding its prey. Sir Richard then played with a pencil, as if the only thing that really mattered in life was playing with a pencil.

Then he said, "You are in the shipping department here, I think?"

"Yes, sir."

"Like the work?"

"It's absolutely toppin'. I mean—yes, sir, quite."

"It's a job that requires tact, of course. How long have you been on it?"

"About four years, sir."

Sir Richard played some more with his pencil. Now he added an India rubber and a paper clip to the fun.

He said, "A vacancy has occurred in the head office in London. We are organizing a new department there and I want to put it in charge of a young man with tact, initiative and enthusiasm for the job. How would you like to take it on?"

Stars, diamonds, clubs, spades and aces—all swam before Gerry's astonished eyes. A job at home! Head of a department instead of being third dog's body in the Rangoon shipping office. His knees felt weak.

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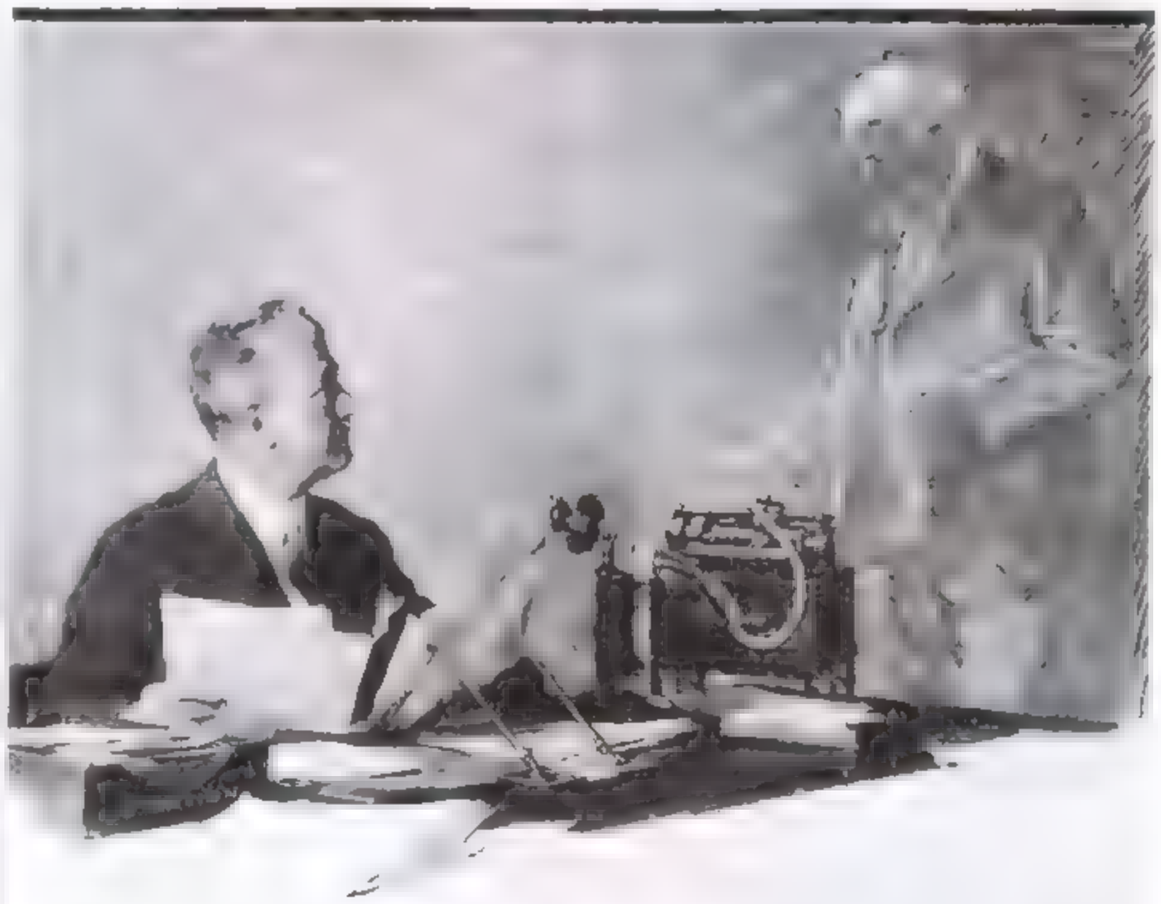

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"Provided you make a success of it and come up to my expectations," went on Sir Richard coldly, "there would eventually be the question of a partnership. As you are no doubt aware, I have no son of my own."

Gerry thought: "In a moment I shall wake up. The boy will say 'Six o'clock, sahib,' and present me with a cup of feverish-looking tea and a limp banana. No chap with any sense would ever for one moment imagine all this was really happening to him. It's just a dream—a dream, after perhaps too good a dinner."

But the voice of Sir Richard went on. And now he paused, obviously expecting an answer.

Gerry said breathlessly: "If you think I'd be any good, sir, I'd work like a beaver and enjoy every minute of it. But I don't know if I have got very much tact."

Sir Richard coughed. Sir Richard said, "Personally I thought that you managed the affair of the young lady in the scarlet sports suit with consummate tact." Now he was smiling. A delightful smile broke up all the sternness of his face. He got up and held out his hand.

"It's all fixed up with Green. You come back on the same boat with us. Better drop in tonight and break the news to Geraldine. She'll be interested, I'm sure."

As Gerry's weak knees carried him through the door, Sir Richard called after him, "We'll see you get some hunting next winter, Gray."

Was it not possible, Gerry thought, that people are a little hard on millionaires because they are millionaires?

Rob King was in bed. His pain had become acute and the doctor had sent in a nurse—a little slip of a thing with red hair and Irish blue eyes. Rob had fallen into the hands of women, and he lay on his bed, full of physic and resentment, and listened to Gerry's story. Beside the door stood the firm's boots, black and comely. Gerry had returned them with many thanks when he sold his horse.

Gerry was saying: "A job in the home office and a chance of a partnership. And going home on the same boat with them. And he said he'd see I got some hunting. He's not a bit what we thought. You ought to see him smile. It's too topping for words. And what do you think it can mean, Rob? Do you think he has any idea ——"

Rob said bitterly: "It's quite obvious to the meanest intellect what he means. In a high-handed fashion, he has lit upon you as a likely son-in-law and he's going to make it worth your while. I don't know what's come over this place. A positive wave of matrimony is washing over it."

The little red-headed nurse came in with another dose of medicine. Rob swallowed it obediently, his eyes following her with terror. Presently, when Gerry had gone, he saw the firm's boots, standing black but comely beside the door. Evan Stansfield's boots. Evan, the firm's most confirmed bachelor, had fallen into the hands of women. Gerry, who wore the boots next, had gone the same way. Now the boots were back in Rob's keeping and outside the door hovered that designing slip of a nurse. Was there something sinister and uncanny about those boots? Everyone who had them ——

Feverishly he rang his bell and sent for Mark Hill. Mark appeared, more saturnine and thinner than ever, for since he had had a letter from Dolores, in Mussoorie, he had joined Rob and they had busily been woman haters together for three weeks. He sat on the edge of Rob's bed, the thinnest man in Rangoon since 1921.

Rob said: "Will you do something for me—and at once? Take the firm's boots and go down right away to the mill and open the furnace and throw them right inside it with your own hand."

Mark raised his eyebrows. Poor old Rob, he was evidently a good deal worse than most of the chaps imagined.

He said soothingly: "Of course I will, old fellow. I'll do anything for you. But what's wrong with them?" He picked up the firm's boots and regarded them with thought.

Rob said guardedly: "Never mind. Do as I say. There is something very queer about them which I don't like, and I don't want to have them hanging about here."

Mark departed, the firm's boots in his hand.

In the passage he met the little red-haired nurse with Irish eyes, tripping along with a cup of opaque liquid, bluish of tint. The wide white flaps of her veil flowed behind her like the wings of an angel.

"He seems awfully bad this evening," said Mark anxiously.

"Nonsense! He has no fever at all now."

"Look at these perfectly good boots. He's made me promise to burn them."

The little nurse looked at them. "Och, sure and they're such good ones too. What a sin and a shame! I wonder would they fit me. I'm learning to ride in the school, but I can't afford to buy a pair of boots."

She was a nice little thing, and she gave her whole life up to doing things for other people. She wasn't just on the grab like so many women we know of. He was only too pleased to be able to do something for her.

He said: "I expect they'll fit you. They seem to fit anyone, these boots. Better try them. I don't suppose he really cares what happens to them so long as he doesn't see them again."

She took them, as pleased as Punch. "Thanks most frightfully," she said, smiling at him. How blue her eyes were—the little nurse. Off she went down the passage. Mark stood looking after her. The white flaps of her veil flew out behind her like the wings of an angel.

BUILDING A SKYSCRAPER

(Continued from Page 25)

true economy in building lies in time-saving; take care of the minutes and the dollars will take care of themselves.

The second stage is the business and managerial phase—the buy-out. For six weeks or more the builder's office is attended by subcontractors, consulting the plans and preparing their bids. These items may cost either more or less than estimated, but always they are the major expenses of building.

In the third stage the work is marshaled in lock step and performance is the test. The wrecker leads the procession of subcontractors. Wrecking is a business of magnitude in the large cities. If the building marked for demolition is a finely fitted old house, easy of destruction and containing much salvable material, the wrecker may pay as much as $10,000 or $15,000 for the privilege. If it is a relatively modern steel or concrete structure, we sometimes have to pay him as much as $100,000 to clear the site.

The Builder's Bible

His first act is to go through the building and pick up all salvable mechanical equipment, such as the elevator machinery, ventilating fans, motors, pumps, radiators and sometimes the boilers and plumbing fixtures, which he sells later at secondhand or as junk.

He next removes all doors and windows that have a resale value With the place stripped of salvage, he begins at the roof to wreck the masonry, dumping it down chutes into waiting trucks which carry the debris to barges. The barges are towed to sea and dumped. In many cities such refuse commonly is used in filling swamp land and bringing other depressions to grade, but New York is so vast and congested that it is cheaper commonly to haul the stuff out to sea than to try to find a local dump for it.

If the site is a large one, we must so plan the wrecking that we may start excavating at one end while the demolition still proceeds at the other. In Manhattan we know in a general way what to expect below the surface before we make our foundation test and borings, the opening reconnaissance of a general attack on an enemy intrenched from geological eras. The Velie topographical map, made by Egbert L. Velie, a surveyor, in 1865, still is our Bible after more than half a century, accurately placing the streams and swamps that have been effaced by the development of the city.

Steam shovels root out the soil and shattered rock; the air drills hiss and clatter, and blasts are smothered under mats of heavy woven cable. In the midst of this turmoil, the job engineers are running their levels, setting their grades and laying out the precisely accurate lines to which the column centers are set. Steel and foundation masonry must meet to within less than one-eighth of an inch, not alone because the engineering calls for it but because title policies demand a nice accuracy of location and city governments are jealous of the integrity of building lines.

After an apprenticeship as office boy, I was sent out as timekeeper on an outside job, pursuing the traditional novitiate of a builder, and there I first took part in the application of much that I had heard at second hand. It was the everlasting planning, the highly organized forethought, that impressed me; not merely the complex calculations of engineers and architects, but the planning of ways and means on the job how best to get the old buildings down, how so to conduct the wrecking that excavation could start at the earliest possible moment, when begun, how it could proceed at full speed without hindrance, how adjoining buildings, streets, pipes, conduits, could best be supported without damage to them or interference with our work.

It is a commonplace to catch up another skyscraper on one side and hold it in place while still deeper foundations are dug for a higher building, all without shaking a pinch of mortar out of that immense expanse of underpinned wall. As the advance footings are completed, they receive the thrust of longer shores that hold up the street and adjoining structures, while the earlier bracing is removed to permit the laying of more footings. When this is done with the ground waters rising and falling with the tide, quicksand oozing, springs bursting forth and surface waters washing while the builder keeps to an inexorable time schedule and budget, you have drama and romance and the hot breath of conflict. Then, truly, the builder has devised ways and means.

Sinking Through the Floor

I once worked on a job where we sank new and deeper foundations through the floor of the engine room of a skyscraper to which we were adding. The engine and dynamo rested on a bed of concrete ten feet thick. Water unlimited flowed in the gravelly soil below the engine bed and there we worked night and day, sinking the steel-sheath piling of a coffer dam just beside the fast-flying crosshead of the engine and the whirring dynamos delivering their power uninterruptedly. When we reached hardpan at thirty feet and began pouring concrete, we felt the elation of a battalion commander who has carried a redoubt and signaled the regiment to follow. The job of setting the base of the steel column was as nice a problem of field engineering as ever was carried out. The ten-ton column was lowered gently into place, bolted to the base and found to be precisely in position with respect to all other columns.

Where foundations have to be constructed at great depth through quicksands and

(Continued on Page 121)

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Solid Cushion

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Motor Coach Balloon

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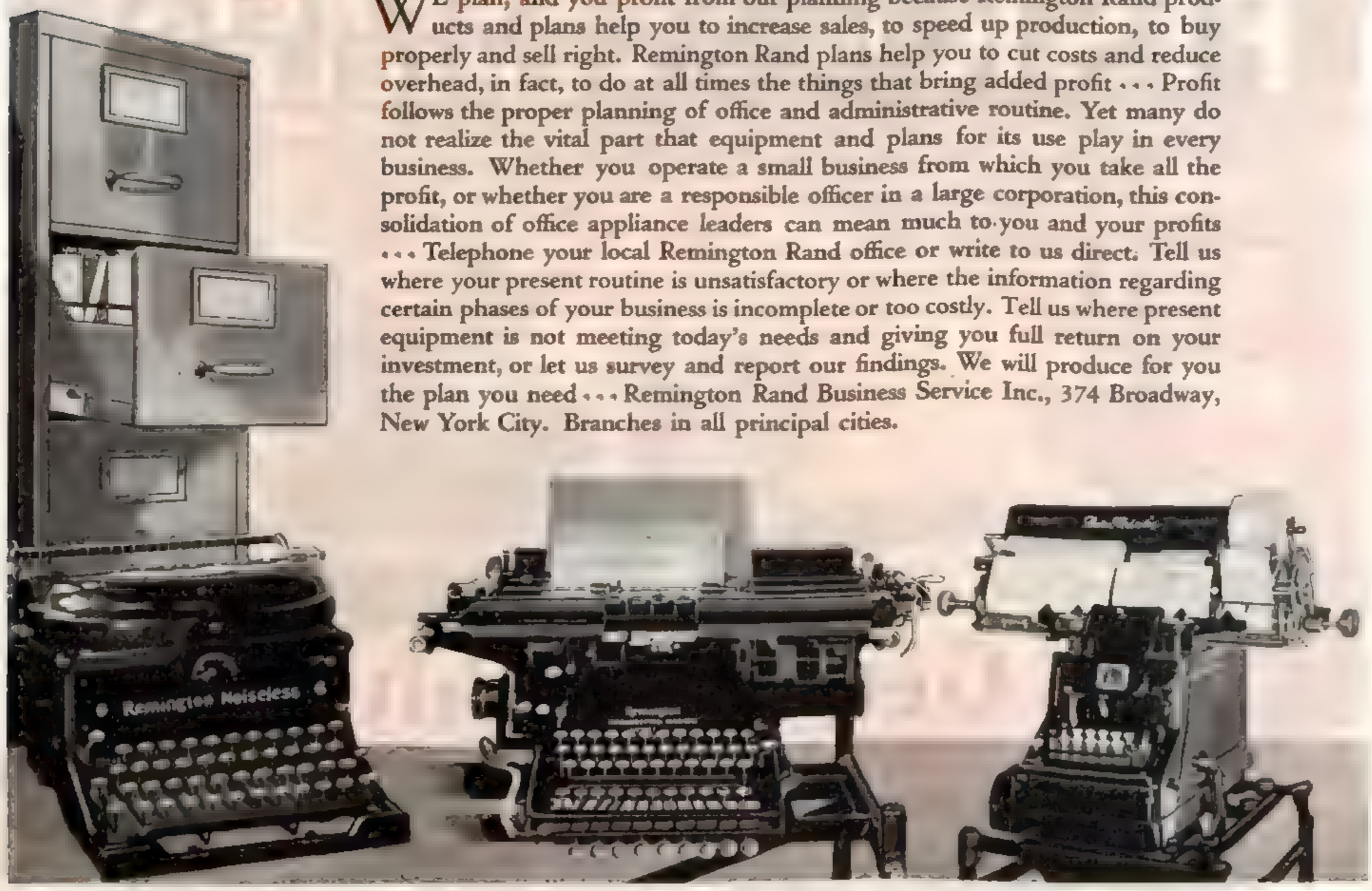

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Kardex visible record-keeping systems bring buried facts to light, constantly ready for profitable use. Kardex Sales records, Stock records, Credit records, Purchase records can be found wherever business is conducted. Time-saving, profit-assuring Kardex systems have been developed for every business purpose.

Safe-Cabinets are daily providing secure protection for more and more of the vital records of business. Safe-Files, Safe-Desks, Safe-Cabinet Vault Doors, and the famous Safe-Cabinets themselves are thoroughly tested, and their standards of performance are demonstrated *before* they are sold.

Dalton ten-key scientifically arranged keyboard machines are made for every figure problem, from the simplest addition to the most complicated bookkeeping. Daltons are built for speed, for touch method operation. They are famous for their dependability. And Dalton service is everywhere.

Powers punched card accounting and tabulating equipment handles statistical work and numerical tabulations with unbelievable speed and accuracy. For Pay Roll Records, for Sales Analyses, Powers prepares a printed sheet complete in every detail as to names, words and numbers. Every problem of general accounting can now be handled by Powers.

Library Bureau filing systems, filing equipment, filing supplies, filing cabinets have been the standard for almost three generations. For the furnishing of a simple alphabet set of guides, or for the installation of a complete filing department, Library Bureau is at your service.

Baker-Vawter Kalamazoo loose-leaf binders and record systems are available for every type of record, whether intensely active in the daily business routine or bound as a finished history of business activities. Quality, Durability, Beauty are the outstanding attributes of these loose-leaf products.

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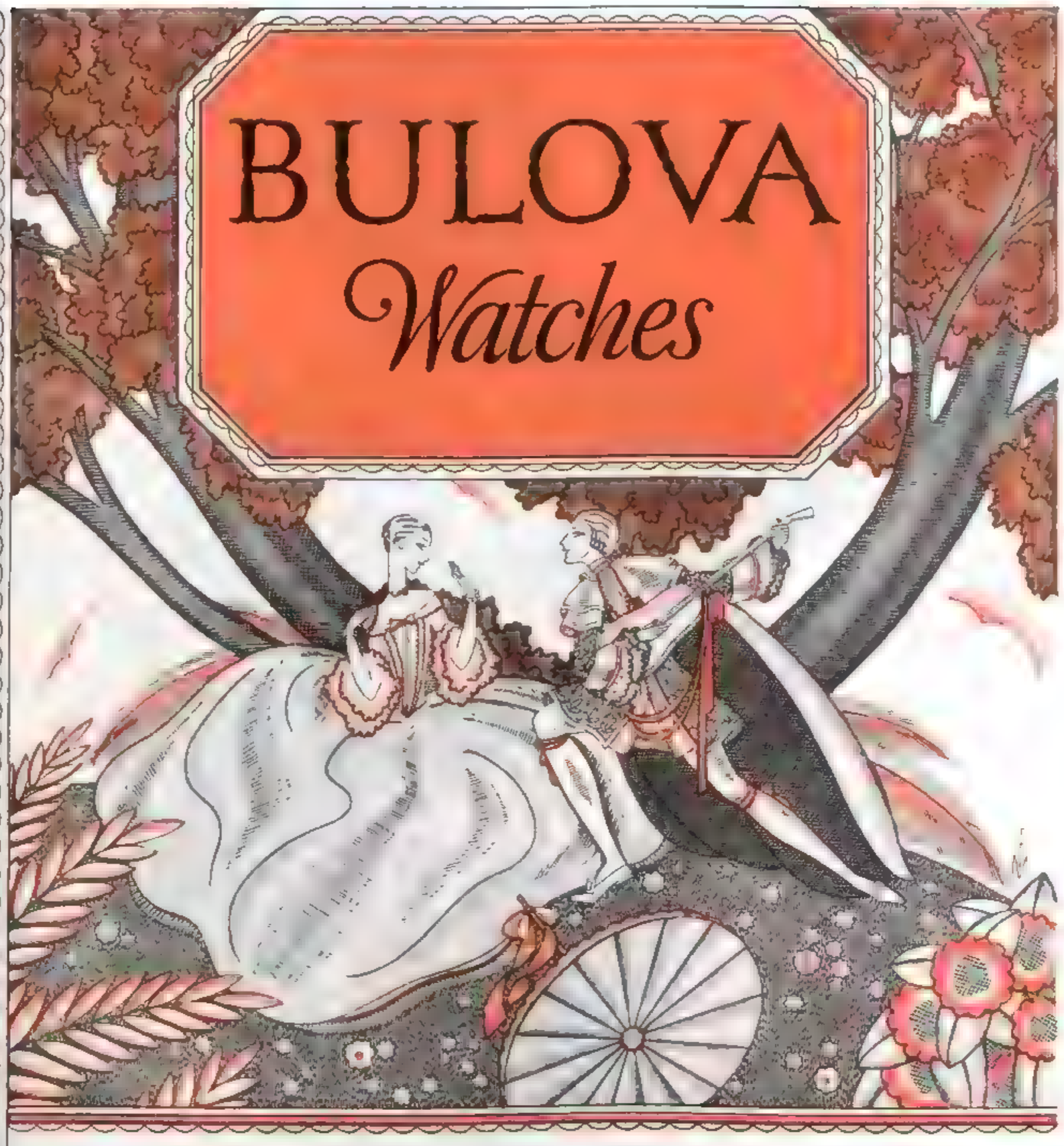
BULOVA *Watches*



This Assurance is Priceless

OF course, it is important to remember, in buying a watch, that it must be an accurate timepiece. And such a watch is Bulova—the culmination of all that has been achieved for centuries in the building of fine timepieces.

But to even the finest timepieces mishaps will occur. You may accidentally drop your watch, breaking a minute part. It is equally important, then, that your jeweler be able to replace the broken part accurately—so that your watch will be as dependable as it was before the mishap.

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Every Bulova jeweler has on hand, always, a supply of each tiny part that goes to make the Bulova standardized movement. Without delay, he can make the necessary replacements, and return your Bulova to you, as accurate, as faithful as the day you bought it. Bulova Watches, from $25 to $2500, vary in cost only as they vary in design—each a dependable timepiece.

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BREWSTER—15 jewel; radium dial; handsomely engraved.

Complete with new woven bracelet $37.50

AT THE BETTER JEWELERS···EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 116)

saturated soil, the pneumatic caisson usually becomes necessary. Invert an ordinary glass and press it down in a basin of water. The water level inside the glass will be noticeably lower than that of the water in the basin, the air in the glass holding back the water. Here, in substance, is a pneumatic caisson. Now if it were possible to introduce a rubber tube through the base of the glass, sealing the hole, and you were to blow through the tube, the water in the glass would recede farther. That is the principle of pneumatic pressure in caissons. The steam-driven compressor that puffs lugubriously day and night beside a caisson job is supplying the pressure that corresponds to blowing through the tube.

Fill the basin with wet sand and press the inverted glass into it. The level of the sand will be the same without and within, but, unseen, the water level in the saturated mixture inside the glass has receded under the compression of the air. Add pressure from the tube, and the water level will be forced slowly to the bottom of the rim.

A Barrel Inside Out

The great air-tight boxes or steel drums used in a caisson foundation job are only great glasses, plus the air locks on top. The sand hogs, working under air pressure, dig out the muck and sand far below the water level, load it into buckets and tap on the steel lock as a hoisting signal. The bucket is raised by a cable that passes through a rubber gasket fitting closely around it in the closed gates of the lock. As the bucket slides through the first gate, the latter closes behind it, impounding the pressure below again. As the first gate closes, the second gate opens in the lock, and the bucket is hoisted into the open air and dumped in a truck. It is returned by a reverse operation.

The men pass in and out much as the buckets do, and the air pressure is maintained until the desired foundation—usually bed rock or hardpan—is reached.

To counteract the upward thrust of the air and water, the caisson is weighted with a great superimposed concrete block which is added to as the caisson sinks. The lower rim of the latter is a sharp cutting edge of steel which bites into the soil just ahead of the men digging inside, and it is allowed to sink no faster than the men can excavate. When it arrives at length at refusal, the surface is cleaned and inspected; then concrete is lowered in the same buckets that carried up the muck. The workmen first pack the concrete against the rim, then level it evenly, receding gradually toward the lock tube, something as a man paints a floor, beginning at the farthest point from the door, from the threshold of which he applies the last brushfuls. The superimposed block of concrete which furnished the weight to sink the cutting edge becomes the pier of the permanent foundation, a solid mass of concrete from bed rock to the desired height.

For the loose wet muck and quicksand that underlie Chicago and other cities of the Great Lakes to a depth of about twenty feet, builders have invented the open caisson—a remarkable ingenuity. It consists of nothing more than a well six to ten feet or larger in diameter, one for each column of the skyscraper, sunk seventy-five feet or so to hardpan or rock. A hole is begun in the exactly determined location and is lined with five-foot planks like straight barrel staves—lagging is the technical name. Inside this cylinder collapsible iron rings are sprung into place to resist the inward pressure, reversing the theory of the barrel. The seams of this reversed barrel are calked. The first section completed, a second five feet is dug, lagged, braced and calked. At about twenty feet, this lagging commences to encounter the hard blue clay, impervious to water, that makes this open caisson possible, for were the upward pressure of the water not sealed off, this process could not succeed for more than about thirty feet. When the well is finished, it is filled with concrete and becomes a solid column from the earth's hard shell to a point just below the basement-floor level where it receives the column base.

In the new Chicago Daily News Building more than 100 such caissons are being sunk to bed rock, 100 feet; and 59 more to hardpan, 60 feet—a total of about two and a half miles of such well digging. Each of the 100-foot piers will bear a weight of 1500 tons.

The structural steel is the pivot around which the whole progress of the skyscraper turns. Excavation and foundation have been timed to the delivery date of the steel, and all plans for inclosing the building must wait on the erection of the framework. If the mills and bridge shops are busy, we generally can get a better price for four months' than for two months' delivery, and it becomes a choice of dollars or days. Material from the mills is cut to exact lengths as it comes direct from the rolls, in accordance with the rolling schedules furnished by the bridge shop. For abnormally quick delivery a premium must be paid, for the material is then taken out of stock. This means that nearly all bridge shops carry a considerable stock of standard shapes in lengths. The added cost arises from the capital cost and from the waste of cutting standard lengths to the special lengths that the order requires.

Whether the plain material is from stock or mill, the bridge shop translates the blue prints into completed members, punching them, riveting on the lugs and building up the columns and girders which the spectator is to see hoisted into place. As each is finished it is marked and numbered in accordance with the setting plans prepared by the structural engineer for the common guidance of shop and erector.

As the steel begins to move from the bridge shop, expediters from the builder's organization shadow it from freight division to freight division, yard to yard, making sure that it keeps rolling. So concerned are the expediters with transportation that they are more nearly railway traffic men than builders.

The builder is troubled with more than railroad transportation. When his hundreds of carloads of steel arrive, what is he to do with them? There is no storage space on the job. All of it must be freighted through and unloaded in traffic-jammed city streets, truck by truck. The growing skyscraper is spoon-fed; it lives an hour-to-hour existence off this thin stream of material, exhausted almost as quickly as it arrives. If this life-blood flows too slowly, the building starves and lags; if it flows too fast or in disorder, the work chokes and stalls—just such a problem as that of supplying an army in war.

A General in the Field

Marshaling this chaos into order is the commanding field officer of the builder's troops, the job superintendent. The first building on the site will have been his shanty, and there he will be found workday, holiday and Sunday until the architect signs the certificate of completion. He may be a Jack-of-all-trades and a master of many, but he is no superintendent unless he knows how to organize and how to delegate. Emergencies pound at his door day and night, and he must know the answer without looking in the book. Back of him stands the master builder, who has traveled the same road and who has equipped him with everything necessary to the job except the know-how and the driving power; these he must supply himself. A poor superintendent often is felt on the job before the cost sheets and the slipping time schedule reveal his incompetence utterly.

As the young engineers come out of college and enlist as clerks and timekeepers, their goal after a year or two of apprenticeship is to be an assistant superintendent, or, as he is inadequately called in the trade, a job-runner. These assistants are not, as their name implies, the superintendent's lieutenants, but liaison officers between builder, architect and subcontractors. While the skyscraper gets under way they are in the architect's office, asking how this detail is to be built, how that, and carrying the information to the subcontractors, who make their shop drawings therefrom. For each subcontractor must be prepared to take up his own special task in order, and few items come in stock sizes. Elevators, for example, might be thought to be standardized. Instead, they are built entirely to order to variances of not more than one-quarter of an inch, and their construction must have begun long before the building is ready to receive them.

Immediately behind the steel erectors and ahead of the riveters comes the plumbing crew—not the plumber of solder pot, pipe wrench and the joke about leaving his tools at the shop, but one who tests with a plumb bob and straightens with cables and turnbuckles. The erecting crew makes no pretense of engineering accuracy; it sets columns and girders and bolts them together roughly. Using the elevator shafts as a base line, the plumbing crew follows and trues the frame to a nicety.

Between Heaven and Earth

From the beginning, the steel frames of skyscrapers have been riveted, first by hand, then by air-driven jack hammers. Welding by electric arc is a new process not yet in use in metropolitan building. Welding engineers claim for it not only silence but a saving of from 12 to 20 per cent in steel, with increased strengths. A five-story building at Sharon, Pennsylvania, is the highest, and a building of the General Electric Company, at Philadelphia, the largest yet erected by this process. In the latter, a saving of 125 tons in gusset plates and rivets is said to have been made over the riveting method, with a 50 per cent increase in structural strength. If these assertions can be supported, that characteristic city noise, the angry staccato of the jack hammer, may be silenced.

Pushing the riveters from below is another crew laying the floor arches. Skyscraper building is not a seasonal job, as building once was. Only the most extreme weather halts the schedule. Steelworkers ride their girders and columns into the blizzard and guide them home against the blast. The forge fires of the riveters hiss and glow while numb hands buck up with cold steel dolly bars and air guns chatter defiance. When the steel erectors, plumbing crew, riveters and floor masons have passed, the bricklayers break out their curtain walls somewhere between ground and roof, apparently as the spirit moves them, but actually in accordance with the builder's scheme and time schedule. If it is winter, the bricklayer works behind canvas curtains with coke-burning salamanders beside him on the scaffolding to warm his fingers and to protect the mortar against freezing. Other salamanders inside other canvas curtains protect the concrete arches between the steel beams until they harden. Meanwhile the permanent steam-heating plant is being carried along with the rest of the structure for use the moment the inclosing walls are built on any floor and the windows glazed.

In a factory a thousand miles distant an expediter is checking up on a great blower of special capacity, designated by the ventilating engineers while the job is yet on paper. A certain cramped corner far below the street has been saved for it. The time schedule prepared before the wrecking started calls for the blower now. Moreover, the sidewalk beams cannot be set until the blower is in place, and the job superintendent is fretting in the knowledge that the steel crew is about to finish.

In New England or Indiana, another expediter is hustling the loading of granite or limestone. Piece by piece, he checks it off and sees it on cars. In the New York Life Building, now under construction, a facing of Indiana limestone is being carried to the tower, and we have monopolized four

There's Nothing Better for an Outing —or an Appetite!

TAKE this Genuine "Thermos" Vacuum Jar on your outings . . . *keeps* hot foods hot or cold foods cold . . . as only *Genuine* "Thermos" can. Capacity one gallon . . . large enough for the family. For your own protection ask for and insist on getting *Genuine* "Thermos."

No. 822 Gallon Food Jar, shown above $14.50

With nested food compartments to carry three different hot or cold foods $17.50

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FASHION WEST
ENNA JETTICK *Health Shoe*
$5 COMBINATION LAST $6

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA
Narrow and Extra Narrow Wide and Extra Wide

"A boon to those women who have been obliged either to pay high prices or take poorly fitted shoes."

You no longer need be told that you have an "expensive" foot.

Your dealer or Enna Jettick Shoes—Auburn, N.Y.

You'll Stride with Pride in Enna Jetticks

Don't Invite Him

Somehow he couldn't look well . . .

The H. C. COOK CO. 5 Beaver St. Ansonia, Conn.

Gem Clippers NAIL Gem 40¢ Gem Jr. 35¢

His Sunrise Song chased away the "Monday Morning Blues"

EVERYONE in the house suffered from the "Monday Morning Blues". Gloom spread through the household like an infectious disease.

Father had an ingrowing grouch that sometimes lasted all week, because he hated to think of the accumulation of mail that awaited him at the office.

Anne, who was a teacher, dreaded her Monday morning classes, for everybody would answer, "Not prepared".

Jane disliked getting up early to go to business, and always felt especially aggrieved after breaking her routine with a long sleep Sunday morning.

Jimmie, who was still in High School, rebelled against a return to the hated discipline of the school, and Mother—really Mother suffered the most of all, for she had to be the buffer for everyone else's ill humor.

When Mother was given a canary for a birthday present, she laughingly remarked, "Now, at last, I'll have someone to feed on Monday morning who will be cheerful about it".

ONE OF THE HENDRYX "NINE POINTS OF PERFECTION"

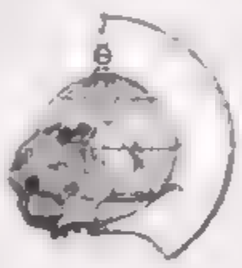
Every HENDRYX *Brass Bird Home is made throughout of Solid Brass which cannot rust. Each one is covered with a thorough coating of the highest grade transparent lacquer obtainable, to keep the brass from contact with the air, which otherwise would cause the metal to tarnish*

And, sure enough, her little feathered guest sang a rhapsody of pure joy over his frugal fare of seeds on Monday morning. Then a most surprising thing happened.

Everybody at the breakfast table looked up and smiled. And Mother never saw the "Monday Morning Blues" at her breakfast table again.

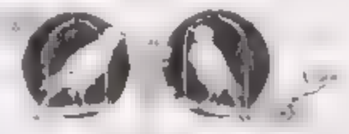
A Canary Brings Joy and Beauty Into Your Home

If you are looking for a gift to cheer someone up, why not give a canary in a colorful Hendryx cage? No other pet brings so much beauty and joyful companionship into the home.



Just be sure that the name "Hendryx" is on the cage you buy. For The Andrew B. Hendryx Company has specialized in the making of bird homes for more than half a century. Ask your dealer to point out the "Hendryx Nine Points of Perfection".

Examine the newest Hendryx designs at your nearest pet shop, florist's, seed or hardware store, house furnishing or department store. Prices range from $2.00 to $150.00; stands from $2.50 to $25.00.



In the Bird Store

"Dearie, dearie, cheer up!" trilled the Littlest Bird. "Are you trying to comfort the whole world?" asked the Wise Old Bird. "No, just the people who pass. You ought to see the smiles run from one face to another when they hear me. I heard them admire my new Hendryx home too."

HENDRYX BIRD CAGES
Since 1909

FREE—This charming booklet, "The Feathered Philosopher," the story of "Cheri", a little canary and what he taught people about "life, cheerfulness, happiness and love". Illustrated in colors, it makes an attractive gift to send to your bird-loving friends. A free copy will be sent to you and to any friends whose names you send us. Write to The Andrew B. Hendryx Company, 82 Audubon St., New Haven, Conn.

plants for nearly a year, the contract calling for about 400,000 cubic feet, or 650 carloads of stone. It is said to be the greatest single stone contract ever let. Each piece of this ashlar, as stone facing is called, is marked for a particular position in the walls and carries with it a separate cutting diagram. As it arrives in order, it is set to perfect alignment with the masonry of the walls, begun while the stone was yet in the quarry or cutting sheds. The alignment is true, because the structural steel was plumb. In all skeleton-steel structures, measurements are from column centers, and the fact that the steel columns are true and plumb makes possible the spectacular operation of breaking out the walls at the upper floors before the base is built.

Inside the now inclosed structure, electricians, plumbers and steam fitters swarm over the job, getting in their mazes of pipes; and in the depths, brightly lighted with temporary wiring, sheet-metal workers hang great ducts that twist and turn, dodge pipes and squeeze between girders, that fresh air may be forced into every recess by the blower Detroit has made. Drawings—always drawings—depict and guide all this. In the early skyscrapers the turning of a water faucet on the lower floors used to be an amusement for office boys and an ordeal for others. Water weighs .44 of a pound to the square inch one foot high. A column of water 100 feet high therefore exerts the no mean pressure of 44 pounds to the square inch at the base. The Woolworth Tower is more than 700 feet high and the lower floor pipes fed directly from a tank in the tower would be subjected to a force of some 308 pounds to the square inch, a pressure almost in the realm of high explosives. Not only would ordinary commercial pipe burst under such strains but were pipes of prodigious strengths used, the force of the released water would be apt to blow the plumbing fixtures to pieces. What is true of supply pipes applies similarly to the standpipes carried to the height of the building, with outlets on every floor for fire protection.

Even when buildings began to rise to heights of 200 feet, no provision was made to temper these pressures. City firemen awoke to the danger to the standpipes and demanded heavier pipe, but tenants accepted the hazards of the plumbing meekly for long. Once they complained, it was a simple problem simply solved by inserting spring pressure-reducing valves in the pipes every few floors, the spring translating the pressure into resistance. A later and better solution, now general in well-designed skyscrapers, is a combination of these valves and intermediate storage tanks, at intervals of ten to twelve floors, which, together, insure a nearly uniform pressure on all floors. The intermediate tanks take up a little space, but the economies of wear on plumbing fixtures and the convenience of uniform pressure pay for the space used.

When the Builder's Work Begins

The spectacular work of excavating, shoring and foundations, with steam shovels snorting and great derricks lifting enormous weights, so fascinates the public that the builder runs forbidding fences around his lot as early as he can to keep the idlers from under his feet. The steel setting is even more spectacular, but the passer-by can watch this free show from a distance. A story a day of brickwork is a routine accomplishment for a well-organized builder, but the public finds exterior brick and stone work an anticlimax. Then, when the window glass goes in, the work seems, to the layman's eye, to come to an abrupt and long-drawn-out halt.

Very different is the situation within those four walls, where to the builder's eye the major part of the operation is still to be done. The floor arches have been finished, and the piping for the electrical, plumbing and heating work has all been done. Then comes the bustle of building partitions, always of fireproof material accurately laid, with doorways located and minute attention to floor plans, because already the renting agents have been renting space and there are many special layouts and arrangements upon which leases have already been closed. All the special locations of electrical outlets, base plugs and telephone outlets, if the layout has been carefully made, must be indicated for the guidance of the builder, and they are taken care of as these masonry partitions are being built.

The plumber's risers and piping must be tested before they are built in. If the building is a tall one, this test is carried on in sections of ten to fifteen floors at a time, thus avoiding too long delay in the partition work. Joining and following all this comes an army of carpenters, metal lathers, sheet-metal workers, marble and tile workers, cement-floor finishers, elevator constructors, and what not—all marching in interlocked procession.

In the superintendent's temporary office down on the bridge daily conferences are held, either the foremen or some executive representatives of the various subcontractors attending, all intent upon working to the common plan that was devised in the builder's main office away back when the time schedule was made and the builder planned the execution of it all.

Awards for Craftsmanship

It commonly is supposed that builders grow fat on extras and changes; the reverse is true. When an owner is told that it will cost $200 to move a doorway, he protests indignantly that he wishes it moved only six inches, inferring that $200 should entitle him to move it at least six feet. It is nearly impossible to make him understand that it would be cheaper to move it six feet or twelve feet, thereby getting away from a maze of electrical conduits, pipes and other facilities. I have known such a partition change to demand the services of all these trades: Mason, plasterer, sheet-metal worker, plumber, tile setter, marble worker, ornamental ironworker, carpenter and painter. The cost may be imagined.

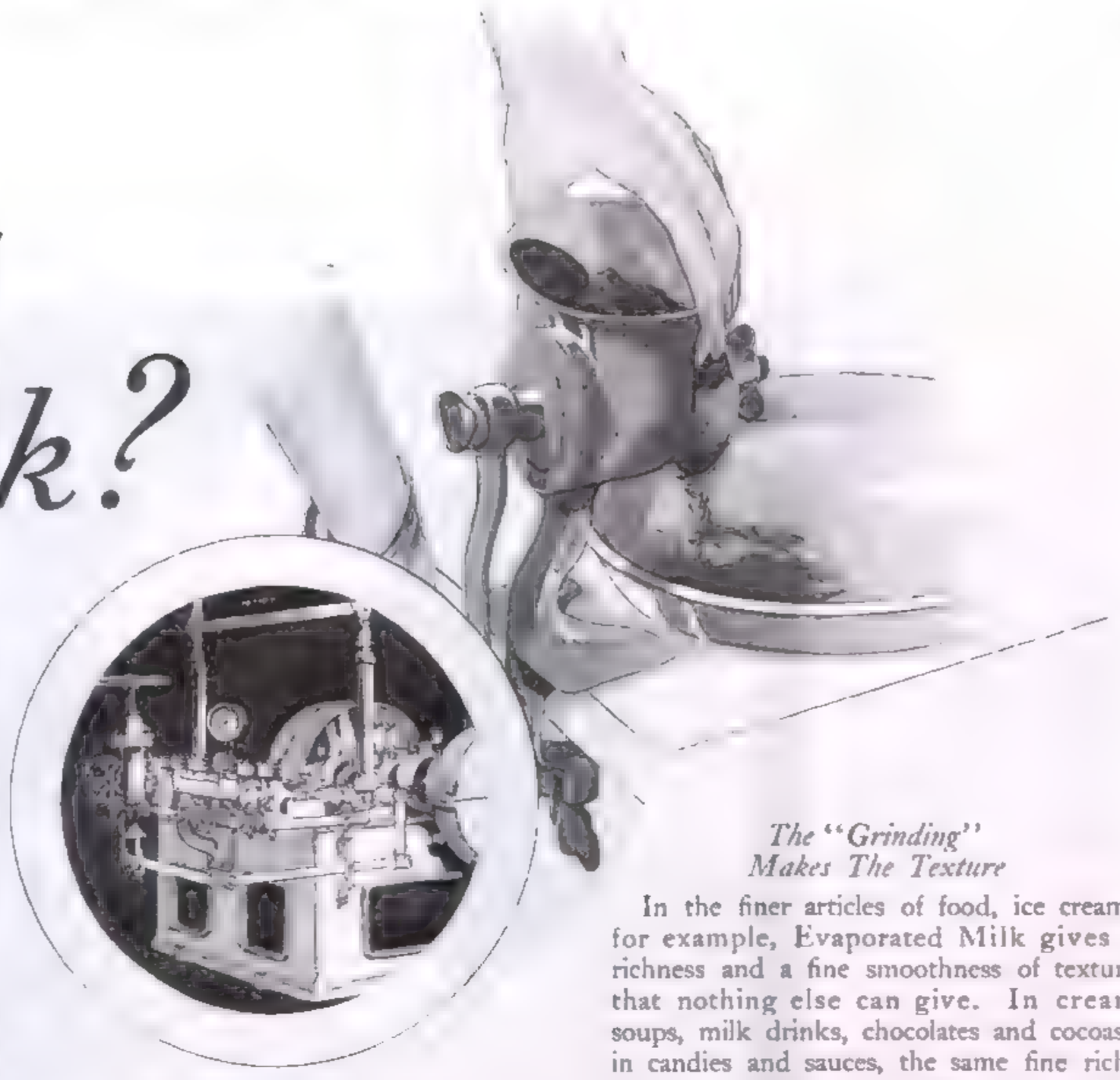
The completion of the plastering is the interior goal, as the steel framework is the exterior goal, for plastering is messy work and until it is done, the interior finish, whether wood, marble or tile, must wait. If, to keep to his schedule, the builder sets marble and tile before the plastering is completed, he risks a marred job; and though he may have built with the conscience of an artist and the integrity of a trustee, scorn is his portion.

For such reasons craftsmanship still is supreme in the face of standardization and fabrication, and the New York Building Congress, as one of its principal functions, regularly awards certificates and tokens of craftsmanship to individual workers. This custom, although young, has seized the imagination of the building industry and the architectural profession. A special board of the congress selects some notable building under construction. A representative of the owner and others of the architect, the builder and of labor make a study of the work for several weeks. When they have agreed, a day is appointed, there is an appropriate ceremony and one craftsman in each trade considered is presented with a diploma together with a lapel button. The awards are not necessarily for the greatest productive effort or for the most minute skill, but for general ability and performance. No soldier is more proud of a decoration. It is an effort on the part of the industry to recover some of the high spirit of handicraft in a mechanical age.

My first job at superintendency was on a sizable structure at the intersection of two busy New York streets. At the time I was put in charge, the foundation work had fallen behind schedule. It was a day-and-night job to catch up with the steel which was beginning to roll inexorably from the bridge shop, and which would have to be unloaded and erected without delay to save demurrage.

(Continued on Page 125)

Grind milk?



"GRINDING" milk makes it better food, just as certainly as grinding corn makes it more fit for our consumption. Cows' milk is designed by Nature for the stomach of a calf—a very different organ from the human stomach. The fat in the milk is in big globules which rise to the top and form cream on ordinary milk. They cause the calf no trouble. They often do cause us trouble.

It Needs To Be "Ground"

Evaporated Milk is put through a "milk mill," a homogenizer, which literally grinds the milk. By great pressure the milk is forced through tight crevices, between revolving surfaces, and thrown out in a fine "mist" or vapor. The crevices are so small that the big globules can't get through. They are broken up into particles as small as those in milk designed by Nature for babies.

The Cream Stays In The Milk

Because the fat globules are so small in Evaporated Milk, they do not rise to the top. There is no cream line in Evaporated Milk, though it's more than twice as rich as ordinary milk. The cream *stays in* the milk. Every drop is uniformly rich in all the food substances of milk—in the butterfat as well as in the bone and tissue-building substances. It is rich in all the substances which make milk the most nearly perfect of all food. Evaporated Milk can *never* be skimmed milk.

This machine is a series of six pumps which force the milk between the revolving surfaces where the grinding takes place. It is the homogenizer.

This is the "head" of the big machine. The two small pieces here shown fit so tightly together that 2,000 pounds pressure is required to force the milk between them. Here the fat globules are broken up—the milk "ground."

More Easily Digested

The small fat globules make Evaporated Milk more easily digested than ordinary milk. For babies, it is as easily digested as mothers' milk. For children, too, it's better food because of its ready digestibility, as well as because of its sure and wholesome richness. Because it is "ground" it is more surely better food for everybody. It is more easily digested, too, because it is sterilized. The curds that form in the course of digestion are soft and flocculent. The sterilization also makes it absolutely safe. Evaporated Milk is the one and only form of pure milk that is both *protected* and *perfected* in purity—that is as safe as if there were not a germ in the universe.

The "Grinding" Makes The Texture

In the finer articles of food, ice cream, for example, Evaporated Milk gives a richness and a fine smoothness of texture that nothing else can give. In cream soups, milk drinks, chocolates and cocoas; in candies and sauces, the same fine richness and smoothness of texture are particularly noticeable. These qualities are due to the homogenization. The grinding makes Evaporated Milk, and all articles in which it is used, better, more finely textured, more easily digested food.

Pure, Safe Milk

Evaporated Milk is pure, fresh milk from which sixty per cent. of the water is removed. Nothing whatever has been added to preserve it. The sterilization and the sealed can keep the milk as fresh and sweet as when it left the farm. It will keep on your pantry shelf. It is economical to use—convenient to buy. Every grocer and delicatessen in the country has it.

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Please send me, without cost, your booklets about Evaporated Milk.

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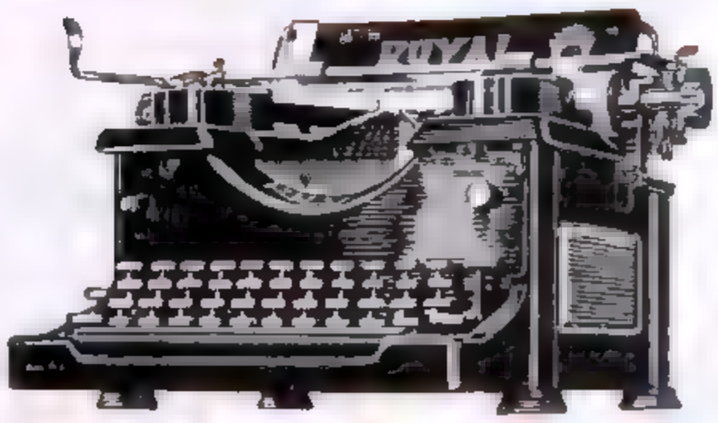

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(Continued from Page 122)

The erecting gang had been organized, but a riveting foreman would be demanded as soon as the derricks left the basement. It was a deep narrow hole, with an old-fashioned brick building along the long side, and little opportunity to guy a derrick, and I was a cub, full of energy and inexperience. When a lanky Englishman tapped me on the shoulder as I oversaw the derrick erection and asked for a job, I parleyed with him and had a riveting foreman. It was Sam Parks, that debonair Robin Hood who was to rise to command of the New York building trades and die in Sing Sing. Sam produced a pair of overalls and within the hour his bellowing voice was echoing in that deep excavation and I knew I had a leader.

Steel was due the next morning, the first pieces a group of fifteen-ton girders to be embedded in the foundation masonry as a starting point for two rows of columns. These girders spanned the narrow dimension of the lot, wall to wall, and the depth of the basement made the problem of lowering them into place a difficult one. Just as the last touches were put on the derrick, it toppled and fell, due to a faulty lashing. Worse, the erecting foreman was disabled and the mast of the derrick was snapped. There we were, hamstrung, and the cars bearing our preliminary girders already in the yards.

Sam rallied to the rescue with the same driving force that carried him to the top in labor politics. By working all night the wreckage could be cleared, but it was impossible to get a new mast before morning.

"What's that old brick building like?" demanded Parks.

To learn, the two of us burglarized the back door at three A.M. Appeasing night watchmen and prowling with lanterns, we found that the third floor was a partially vacant loft. Sam left and returned with a couple of men with crowbars, putting them to work digging out the bricks. In a few minutes we had a hole through which a man could thrust his head, looking out into our excavation. Removing the topping lift from the broken mast, we passed lines out of the hole, raised up the lift and impressed the old building into serving as a mast.

An Improvised Derrick

As the sun rose, we were hauling timber up into that loft to strut and brace it for the strain of its old life. The store in the ground floor opened for business and the proprietor came in search of the origins of the pounding and commotion above him. Sam met this emergency as easily as he had the others, inventing a tale about the falling derrick having undermined the old building's foundations, causing us to step in and save it by first-aid measures. I backed up the story with knowing looks and the proprietor left convinced. But when we put timbers on the front of the building and carried cable lashings from them to our improvised lifts, the merchant's doubts revived and he urged that his own engineers consult with us. We agreed, but suggested that the following day would be soon enough. Through the day we contrived a foot block and by nightfall our makeshift derrick swung easily from the old building in anticipation of a good night's work.

"What'll she stand?" asked Sam.

"Lord, if I ever stop to figure it, we can't do it," I admitted. "She won't stand to arithmetic, but I've ordered the girders for midnight. We can have the side street to ourselves and block it off while we unload."

Just at midnight the first truck rolled up. Sam stood on the bridge and signaled the boom out. The great hook on the fall hung over the middle of the girder with the lashings all on it. Then the heavy ring in the lashing was dropped over the hook. In the glare of the floodlights, Sam signaled the hoisting engineer. Traffic stopped, the falls tightened and all was taut. Creak-creak from the straining lashings. Bits of plaster from the old wall rattled on some planking deep in the hole.

I had posted myself at the timbers in the outside of the old wall to watch and signal if the wall showed signs of giving. But the great girder lifted gently off the truck, the men on the tag lines strained and the massive member swung slowly through the air and paused over its position. Sam signaled the hoisting engineer to lower away, the engineer let the drum out slowly and the girder settled into place. No one but Sam had spoken, but as the strain on the falls eased, the whole crew cheered. In that moment Sam Parks had won the leadership that carried him on to one of the most picturesque careers that ever befell an adventurer in New York.

Parks was an expert rigger, which suggests that he probably had been a sailor, but I know nothing of his antecedents. In 1899 the building trades in New York were loosely unionized. The bricklayers were strongest, but even they were not aggressive. Such fight as the men showed was in behalf of a principle—the right of collective bargaining. Their leaders were talkers rather than doers, labor pedants eloquent of economic theories of unearned increments and wages. The employers still were top dog and were, in general, intolerant and more or less contemptuous.

A Figure in Labor Circles

Sam was burdened with no theories; he was a doer, fighting as much for the love of fighting and of power as for anything. First, rallying his devil-may-care fellows of the steelworkers, the air men of the building army, about him, he seized the loose and flabby Building Trades Council and forged it into the powerful, militant organization it has remained ever since. A born guerrilla, he fought the employers not frontally but by sudden forays. He introduced sniping into the sympathetic strike, and similar Fabian tactics, whereby a strike was called on one job at a time, permitting the unions to support the strikers easily out of the earnings of the men still at work.

He rose finally to be head of the whole Building Trades Council, and reckless in this power, precipitated a great general action, the seven months' strike of 1903, which ruined many builders and indirectly carried Parks down with them. Labor, however, held and expanded upon the gains that this militancy had brought it.

This state of mind, together with the many immunities thrown around the unions by law in a time when labor was so definitely the under dog, has freed the labor leader from virtually all restraint. Enormous power, unaccompanied by responsibility either to law or, fiscally, to the leaders' own followers, has had its inevitable result. To me the everlasting wonder is not that there is graft but that there is so little of it, the opportunities considered.

In instances, these opportunities have invited into labor a predatory type of politician who finds the hunting better and safer than in a chastened municipal government that used to be his private preserve. He is no more concerned with labor as such than a bookmaker is in improving the breed of race horses; and being unburdened with scruples or theories, he has a vast advantage in the struggle for control over labor leaders of another type. For, providentially, there is another type and it is greater in numbers—men of the unselfish zeal, single-minded devotion to a cause and personal probity of crusaders. They sometimes are fanatics, but their honesty is as fanatical as their economics. They are awake to and concerned with the situation but handicapped in combating it by the refusal of the rank and file to see beyond the ends of their noses.

Hostilely arrayed, both types, however, are agreed not only on a policy of securing the highest possible wage for the worker but of slowing down production with a view to spreading the work over a longer space of time. Intermittency is a curse of building labor; it is safe to say that the annual income of the most fortunate skilled mechanic will not be more than from one-half to

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COLOR HARMONY! That's the keynote of fashionable apparel this day! For swimming attire, Jantzen has created wondrous colors to enhance the beauty of each individual type . . . blonde, brunette, titian. Pastel shades, harmoniously blending; vivid hues in subtle contrast . . . dashing, youthful, flattering

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three-quarters of his earning capacity, so often is he out of work.

Reasonable in purpose, the effect of this policy is deplorable. Capital and management being more concerned today with production than with pay, their answer has been to take as much thought and planning off the workman as possible and so to simplify every task that the craftsman has only to lean against it to accomplish it. That is, as labor becomes more expensive per unit of work, capital endeavors to buy fewer and fewer units of work to be performed on the building site. It accomplishes this by lopping off nonessentials, devising new short cuts and by substituting the simplicity of the machine for the complexity of manual labor. Labor resists this process step by step, carpenters refusing to hang doors that have been mortised for locks at the mill, refusing to set mill-assembled trim, and plasterers declining to set cast moldings, to cite only a few examples.

So wholly and powerfully unionized are the building trades that their wars now are waged not against the employer but largely among themselves, and the dictionaries needs must revise their definition of the word "strike." About 90 per cent of all strikes in these trades today are the outcome of jurisdictional disputes between crafts in which the employer is a helpless bystander and a circumspect neutral.

Specialists in the Building Trades

The division of labor in the building trades is carried to absurd limits in the larger cities. For instance, there are wood lathers and metal lathers, stonecutters and stonemasons, and, of course, the well-known distinction between plumbers, steam fitters and two or three other varieties of pipe workers, such as installers of sprinkler systems, and so on. All deal with commercial pipe; their tools, appliances and technic are practically identical.

A quarrel between the bricklayers and plasterers breaking out in Florida during the boom spread nationally. Neither would work on a job where the other was employed and building was so crippled that Elihu Root was called in at last to arbitrate the issue. Plastering and bricklaying have been closely allied crafts and it has been customary, outside of the larger cities, for the two unions to interchange working cards, an arrangement advantageous to both and to employers. The Florida bricklayers suspended this exchange in an effort to swallow the Florida plasterers. The plasterers replied by endeavoring to swallow the bricklayers; the original issue was subordinated and the struggle became a personal contest between rival leaders for power.

The introduction of metal window frames and metal trim provoked a quarrel between the sheet-metal workers and the carpenters as to which should do the trim. The carpenters, though numerically still a very strong body, have been badly crowded out of metropolitan building as less and less wood has been employed, and reduced principally to temporary work such as scaffolding. They always had had jurisdiction over windows and trim, and they did not intend to lose any part of what little remained to them. The sheet-metal workers replied that that was the carpenters' hard luck; that the trim was metal and therefore obviously not a carpentry job. This dispute went on for ten years and was adjudicated repeatedly. Whichever side lost, it repudiated the arbitration and took to the field.

Builders who operate in the field of skyscrapers nowadays seldom sign agreements with labor unions. No agreement seems to stand in the face of a jurisdictional dispute, and though a fantastic logic sometimes is attempted by the contenders to prove that the other fellow broke the agreement, it is perfectly understood by both sides that the employer simply is an unfortunate in the line of fire. These jurisdictional struggles are the despair of the real leaders of labor, who admit that they may eventually destroy the present system of unionism. I say present system, because there will be no return to the old devil-take-the-hindmost competition of worker against worker.

A Two-Edged Sword

I am avowedly a union sympathizer and would certainly be a union member if I were a craftsman. That is partly because collective bargaining, I believe, is a great social advance; partly because the great bulk of the competent craftsmen in the building trades in the large cities are union men; but chiefly because labor is not the builder's problem. Labor costs are a charge against the property and therefore against owner, life-insurance companies, bond houses, investors, renters and the public in general.

The owner cannot be expected to give battle for a principle. In as much as he usually builds only once, he would be foolhardy to challenge the unions single-handed, even if he were financially able. And were he both able and willing, his underwriters, lying behind him with great mortgages dependent upon the earnings of the building, would give him no encouragement.

When labor trouble rises on a job, the owner hurries to the builder and asks anxiously, "Can't we fix this up?" Or worse: "If you don't fix this, I'll take the contract away from you."

The only possible answer, and one that has been tried with some success in certain cities, is a combination of owner, builder and bondholder, with a defense fund of millions and a program as militant as that of labor. In such a war the power of labor might be broken. It is a two-edged sword, and for my part I want nothing to do with it. I have heard excited owners voice the wish that they might reduce the building mechanic's $1.50 an hour back to the twenty-five cents an hour he was paid within the memory of most of us. What would happen if this pious wish were granted? Quite apart from the demonstrated social advantages of high wages, it would bankrupt every building constructed with $1.50 an hour labor, thus put in competition with structures erected with twenty-five cents an hour labor. We live in a complex society, one in which cutting off the other fellow's nose is likely to spite our own face.

The public invariably seizes upon the bricklayer as the creator of the high cost of building. He is a symbol to the layman of building labor in general. Actually, he is a minor factor in skyscraper construction and metropolitan building generally. The bricklayer is a good deal like the good old

(Continued on Page 128)

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STUDY the unretouched Photo Micrographs in the middle of this page. They tell the graphic story of an amazing liquid floor covering called Koverflor. Note the film of ordinary floor paint, full of imperfections and flaws that crack and peel, and through which water, grease and dust easily penetrate to mar and destroy the beauty of your floors. Then note the film of Koverflor—smooth, flawless, so closely knit together that it actually seals the floor against the forces of destruction.

ORDINARY FLOOR PAINT
Unretouched Photo Micrograph; note the imperfections

KOVERFLOR
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Here at last is a radically different type of floor protection, a liquid that is applied with an ordinary paint brush and quickly dries into a tough film of gem-like beauty, diamond hardness. Here is the ideal surface for wood, cement or linoleum, either indoors or out, for Koverflor is not only extremely resilient and resistant to abnormal wear, but it is absolutely non-porous, impenetrable by water, oil, grease or dust. And although Koverflor is not slippery, it is as easy to clean as tile, glowingly attractive in its wide choice of beautiful colors or in sparkling Koverflor Clear. Yet Koverflor costs less than 2c a square foot.

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LONDON GOTHENBURG BERLIN

(Continued from Page 126)

cement plot which I have seen in half a dozen movies. Evidently Hollywood is familiar with no form of building cheating but skimping on cement in concrete. Whenever it is necessary to depict a rascally contractor, he is found impoverishing his concrete mixture to the imminent peril of the heroine and her aged mother.

Once I found a building superintendent who shared this delusion. In the course of routine checking of the construction of a fifteen-story building, we discovered that the superintendent was not ordering the amount of cement which the job demanded. When we inquired why, he confessed that he had increased the proportion of sand to cement in an effort at economy. Before his eyes I cast up the figures and showed him that his possible saving on the whole job was $250, but the mixture being more difficult to work he was losing more than $250 in added labor charges, not to mention endangering the structural strength of the building, the reputation and the very existence of the firm employing him.

Editor's Note—This is the last of three articles by Colonel Starrett

HEADLINER STATECRAFT, 1928

(Continued from Page 29)

assume that a report of facts means also an approving opinion. It means nothing of the sort.

I endeavored to show not long ago that a survey of Europe indicated a marked and widespreading tendency of the peoples of Europe to turn disgustedly away from democracy in the forms in which they have tasted it. Self-government was a prize won by their ancestors or themselves with terrific costs of blood and of persistent hope; people did not want what they got. To get rid of it, revolutions, more or less violent and sometimes sugar-coated, have been on foot in a third of the nations of Europe.

Mere destruction of democratic systems which assumed too readily that men and women were prepared for the franchise or wanted the franchise or would use the franchise; mere destruction of parliaments which constituted feeble government by talk and vicious government by blackmail of administrative officials, is not the whole of the story.

The interesting part of the story of what is going on in Europe is not the scrapping of old democratic machines. It is not even the story of one-man dictatorships. We in America are in an election year. Our thoughts, our gossip and our scandal for political purposes and our comfort are all stirred up—perhaps uselessly, merely because four years have passed. It is a good moment, however, to glance at the significant attempts in foreign lands to build wholly new forms of government.

We may never need for ourselves the experiments and changes which Europe, almost unknown to us, is brewing or hewing out today. We are so blessed with that Constitution which appears after all these years to have been designed by an inspiration, foreseeing a vast vista of future, that we can humbly and without the slightest smug hypocrisy shout with joy that we live under the most stable system of government in the world, and we may pray with devout sensibilities that no jackasses will tinker with it. Merely because of these facts, however, there is no reason, unless it is folly's own, to blind our eyes to the truth that other nations have had so much trouble with their democracies that they just could not stand them any more. They are looking for something else.

New-Model States

There are dangers on our own horizon—significant dangers. The experience of other democracies should warn us. Some of these dangers we find in tendencies to allow minority groups to logroll and trade and blackmail favors from our Treasury, from our general body of taxpayers, or from our commonweal of resources. But not only in destruction of old parliamentary self-government machines in Europe do we find our lesson for this year 1928; we have, if we choose to look, a whole panorama of drama and political speculation spreading out before us because of the making of new-model states in Europe—new states as different from any we have known as an automobile is different from a clipper ship.

Things are a-doing in new governmental machinery in half the countries of Europe. For instance, the conservative and tradition-loving English see a constitutional government, which has served them for an amazing time with an amazing flexibility of growth, now facing a variety of insoluble problems and unmeetable necessities for change. The House of Lords has become an appendix potentially useful but not utilized. The House of Commons has lost its standards. There is the menace of a multi-party system hanging over the towers of Westminster, increased by various devices for proportional or other electoral contraptions. The suffrage has extended its members and adulterated its intelligence and its incorruptibility. The social-worker mind has created the idea that government is the distributor of various kinds of alms and favors, but without definition as to who is to contribute the requisite resources for that purpose to the government. The parliamentary mind has created the idea that one of the chief objects of the representative system is to tease, to blackmail and otherwise to hamper the best old administrative machine in the world.

The Battle of Tomorrow

Above all, there is a tendency in England to allow and even to foster the slow growth toward a kind of Parliament outside Westminster which would deal with the really significant social and economic questions that industrialism thrusts increasingly into the faces of mankind. Unable to deal effectively with the onslaught of social parasitism, or with that struggle between capital and labor which threatens Great Britain more than Germany ever did, one finds old members of Parliament with heads wagging.

One writes:

> There is no longer the slightest thrill left in Europe as to overturning monarchies. The old battle against tyranny is all over. We have come to the conclusion that in modern times the kings and emperors deposed were not the evils they were supposed to be. The constitutional monarch is a harmless and useful rallying post, whether it is he or some parliament who appoints the ministries. He is a great help in a crisis and oftentimes a decorative expression of national feeling, just as your flag is. In all the afflictions which have come to us in English government difficulty I have yet to hear unfavorable mention of the King. Mussolini apparently finds an asset in sensible and sensitive royalty. The Marques d'Estella in Spain maintains the position of the right hand of Alfonso. No, the battle of tomorrow is going to be between the old parliamentary machinery as against something new. What is this new thing? It will be either a strong leader—when one can find him—or a revision, a repair, or a complete remaking of what is left now of any reality of true self-government.

Another, P. W. Wilson, a distinguished journalist and formerly a member of Parliament, is quite strong in his expression of the background:

> The more zealous of the socialists and some of the die-hards declare that Parliament is played out. Until an opposition is constructed, the argument will appear to be plausible. The demand may be for some kind of superman. Of one thing we may be assured—the struggle between those who clamor for changes and those who stand by the *status quo* may be in suspense, but it can never come to an end. All we are waiting for is a definition of the conflict.

The conflict is not between monarchy and democracy. After sober thought one

Continued on Page 131

Your doctor will tell you that more often he prescribes "plenty of exercise" than he does drugs as curative and preventative. Right eating and exercise is the first simple rule for health.

But, you may say, I can govern my diet, but where and how get the systematic exercise, when time is fleeting, and business and social demands are many and multiplying? Walking, golfing, swimming—even the matutinal daily dozen—require *time* and *wherewithal!*

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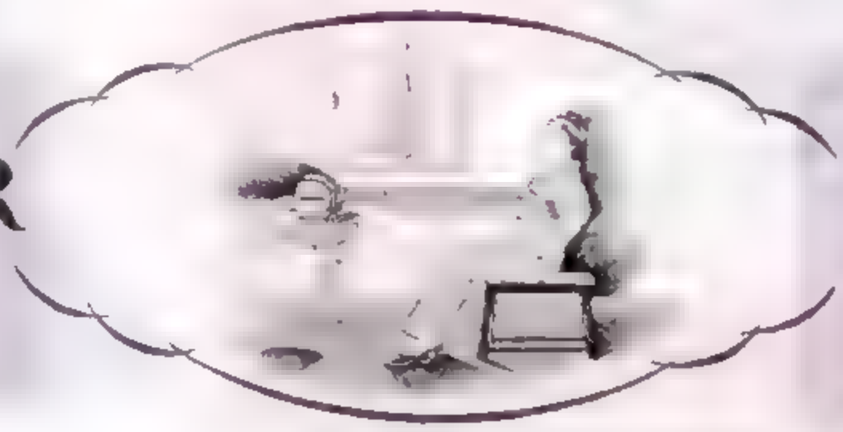

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ROTOMATIC SWITCH—it *rotates*—and it locks *automatically*, can be lighted only at your will. Like the "safety" on a firearm!

ROTOMATIC SWITCH—a self-contained, *replaceable* unit. Insulated with Bakelite. Only *one small point of contact* between switch and battery!

Ray-O-Vac Batteries fit all flashlights and make them better

The SWITCH that never fails

. . . *means* . . . the *light* that never fails!

Everywhere they're talking about this remarkable flashlight! The new Ray-O-Vac Rotomatic—the flashlight with the marvelous Rotomatic Switch!

The switch, as you know, is the heart of any flashlight case. Nine times in ten, the life of a flashlight is measured by the life of its switch. . . . THIS switch is built to keep your Ray-O-Vac *everlastingly* in service!

The Rotomatic principle is entirely new, completely different. The Rotomatic Switch is a *separate, self-contained unit.* It fits into the flashlight head. Not a single part of it is attached to the barrel. Unscrew the head . . . the switch lifts right out!

What a pleasure to own a sturdy, fine-looking, dependable flashlight like this! Always ready for *you* when *you* are ready for it! In your home . . . in your car . . . anywhere and all the time, Ray-O-Vac is a priceless companion in the dark.

See the new Ray-O-Vac Rotomatic today . . . at your flashlight dealer's. Nine styles, four types—moderately priced—displayed in the Ray-O-Vac Assortment Case. Flick the switch—get the "feel" of this finer flashlight. *You'll want a Ray-O-Vac Rotomatic, equipped with the long-lived Ray-O-Vac Flashlight Batteries!*

FRENCH BATTERY COMPANY
Madison, Wisconsin

Also makers of Ray-O-Vac "A", "B" and "C" Radio Batteries, Ray-O-Vac Flashlight Batteries, Ray-O-Vac Telephone Batteries and Ray-O-Vac Ignition Batteries.

Ray-O-Vac Features

New Rotomatic Switch. Ribbed case for sturdiness.

Nine styles—even spread, focused, or widely diffused light; two-cell size—or "Long Boy" three-cell size.

Two finishes—all nickel with black Bakelite switch; black Duco with red Bakelite switch and nickel trim.

Floating contact point insures perfect electrical contact. Shock absorber construction protects the bulb and lengthens its life. Spare bulb container in base of flashlight.

(Continued from Page 128)

concludes that the conflict as it affects public opinion is not even between democracy and the strong men or supermen who for a day or a year or their lifetime carry on toward some other thing. The conflict is between the old democracy and this other thing which is being designed to replace it, between institutions—and institution.

Temporarily, there is the dictator. We do not realize enough in America that roughly half the nations of Europe, including Russia and Turkey, have dictators in the sense that anyone can name the men who are able, let us say, to dictate in a crisis any national policy or can veto or emasculate a mistake. Who are they? Those most prominent: Poland, Pilsudski; Czecho-Slovakia, Masaryk, the life-term president, plus Benesh, who is the best small-big weaver of international politics in Europe; Austria, Seipel; Spain, Primo de Rivera; Italy, Mussolini; Portugal, General Carmona; Turkey, Kemal Pasha; Russia, Stalin; Hungary, Count Bethlen; Germany, Von Hindenburg.

Yes to Wisdom, No to Nonsense

There is not one of them who is not standing either above ruins or semiruins, or else with dubious expectancy is trying to prop up a tottering system of self-government.

There is not one of them so far as I know who is endeavoring to increase his own power for personal advantage. The word "dictator" has a horrid sound, like Spidofus, but as one newcomer in the French publishing field says:

> There again you have your terrifying but empty phrase. Historically, a dictator was a man who, like the Chinese overlords today, used force and violence to seize power to gain the delicious right to say, "Off with his head," or "Bring me your daughter, for I would make her an old man's darling bride," or "Where's your 1928 tribute?" The 1928 dictator is a totally different kind of person.

The new type of dictator? What is it? Nothing more or less than a strong man who, to save situations of rot and chaos, has taken or has been given more or less of the right to say yes to wisdom and no to nonsense. It is not necessary to idealize any of these existing dictators, nor for the moment to define them by classifications or degrees. A member of the French Chamber says: "Poincaré, though not having a dictatorship in fact, has one in essence. We are still living under the spell of sentiment of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity and under the hypocrisy of democracy as well. But in fact today in France, at a moment of elections, the only question is whether the Union, a more or less flimsy group of parties which is led by Poincaré, shall run things or be overturned. The Socialists and the mild Left, under a similar union, or cartel, tried and failed. What the French voter today is deciding is whether decisions and executions shall remain in Poincaré's hands. All the rest is sham battle. The French mind is abandoning by instinct and with ironical laughter its pretenses as to self-government. We still proclaim our democracy and swell with pride about our republic and its representative system, but in the quiet of our bedchambers we pray for a strong man. Who shall say whether we are more or less worthy than, say, the Italians and the Spanish, the Polish and the Turks, who are a trifle more frank and care less for forms than for results, less for names than for substance?"

In other words, there is today in Europe search for greater frankness about self-government. There is growing disgust with pretenses. There is weariness with struggles for petty power by little, inept and short-weight politicians. The people detest that mass of wrangling, trading, talking, babbling, overmultiplied "representatives of the people," all led by the nose rings of parties and often herded into the sties of a multitude of crankish minority parties. All this goes on when dictatorships are at hand and when they are near at hand. But it goes on, too, in England, France and Germany.

I do not mean by this that substantial dictatorships of the Italian, the Turkish, the Spanish or the Portuguese type are to be expected in any of the three largest powers of Europe. I do, however, foresee and prophesy a high tide of sentiment for change, for amendments or substitutes for forms of democracy, of self-government, of representation, that will cope with new conditions of modern life and will eliminate the legislative stalemates and legislative interference with administrative government.

One is impressed in England today with the quantity of books and articles being written by analytical personalities who find that something is wrong with Parliament. One is impressed with the number of statesmen who, having learned to worship at the shrine of parliamentary government, now rather feebly defend democracy and whatever they mean by that resounding phrase. The defenders of Parliament, for instance, point out that a tiny group of men were courageous enough to defy their party whips and vote against the recent extension of woman suffrage, with its consequent requirement for higher campaign expense and hence an ever-growing opportunity for mere money power, as in our own recent cases, to step into the shoes of the will of the people. But somehow to make heroes of some dozen men who were exercising their independent judgment merely results in showing not how commonplace is this courage, but instead how few are the oats left on the bottom of the old measure of English parliamentary character and ability.

The defenders of Parliament point out that, after all, Parliament transacts a fairly good muddling-through kind of business. One never hears them mention that Westminster steps pretty much around and over the really vital questions of modern English life—that is, the changes, as one author says, "from class to cleavage," in England, or the vital problems of industry or the consequential questions arising from the proposals of the widespread social-worker mentality that governments are to become platter passers and associated-charity agencies.

Right there is the most important of all criticisms of the parliamentary system; everywhere it fails to meet the challenges of modern and industrial states.

Paralytic Governments

An English labor leader said to me a year after the ludicrous peace with its famous fourteen vanishing points: "You cannot expect old-fashioned statesmanship to meet new conditions. I prophesied that it would lead to a mess in Paris and I prophesy now that there will grow up in England a kind of a parliament of human life and labor which will have concurrent jurisdiction with the present Parliament. To human beings it will be infinitely more important. The old machine must change itself and it won't or be left behind—and it will."

That, of course, is exactly what has happened to old parliamentary governments in Italy and Spain. They died not because they had color but because they were pallid. They slopped down not because they were strong but because they were flabby. They were chucked out not because they took steps but because they did nothing except mumble and squabble into paralysis. They went to pieces not because of divisions on issues important to peoples but because of petty struggles for meatless bones.

Along came communism.

And communism is a challenge to these old stale, uncourageous, emasculate governments carried on by feeble talk and by multi-party dickerings and trades. It is a real challenge. Ask the Portuguese, the Spanish, the Italians, the Hungarians, the Germans, the French—yes, and even the English—whether it is or not. Whatever else it has, it offers to take the whole clock apart and put it together again in the form of a vacuum cleaner. If no one else will do

(Continued on Page 133)

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Palm Beach Cloth

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A great diversity of new sporty weaves and patterns in Palm Beach Suits and Knickers—at your clothier's in every color your good taste could desire. Should you have difficulty in obtaining your needs—be sure to communicate with us.

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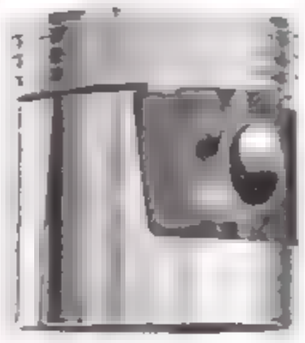
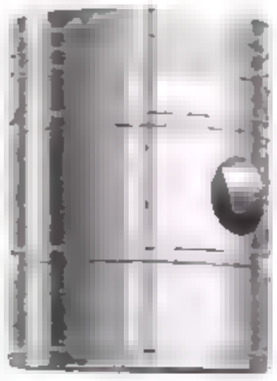


Split Skirt Design
All Aluminum



Trunk Type Design
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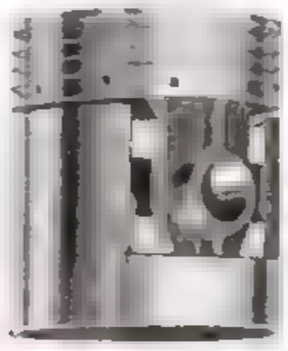
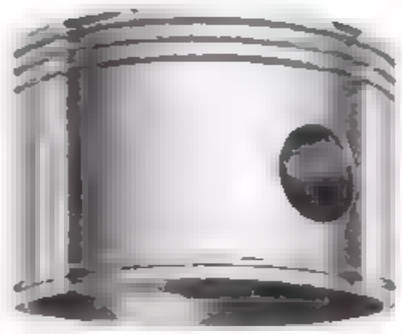
Invar Strut Design
Controlled (Nelson Patents)—
Single strut—slotted skirt



Invar Strut Design
Controlled (Nelson Patents)—
Double strut—solid skirt



Aircraft Trunk Type

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THE vast majority of modern motor cars use aluminum alloy pistons. Four major types have been developed to meet the varying requirements of different makes of motors. LYNITE pistons are made in all these designs. Whatever the type, LYNITE strong aluminum alloys, made of Alcoa aluminum, have been proved by test and by experience the ideal metal for pistons and connecting rods. LYNITE pistons give you greater speed, more pulling power, quicker acceleration, increased fuel economy, less vibration, less wear and longer life. Insist on them.

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ALUMINUM - IN - EVERY - COMMERCIAL - FORM

(Continued from Page 131)

it · mark it well ·communism will. Communism, whatever it is, is not like the old parliamentary governments which mouthed the old slobbery catchwords and kept on winding and winding a clock that would not go.

"There are still two things which may bring communism on Europe," says a retired French diplomat who has a hawk eye for political values. "One is war, the other is continued failure to create new effective forms of self-government, even though self-government takes the form of wanting and creating dictatorship."

He, too, emphasizes the fact that the new dictatorships are from a new box with a new product.

I am no partisan of dictators even when I say that there are these two facts about the existing lot:

The first is that I do not know one who on referendum would not be sent back to his office of dictator or near-dictator by the people's own will.

The second is that I do not know one who is engaged for personal ends or selfish ends. I do not know of one who is not engaged primarily in endeavoring to design and build a new kind of self-governing machinery. The aim is for such machinery as will recognize democratic principles to the extent of giving the people at least a clear veto power. But it is also for one which will be free from the election nonsense, free from the money-campaign corruptions by money power, free from the multi-party sham battles, free from the parliamentary gas, and free from futility blackmail and interference with constancy and quality of good administration. The people of Europe are distinguishing between good administration and any cabbage-head output of multitudinous laws, regulations and attempts to create a law-made and bullied mankind.

This outreaching for a new form of government, although I have been watching its development for some years and have reported it in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, has just begun to take a definite shape.

In 1928, our own year of enforced and most unwelcome political stirring, there are signs in Europe of the beginnings of a super statesmanship which avoids the characteristics of two definite and commonplace schools of statesmanship as we know them.

The first of these ordinary schools of statesmanship, no matter how well it does its work and no matter how adequate its performance may be, goes no further than providing, with complete integrity, good management of government institutions as they exist today. It is a rare and great service, often needed more than anything in the whole field of politics.

Slaves in High Places

The second is the school of statesmanship which provides a vast amount of vision, usually accompanied by much empty phrase, much haste to rush into building without architects' drawings to scale and without proper specifications, with much attention to so-called idealism and little to realities, and in fact has its eyes on the horizon but not on the ground. Who can say that, whatever its failures, we can dispense with this type of statesmanship, even when it offers an inlet for all the social-worker something-for-nothing claims on the government?

Coolidge is a good example of the first statesmanship—perhaps an unparalleled modern example.

Wilson is a good example of the second—perhaps we who are still living have seen none better.

There is, however, a greater conception perhaps than can be found in either. It lives in the minds of men who are striving to set forth not mere visions and not mere good administration, but new inspirations and new institutions that, unlike many of the old, will first of all run—go—work.

That is a practical business. It is a courageous, difficult and often hazardous single-handed business. It is hampered by all the old concepts, impeded by all the old sentimental and rather meaningless labels, the theories, the isms and the intrenched institutions, no matter how hypocritically dishonest and inefficient they themselves have been.

One of the foremost dictators in Europe has said to me:

"If I quit work I shall be called traitor and coward. If I stay at work I shall continue to be called a seeker of power and even of wealth. No one would take my place if I offered it tomorrow. Assassination stares me in the face and would put an end to my worries and would, at this moment, make me immortal. But they surround me with protection as if I were their sacred treasure and deprive me of the comfort of an end before I weaken or stumble, as most men do. Dictators once were dictators; now they are slaves."

Fallen Stars

In this spontaneous outburst I sensed something of the same feeling that I once heard expressed by one of the greatest figures of war statesmanship. He said: "Nothing could indicate man's love of life more than the wholly irrational reluctance I have to keep an assassin handy and pay him a salary as one does to a valet. When I think that Wilson might have been crystallized as a hero of all time, when I think of the effect of his ideals turned over to an inspired world before he had mismanaged their application, I almost feel wistful that a dramatic end did not come when the mobs went mad about him for that brief moment of illusion at the time he first arrived in Europe. But given a long enough period on the stage, leaders usually disillusion the world."

The prophecy of this statesman as to his own case was quite right. Today he is something of a fallen star. A world forgets easily the mental courage and the genius of a man who saved it; it soon sees the failures, the missteps and the weaknesses of old age or of declining health. So also with strong and adventurous men who are trying today to create new forms of government; few of them will escape injustice, some will experience anathema. These men who are called today dictators and despots are classed by a recent English writer with the dictators and despots of the past. After damning the misuse of phrases, he himself attempts to blacken the motives of the strong men in Europe today who have stepped into the breach when the results of futile parliamentarism threatened utter ruin. He classifies them with ancient and medieval oppressors. He says, "The aftermath of such rulership is either irresponsible despotism or chaos." And in this single sentence he dismisses the necessity of strong leadership in any transition from one form of government to another form. He uses the same old disk-record formula, condemning the rapidly increasing strong-leader control in the Old World. It is used over and over, here and there—the old refrain.

I cannot say that it is wrong in any specific case, but I can say that such thinking has three ridiculous faults.

The first? Well, in every case of so-called dictatorship in Europe, if the end of dictatorship is irresponsible despotism or chaos, it is at least no worse than its beginning, since in every case the so-called dictator of today has been called into being either by irresponsible despotism, as in Turkey, or by chaos resulting from flabby democracies, as in Spain.

The second is that among the crop of modern dictators, in distinction to most dictators of historical times, there is not one who is not endeavoring to build new forms of self-government to succeed him.

The third is that at this moment none of us is able to say that their attempts will be failures.

Examine some of these attempts.

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If you have not seen the beautiful new plastic interior finishes produced with pure lead paint, write for our new free book describing them. Unusual for their rich yet subdued effects. Very modern, yet extremely livable, and easily produced by a good painter. Suitable for all types of homes and wall surfaces. Enduring, because white lead makes the most enduring paint.

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If they have common characteristics, and if they are designed to cure the diseases of old forms of self-government, we Americans who sense weaknesses in our own system may at least improve our time by observing them, though we may never need them.

They have common characteristics. Depend upon it, if today we could get Mussolini, Primo de Rivera, General Carmona, Hindenburg and the other strong men of Europe into a room and ask them to subscribe to the following summary of the diseases and cures of democracy, every one of them would sign. Let us draw that document for them, like this:

"Article I. Old-fashioned types of democracy are based on the theory that people want a large measure of self-government. They do not. The record of their enjoyment of the franchise shows that frequent elections bore them, and while only about half of them go to the polls in ordinary contests, even that half does so reluctantly, doubtfully intelligent and wholly ironical as to the effect their votes will have on any matter of real concern. The peoples of democracies have realized that representatives no longer represent much more than parties, and that parties are now the playthings of what demagogues call the money power—that is, the new form of special privilege which followed the domination by landed proprietors, which in turn followed the royal power based upon the old hocus-pocus about the divine right of kings. The most the people in any country hope for in any representative election is to choose between two or more mediocre men who, particularly in multi-party countries, will engage in doing nothing more important than adding to those drugs on the market—talk, squabbles for petty power and multitudinous and meddling, futile and fanatic laws. The most they hope for in any general election of any kind is first to choose a good administrative, not a good legislative personnel. Besides that, they want to have an occasional opportunity to say yes or no to a broad policy—as the United States said no to the League of Nations and as Great Britain said no to the importation of communism by the back door of the Labor Party. And this power to say yes and no to matters of broad policy does not, when we come to think about it, require parliaments at all.

"Article II. There is no use in deceiving the world any further as to wide extension of franchise. To say that the masses—men and women—in most countries, and certainly in those like some in Europe and China and India, where the illiteracy and lack of sense and restraint are overwhelming, do themselves or anyone else any good by voting is to blither with nonsense. The old argument that universal franchise is a safeguard of the people against special privilege is worn-out hypocrisy. Everywhere in the world the greater the number of voters, the greater is campaign expense; only the money power can finance it, and therefore the more voters, the greater the chance that special-privilege interests will select and elect their own men.

"Article III. Not only do wise men know but the masses have now come to feel that legislation can be dispensed with for long periods, but that excellent administration is a necessity and an art needed for the daily management of government. In all the decaying parliamentary systems of Europe it was the legislative branch of government which when not engaged in futility was engaged in teasing, obstructing and blackmailing ministries and administrations until good and strong men would not accept administrative portfolios, and leadership of quality disappeared. In multi-party systems, combines and blocs were made not to accomplish the programs of the parties forming them but to create artificially an opposition which could blackmail or overturn the administrative government."

Here at this point let us interrupt this declaration of dictators to point out that no better actual example of the extravaganzas produced by the presence of three or more parties in a parliamentary assembly can be found than in the news from Japan on April 8, 1928. Japan had just been through an election under an extension of franchise to eight million new voters—an election attended by great expense, some bitterness and the usual attempted invasion of money power whenever campaign expenses are swollen to reach increased numbers of voters. The farce is reported in a dispatch from Tokio to the London Times; the central figure in it is an old friend of mine and a contributor to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Yusuke Tsurumi. The merits of his platform, which no doubt are many, at the moment are of no consequence. Here are the ridiculous facts. They show in crystal form how under a parliamentary system not only is self-government an empty term but how the machinery to express the will of the people can be used by an organized minority to defeat utterly the will of the people. Read this:

Six of the Independents who were returned at the general election in February, led by Mr. Yusuke Tsurumi, Viscount Goto's son-in-law, have formed themselves into the Liberal Party, which, small as it is, holds the balance in the House of Representatives.

The stalemate in which the election ended remains unbroken, owing to the obstinate neutrality of the eleven Independents, who have resisted all overtures from both the Government and the Opposition. The present position of the parties is: Opposition, including Labor, 226; Government, 226; Independents, 11. Without the support of the six Independents who have now organized themselves in the Tsurumi group, the Government cannot defeat the motion of "No confidence" which the Opposition have prepared. The Government threatens a second dissolution if the motion is carried. The fear of another election before the swollen expenses of the last one have been paid appalls most members and would ordinarily suffice to save the situation. Today the Opposition professed to believe that the Elder Statesmen will disapprove of fresh political turmoil in the Coronation Year and decline to sanction an election which might simply repeat the previous results.

The Elder Statesmen are taking counsel together. Count Makino visited Prince Saionzi, twice formerly Prime Minister, at Okitsu Villa on Friday, and Baron Tanaka, the present Prime Minister, made the same pilgrimage on Saturday. Prince Saionzi's advice will decide whether the government are to be armed with the weapon of dissolution. The Tsurumi group can make its use unnecessary. On the whole, it is more probable that the Government will make terms with this group than that the expense and uncertainty of another election will be incurred or the cabinet changed. Mr. Tsurumi dreams of building up a central group with which both the major parties must reckon.

And now before returning to the declaration of dictators may I add that the Elder Statesmen in Japan still occupy something of the same position that the strong leaders now fill in European countries where parliamentary systems have broken down?

"Article IV. The parliaments of the past have been too large to make clear decisions or to present a responsibility which the voters could clearly attach to particular men. Under conditions of war, the intelligent nations placed decisions in the hands of a war board or else largely in the hands of single individuals. Though recognizing the greater need for rapid decisions in war no matter how mistakes might be made through lack of mature discussion, there is today in a hard-pressed, overpopulated, keenly competitive world of small margins, as Mussolini calls them, a need for something like the efficiency of war. A few good representatives, taking counsel with one another, can make even plainer to the people their reasoning than can a parliament adulterated by numbers of feeble or fanatic and inferior men. They can arrive at decisions without the useless and mob-inciting squabbles—that government by talk of which everyone is now complaining. As for the two democracies which are still functioning, in one it is the smaller United States Senate and not the larger House of Representatives which compels the attention of the people, which

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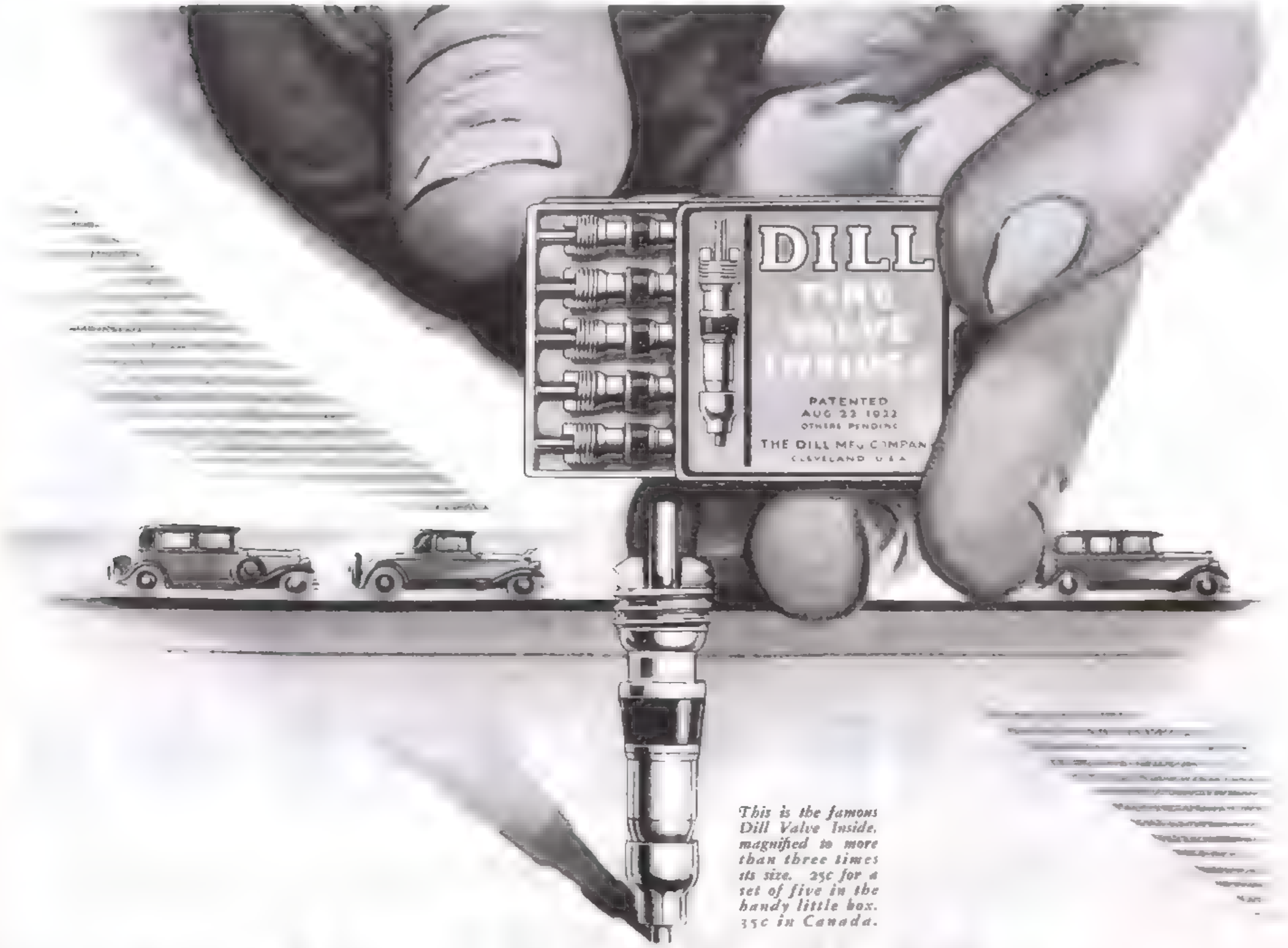

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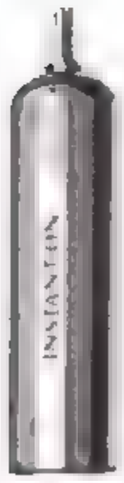

Dill Instant-On
Combined dust and valve cap. A turn or two to catch it on the valve stem—a push—another turn to tighten—and it's on. Reverse the action, and it's off.

A LITTLE metal box about the size of a postage stamp, containing five finely finished little brass units, built and tested by Dill—will forever end the menace of leaking tire valves.

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When screwed into the valve stems of your automobile tires, they hold the air *inside*—regardless of whether you prefer high or low pressure.

Dill Valve Insides are less than an inch in size—yet each tiny unit is made up of six separate parts, as finely finished and as accurately assembled as the parts of a watch.

The finely made spring, like the spring of a watch, is carefully enclosed to protect it from dust and moisture—a special Dill feature, and a most important one.

One hundred percent inspection during manufacture assures quality and reliability.

Tire manufacturers know this—and all the larger ones use Dill Valve Insides.

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Everyone who owns a motor car should carry one of the handy little boxes of Dill Valve Insides as positive insurance against the nuisance of leaking valves.

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Complete Dill Valve Stem
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Designed to give utmost protection to the valve insides and to serve as another definite seal to the valve.

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NEW MODEL-11

Set it anywhere in your motor car; the cleaning hose easily reaches every corner—quickly and thoroughly cleaning upholstery, floor mats, top and sides.

Men by the thousand are joining in the enthusiastic reception given the new Eureka Model 11—the "all-purpose" cleaner. For now the man of the house may Eureka-clean the inside of his motor car—quickly, thoroughly, handily—with the same cleaner that gives such superior all-around service in the home.

Women value even more highly the exclusive convertible feature which makes Model 11 a Combination Home and Automobile Cleaner. No electric cleaner ever combined so successfully cleaning effectiveness for floor coverings, with perfect convenience for use on stairways, in closets, cupboards, automobiles and all hard-to-get-at places.

Perfection of the Detachable Handle feature is Eureka's greatest achievement. Eureka attachments have always been amazingly effective, because they utilize the full suction power of "Super-Vacuum" in cleaning mattresses, pillows, upholstery, etc. Now that the improved Eureka attachments serve so many new and useful purposes, this advantage becomes more vital than ever.

Try the Model 11 Eureka in your own home, on your own rugs and furnishings. Note how sturdy and strong it is; yet how light, how simple mechanically. Compare its marvelous cleaning power with anything you have ever known. The nearest Eureka dealer will demonstrate without obligation to you—and explain how you may obtain a liberal price for your old electric cleaner, with attractive easy terms on purchase of the new.

With Detachable Handle removed (a turn of a thumbscrew does it), and 25-foot converter cord plugged in—cleaning small and awkward corners becomes an easy matter.

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Grand Prize

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER

Gets More Dirt

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(Continued from Page 134)

furnishes the better battleground for minorities who really represent the people as did the irreconcilables in the fight against entangling alliances. And this development has taken place in spite of the fact that a few years ago Bryan called the Senate a nuisance! In Great Britain it is the cabinet and its decisions which the people know is the real and responsible guide to what Parliament will do when the sham battle in Commons is over; and this goes well in spite of the fact that there is a howl from sentimental defenders of the traditions of Westminster that the domination of the party in power has made a marionette farce where representatives are supposed to express the will of the people. The fact is that a ministry and a most efficient bureaucracy run England today. This is not unfortunate; a ministry is a convenient target for a people to shoot at when they desire to veto a large policy or to change an important political current.

"Article V. The aspirations of democracies of yesterday for responsiveness of governments resulted in direct and indirect means to put obstacles in the path of any course believed to be bad. This sounded all right, but it resulted in infinite obstacles to constancy of policy; it brought wearisome political roiling and campaigning; it caused encouragement to fanatics and to demagogues; it brought changes of horses in the middle of every stream; it brought stalemates and political doldrums in the Sargasso Sea of isms and theories. In a sentence then, the safeguards of democracy worked only badly as assurances that nothing bad would be done, but were almost 100 per cent efficient to assure that nothing good was done at all.

"Article VI. Concentrated responsibility lessens the chance that administrations will put an illegal hand into the public treasury; but parliamentary systems where multiparties could join into parliamentary organized minority groups to blackmail an administration made it certain that looting hands were always in the treasury at the general expense of the whole people. That was looting by legislation. Looting by legislation includes subsidies for minorities, the dole system encouraging a pauper class. It includes also all those devices of the social-worker influence on government. Looting by legislation in the sense that government is made into an associated-charities machine makes a heyday of special privilege for minorities just as long as there is anything left on the platter. Just so long as organized minorities can hoodwink the whole of a worthy citizenry to pay higher and higher taxes, they will be around the honey.

"Article VII. Parliamentary systems have led to the creation of burdensome, expensive and inefficient bureaucracies, harboring hundreds of thousands of unproductive job holders. When there is no more room for the job seekers the legislative assembly tends to create even more bureaus, departments and duplications of functions. Even in the United States, apparently there has appeared no executive or leader strong enough to abolish or consolidate these parasites.

"Article VIII. Above all, parliaments have failed to meet and solve the vital questions of modern national life. In foreign policy, in a new era of international relationships, they have given no aid in advance, but have provided endless humiliating criticism of anything that has been done. In domestic affairs they have been unable, and even unwilling, to suppress cleavages of peoples within nations—either those of sectionalism or of the increasing conflict between city and country, or, above all, those of the industrial struggle.

"Article IX. Because of all these reasons, peoples have begun to look upon the old parliamentary machines as institutions which hypocrisy advertises as representative, as instruments of self-government, whereas in fact they are a nuisance, a bore, an expense, an impediment to good administration, a stronghold for those who ask to put a hand into the general taxpayer's pocket, and above all, while belching a flood of laws nevertheless duck responsibility for setting anything vital."

Sign here _____

To all the above the strong leaders of Europe would sign their names. I have endeavored to set forth the reasons why these dictators and one-man leaders now have all turned to search for something better. If any of them find it, this would be superstatesmanship in 1928 or in any other year. It would, moreover, be a superstatesmanship which could not have even begun to work except on the foundations of a continuity of administration. In the European countries, under the modern type of dictatorships, that continuity of government has been in marked contrast to the flip-flap, flapjack, come-and-go governments which have afflicted most countries where government still sits in the rocking-chair of inefficient so-called representative systems.

In Spain, Primo de Rivera has created a voteless assembly in a form obviously intended to be temporary. It is a body frankly intended for two purposes. The first is to advise on current administration of the dictatorship. It is a kind of popular counselor. But in addition, through its committees, it is studying and designing a new constitutional government. Probably that government will include a parliament of a single assembly, consisting not of a great number of elected members but of a compact body. One-third of that body will be elected, one-third will be appointed by the government and one-third will be chosen by the various corporations—occupational groups—in national productive activities, industrial, professional, clerical, and the like.

The thoughts behind this general form or plan are first that the restriction of elected representatives will wipe out all the old evils of party politics, but will sufficiently voice the judgments—sometimes, in a country more than half illiterate, ill-considered, hasty judgments—of the people. The group of representatives of the government—that is, the King, a new small imperial council and any head of government like Primo de Rivera—is designed to guarantee continuity of policy and administration. The last third—that is, the representatives of corporations, of capital and labor, professional men and other categories in national life—is intended to represent national activity and production, just as in the old forms of democracies representatives represented mere territorial zones of population.

Now this is not old democracy. Its critics—as in all these cases of new forms being made ready for the European political laboratories—get nowhere with intelligent people by whining over and over again the old plaint: "It isn't democracy! Democracy is dead! It isn't democracy!" If they mean the democracies that have been kicked out for their utter flabbiness and rot, of course it is not democracy! Men like Mussolini or Pilsudski, Kemal Pasha, Primo de Rivera, or any other men of strength and candor, will be the first to say so.

One of them said to me: "The old parliamentary systems were the real liars—they pretended to have the right to boast democracy. The claim that they were responsible to the will of the people or did anything for the people was like a false label on shoddy short-weight goods. We at least tell the truth. We are trying to make governments which will run, which will hold society together and will have the approval of the people. I will never label the machinery I am devising by names intended to appeal to the old sentimental prejudices. I will never wheedle the people with the old political priestcraft phrases of the past."

A leading English newspaper describes the situation in Spain editorially in a final paragraph:

A Cortés—the old parliament—is out of the question so long as the crown and the dictator

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as sweet as your favorite
at its best

YES—it *is* a big claim to make for a pipe! Certainly there is nothing in all smoking enjoyment like a briar when "just right." But a Demuth Milano with the Hesson Guard,* smoked seldom or often, gives you nothing but the cool, rich flavor of your favorite tobacco, *always* sweet and mellow.

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have power to prevent one. To all appearances they will have that power while they care to retain it. Judged by all ordinary signs, the Spanish people are grateful to them for the good work they have done, and have not the slightest desire to recall the politicos. They feel that they are better governed than at any time since 1876; and, as they have not and never had any relish for party politics, they prefer the system, shockingly irregular though it be, which is bringing them prosperity, to the system which brought them nothing but professions and disasters. Incidents in the plenary debates, still more strongly, perhaps, incidents in the First Committee, show that regrets, disappointments and balked ambitions prevail among the heirs to the old political manipulators who find their occupation gone. But their hostility will have little effect so long as the present system possesses, as unquestionably it does possess, the passive good will of the people. If the government can convert it into active good will, they can safely make the return to a constitution, which they wisely desire, by any path they choose.

The same general ideas are in the mind of General Carmona in Portugal. One observer in contact with that dictator reflects the latter's attitude of mind when he writes:

Briefly stated, the first task of the dictatorship is to break up party organizations while reforming the administration, to reorganize the public services and to repair the whole of the existing road system. Some progress has been made on these lines by the recent unification of railway management and the issue of contracts for road mending, but the lack of money is proving an obstacle. By imposing a truce upon party strife and maintaining order over a period of years, the dictator has some hope of giving the nation time in which to work out its salvation.

Old Banners Renounced

It must be pointed out that in all cases, as in Portugal, any strong leader in Europe, seeking the creation of a better form of responsive government approved by the people, finds the principal obstacle to be the persistent opposition of all the politicians who fed at the trough of the old system. They still go weaving a spell of mumbo-jumbo phrases such as Liberty, Equality, Democracy, none of which did they make real when power was in their hands. All these phrases they used then to put the people to sleep, just as they use them now with the hypocritical purpose of waking slumberers to the menace of great dangers!

In Italy, under Mussolini's guidance, a wholly new form of government is emerging. It is amazing in the daring of its concepts. It is incapable of wearing any of the old labels. It renounces all the old banners.

His first aim has been to create divisions of national life, not territorial, but based on productive functions, industrial, professional, public service, and the like.

It is wholly unlike the Soviet system, for it not only recognizes private property and capital but fortifies them.

Corporation Organization

Having done this, he has prepared to create a national assembly chosen from those productive categories and augmented by appointed men. These appointments will represent the continuity of national policy, or will fill in the characteristics lacking in the corporative representatives' assembly.

The nominative machinery has largely been retained, at least temporarily, in the hands of the present régime. The corporative groups, however, submit candidates for their own representation.

The people may say yes or no to any representatives nominated.

It is not difficult to see what is behind these plans.

The purpose is to obtain the political interest of the people and to offer a method for them to express their will. But the door is closed against the evils of sectional divisions and against party domination. Even the existence of old political parties is precluded. Fanatic or passing flares of opinion are rendered impotent. Campaigns for nomination or election which can be dominated by money power are thrown out.

Unwieldy assemblies, struggling for power or forming party combines to blackmail the government or to loot the treasury or to talk interminably are made impossible. The purpose is to create a body which will be associated only with the active productive life of the unified nation and will be able to deal with the real problems of modern life.

In all this one sniffs the atmosphere of American corporation organization—stockholders, workers and their chosen management.

How successful such experiments as these newly developing forms will be, time and test will decide. The trend toward new assemblies of the kind is running strong. Two years ago Hungary took a step in the same direction by creating an upper chamber composed largely of the active productive categories instead of territorial representation.

The object is not to produce a machine that will insist on being labeled democracy or will want to derive its virtues from aping the old idols. The object is to replace the chaos resulting from the hypocrisy of machines that would not work with some kind of machinery that will run.

If that end is the will of the people, then all you can say of it is that it is the people's will. Perhaps that machinery, if it awakens interest, will do more to educate populations for self-government than old systems, however sweetly they were named, which created disgust with and neglect of the functions of citizenship and made uninteresting and unvital all self-government.

It may be said that if a choice is necessary it is better to be sold out by a strong and wise man than by a flabby crew paddling along in a weak party system.

The Threshold of New Theories

For Americans in 1928, enjoying a government which, unchanged in form, still stands longer than any other the tests of time, there is profit in watching the oncoming experiments abroad in new models of government which, as I have said, for better or for worse, are as different from old forms as an automobile is different from a clipper ship.

When Ernest Barker, the new professor of political science at Cambridge, England, gave his inaugural lecture there, he said one sentence that every citizen who loves his country and mankind may jot down to remind him that he lives in a world of flux—in 1928. He said:

"We must admit the possibility of a great and influential theory of politics which has no definite basis in history."

He might have added that the world stands on the threshold not only of new political theories but of new political practice which has no definite basis in the experiences of anyone.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

He slowly rolled his eyes at me and sadly shook his head, then heaved a sigh—a good deep sigh—and this is what he said:

"Call money's gone to 9 per cent, with not a dime in sight. The country's in an awful fix—we may cave in by night. But the coppers and the rubbers they are doing very well. When the news gets on the front page, those who know will start to sell. The banks are full of idle coin; reserves are very high. There are millions waiting for the man who has the nerve to buy. I would play the oils and food shares for a temporary break, for the wise bird never loses if his profits he will take. Oh, the bulls are seeing red today; they know the end is near; yet the trade reports are bright and gay—we'll have a record year. Who cares if Iron is 99 and never paid a cent, or Wool preferred is 21 and worth the U. S. mint? We must look into the future and discount the days to come. The averages have never lied; we're going to see things hum. The freight-car loadings point the way—the bears will tell you that—and the index of commodities will show you where you're at. The margin calls may rise and rise until you're sweating blood, but mark my words, and mark them well, Rice common is a dud. The discount rate may rise and fall, and brokers' loans may slump. I'll stake my name in two more days the pools will start to dump. The textiles will pass dividends, the motors will pay more, but come what may, as sure as death, the low-priced rails will soar. Just watch the tape—that tells the tale—naught else you need to do. When good news breaks, it's over then—the stock should be a sale." —*David B. Park.*

She's the Cutest Thing!

"MY DAUGHTER Irmintrude—you probably remember her by the name of Mary, before she changed it—well, she came of legal driving age the other day, so we got her her first roadster. Of course she had been driving for three or four years, but we'd told her she'd have to wait till she was seventeen before she could have a car of her own. I don't believe in indulging youngsters or encouraging them to break the law.

"She acted real pleased when she saw the car out on the drive, and said thank you. It wasn't till the next morning we found out she didn't like it. She's a good sport; she'd never let on right away. It seems the color of this car is out, the body isn't low enough, and it won't do more than sixty-five. But I had fixed all that. I had told the man that if Irmintrude didn't like the machine he'd have to exchange it. But childlike, she didn't care for any of his models, so nothing would do but I must go with her to another dealer and buy a different make. Of course it was only twice as much, so with the first car going in on the deal, I wasn't out more than twelve hundred at the outside.

"You can't beat that kid. It's wonderful, the way she has, and only seventeen. Funny, after we had built an addition to the garage and brought the new car home, she didn't use it.

"One of her beaus has one of these—what do you call them?—scholarly flivvers?—and she has it borrowed most of the time. She has the funniest ways; we all die laughing at her.

"Like the time she lost her platinum wrist watch—dropped it in the river. Cutest thing, the way she passed that off. I said to her, 'Baby, don't you know that watch cost me four hundred and fifty?'

"'Well,' she said, 'all I can say is, they got the best of you.'

"Right back at me, like that. She's got an answer for everything.

"I said to her, 'Baby, where do you want to go on a vacation this year?'

"And she says, 'Nowhere, daddy. I want you and mother to go away and leave me here so I can have my own way for once.'

"Cute, huh?" —*McCready Huston.*

These Summer Days

THIS is one
Of many truths,
If any truths
There are:
Any man's
Good-looking if
He only owns
A car!
—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

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Pineapples like this one don't "*just grow*"

YOU have to know a lot about pineapples to grow, as we do, millions of perfect ones year after year. You have to know a lot about Nature, too.

Years ago we went adventuring among Nature's secrets. We learned unheard-of things about our Island Fruit. One by one we grappled with our problems—one by one we vanquished them.

Against weeds, a relentless enemy, we developed a most novel and effective weapon. The weapon is . . . *paper!*

Through its surface we now set out all our young plants—over 30,000,000 a year. Never a weed molests them.

To nourish these young plants—we spray them with a tonic of iron, that they may grow sturdy and firm.

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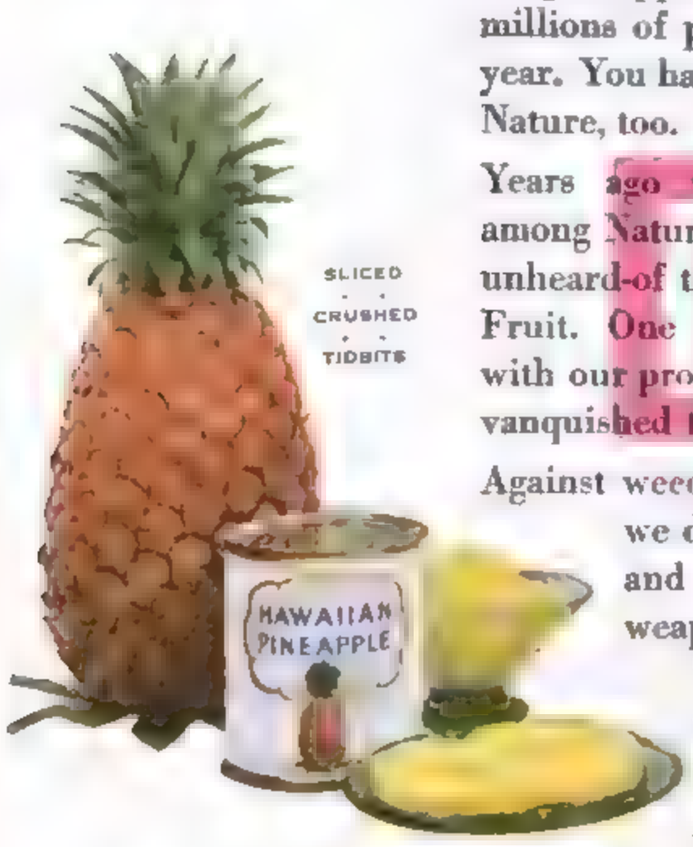
Our reward? Millions of perfect pineapples—tender and bursting with juice. It is just such tempting fruit that James D. Dole, head of the Hawaiian Pineapple Company, has spent 26 years developing for your table.



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One of the 30 new recipes this booklet will bring you.

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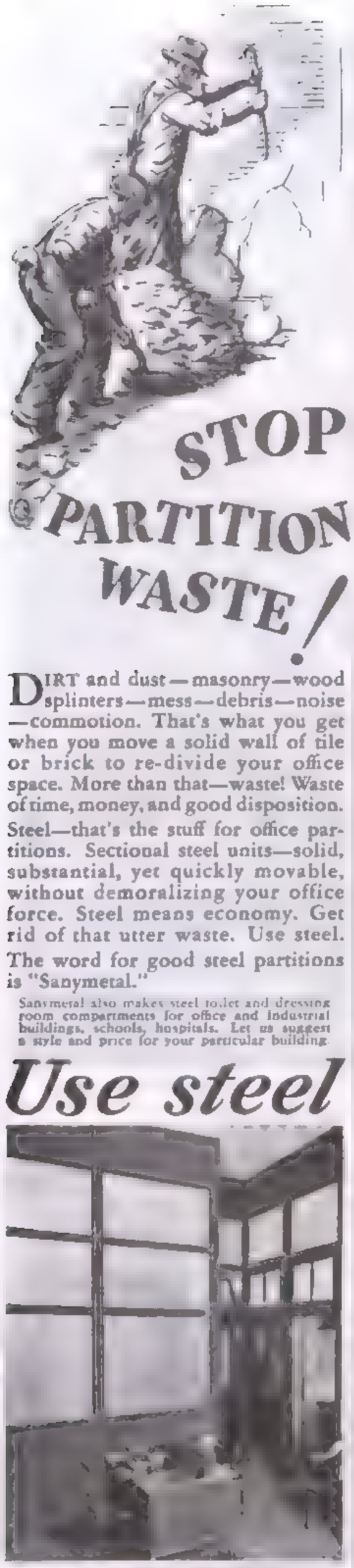

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Partition Builders since
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Sanymetal OFFICE AND TOILET PARTITIONS

LITTLE GIRL

(Continued from Page 34)

ultimately leave it to Mr. North, but in the meantime it would be so pleasant if you told me what to do next."

Perhaps he translated her answer that way, though more doubtfully than he would have, had she not announced her unimportance.

"What do you want to do?" he said. "I do not like to suggest this to a protégée of Mr. North's, but there is only one good school of training, and that is the school of the extra. You will hear a lot about not being an extra and about being one, but if you had about four months' extra work, day in and day out, it would mean a good deal; though I suppose Mr. North has his own plans for you."

"Whatever his plans, they won't materialize immediately, will they?"

He still looked troubled. "Well, I don't know that. Do you mean you would like to have an extra job while you wait? But perhaps Mr. North does not want you to start in as an extra."

"Oh, he won't mind. How do I get such a job?"

"The usual place is the central casting office, but perhaps there is something right here for you. If you are sure it's all right, I'll take you to the casting manager."

It appeared that the casting manager did not have to be presented to her. He had been at the banquet the night before.

"Well, I know she can dance anyhow. We ought to put her in that old-fashioned New England scene in the Old Oaken Bucket. Can the wardrobe room costume her?"

"What does she need?"

"Oh, a dress to her ankles and a fichu. Most of the extras are supplying their own, but perhaps Mr. North ——"

"Sure," said the director. "When do you want her—day after tomorrow?"

"Eighto'clock here on the grounds, Miss Gray, on Wednesday. Nine o'clock on Set 6, ready to act."

She had to make up her own face the best way she could Wednesday morning. There was a mob of girls all dressing in very limited space, chattering merrily about the other studios, about the work, about the chances. They seemed to know one another and she felt alien and awkward, but she learned a good deal about make-up. She did her hair closer to her head and listened to a slim young thing tell how she had begged for a test and been turned down. Evidently you did not have to be tested to be an extra and a test was hard to get.

Out on the set it was like a tea party—a merry tea party where everybody gossiped with everybody else, whether they knew them or not, and then there came a hush as the director took his place. He was directing Guarda Daran and a young man in Colonial clothes, and a group of men extras. And the scene was not pleasing to him in their rehearsal of it. Constance watched, fascinated, her sense of ignorance steadily growing.

"For the Lord's sake, stop that acting and be natural!" the director called. "Here, you over there: I'm tired of you getting in front of the camera! Now ——" Suddenly he broke off and swooped down on the group of men and, seizing a little one who quivered under his touch, he said sharply: "Get out! I can't be bothered with you any longer."

The little man hunched himself away and fell back. Nobody looked at him except Constance. And under the thick mask of his grease paint no expression came through on his face. Constance began to fear a little for herself.

"Now, you women, you are quilting and you stop it because Guarda comes into the room. The little lady, stand over here." He turned his head and looked straight at Constance. "Where have I seen you? Were you in my last picture? Oh, I know." He came to a full stop, regarding her thoughtfully. Then he said: "Now, all of you over here on the right, come closer. Guarda, for the Lord's sake, turn your profile here!"

It was not until the end of the day that Constance realized that she was tired. Somebody handed her a written slip and she took her place in a long line that filed before

No Man, Where She Came From, Drove a Lady Through the Moonlight Without at Least Saying It Was a Pretty Night

a little window where she exchanged her slip for seven dollars and fifty cents. Forty dollars a week was a good deal for that kind of work. Then somebody in front of her asked her how much work she had had lately. It was a middle-aged woman she had not seen on her own set.

"This is my first."

"It's my first in a month," said the woman.

"You mean you don't get regular work when you're an extra?"

"You're a beginner! The only time you get regular work is when you hold a high-priced contract. If you get a day a week you'll be lucky."

Seven dollars and a half a week was not so promising. She thought of it as she told the clerk at the desk of the hotel that she would be leaving the next day when her week was up. Fifty-six dollars for her board and seven dollars and a half for her work.

She had four days' work that week. Two of them she would not have had but for the director's having seen her open the dance at the banquet. At the end of the four days they needed no more extras on that set. Each day she had hoped to talk with Guarda, but either she was not recognized in her make-up or Guarda was too preoccupied for anything outside the immediate range of her interest, which appeared to be bounded by the director. He called her "Dear," but then he called most of the women by affectionate names, and after he stopped directing they seemed to hang on what he said, in a curious attentive fashion that he did not appear even to notice.

When she had cashed her last written slip she went back to the casting office. Four days of the talk of the extras had taught her many things. She began to know what the assistant director who had tested her meant when he said this was the only school for a screen actor who had not been on the stage or who had no experience. Her manner, though not assured, was, at least, not painful as she announced the conclusion of her present job and asked for another one. This time she did not see the casting manager himself, but the assistant—a woman who could think of nothing for her for at least two weeks. "But I'll ring you up. We have your address." She went back toward the offices and on the way she came upon the casting manager himself.

"May I have another job?" she heard herself saying. "I have just asked your assistant for one, but she doesn't know whether there is one."

"I'll ring you up," he said. "She knows a lot about it. I don't suppose there is one if she says there isn't. Where are you going now?"

"Oughtn't I to be going this way from the casting office?"

"Only if you are going up those outer stairs to the chief's office."

She took a short breath. "But I am."

He had been going on, but he stopped. "Are you really? What are you going to tell him?"

"I'll ask him to tell you."

"Well, tell him I said we could put you in Mary, Quite Contrary, if it's all right with him."

"He will not mind my going into Mary, Quite Contrary. Will you arrange it?"

"I'll ring you up tomorrow."

"No, I'm going back with you to the office while you fix it up."

His slanting look became a level one, straight at her. "I'm being held up."

"Do you mind?"

He looked at the stairway she was turning from. "Come on back then. I will have to run this risk."

VI

THEY worked late that night. Mary, Quite Contrary was a program picture and had to be got out of the way for The Searchers. When they were dismissed at half after ten, Constance thought she had never been so tired—not tired of acting, but tired of waiting. Those interminable waits while the sequence just preceding her own sequence was rehearsed over and over again.

She had not yet mastered the assurance that gets first place while the other person gets second. So the other girls got into their street clothes before her and when she came

(Continued on Page 142)

Yankee Doodle went to town
In his little auto—
Thought he'd get his girl a treat
Beneficial, lasting, sweet—
Saw a sign and took the hint
And bought a pack of Double Mint!

MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

You will like the new and better *Peppermint* Flavor in WRIGLEY'S Double Mint.

It's lasting and healthful.

WRIGLEY'S aids digestion, keeps the mouth moist, the throat refreshed and in short it is:

Good and good for you!

After every meal

143

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

CORBIN

They won't close the screen door . . . *but Corbin will*

THAT creak, bang, slam—no need of your screen door acting that way.

That unclosed space between door and frame, inviting flies to enter—no need for that, either.

Closed tight. That's the way your screen door should be after it has been used, every time. And that's the way it will be as soon as you put on a Corbin screen-door check.

If the grocery boy forgets to close the screen door, the Corbin check remembers. When the children pull open the screen door in a race for the lawn, the Corbin check will close it — quickly, silently, surely.

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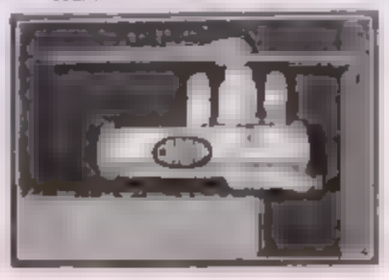
Write Dept. (S-6), P. & F. Corbin, New Britain, Conn., for booklet K-181 It tells all about the Corbin screen-door check

THE CORBIN DOOR CHECK ALWAYS REMEMBERS



P. & F. CORBIN
SINCE 1849
NEW BRITAIN, CONN
The American Hardware [illegible]
New York [illegible] Chicago
Philadelphia

Continued from Page 140

out to the street it was bare and deserted under a full moon that made her heart ache. She looked up at it. It was shining exactly that way on the lilacs at home that she might never see again

Nobody had offered to take her home save a man who danced with her on the set and he was not a man one wanted to ride with at night. There were no street cars and at this hour the busses seemed far apart, for though she waited and waited none came. She looked back at the studio. Somebody there would tell her about the busses; they might only run in the daytime.

The windows of North's rooms on the second floor were alight. Perhaps he would drive her home. The deserted streets had become a menace to her. She moved back through the gates hesitantly. The door was still unlocked and she hastened her steps up the dim stairway because her courage was ebbing. It was simple enough—up those stairs and into the hall that led to Blaise's room—but her courage kept on ebbing. She paused at the head of the stairs. How many times he had come into her house and been given bread and jam when he was hungry. She could see her mother spreading it. And this carried her through Blaise's door.

The door on the other side of the secretary's room leading into North's room was open and the light from it made a path across the darkness of the unlighted room she had stepped into. Beyond the open door two men and a woman sat in the light above North's desk and argued with him.

"You will remember, Mr. North"—and Constance heard the carefully modulated tones of Virgina Lowndes—"I am to have the final decision on the principal actors of The Searchers. I cannot understand why you want this Miss Gray for so important a part. She is homely; she is absolutely inexperienced. There is nothing to recommend her but—if you do not mind my saying so—your early memories of her."

Constance could see North draw back against the Napoleonic bees. "She is a find. Look at her in these rushes. She takes the scene; she takes it even from Guarda Daran."

The man beside Mrs. Lowndes, whose face Constance had not seen, now leaned forward, and she saw it was the casting manager.

"It is her wistfulness," he said. "She makes you want to help her." North lighted a cigarette. "Mrs. Lowndes," he said, "I don't suppose you ever asked anybody to do anything for you in all your life. You probably get what you want yourself or go without it, so this quality of Constance Gray's escapes you. It is very rare from a photographic standpoint."

"It does not escape me," she interrupted. "She gave an admirable example of it the first time I saw her, here in your office. You may recall that I said she was a young Gish. But I have not written this story for a Lillian Gish. My heroine is anything but a Gish heroine. Put this girl in some minor rôle if you like. It is the lead you are asking for."

North raised his eyebrows. "Asking for?"

Out of range of the path of light from the open door, Constance sank into Blaise's desk chair, afraid to move. What a mistaken time for her to have intruded. Yet if North stuck to it—if he arranged it—the lead in The Searchers—how gorgeous! She made an effort to control her trembling. But he was not sticking to it. On such little things whole lives hung.

"Who do you want, Mrs. Lowndes?" North was saying.

"At least Guarda Daran can act and she has grit and beauty both."

"Don't you think Miss Gray has grit?"

Mrs. Lowndes moved toward the door as if the discussion were ended. Then, in the fashion of stage characters, she turned back at the door.

Even her voice held a faint tinge of the theatrical.

"Is it not enough that I do not like her?" she said, and moved softly through the secretary's dark room and down the stairs.

Huddled in Blaise's revolving chair, hidden by the darkness of the room, Constance felt her heart beat suffocatingly as the chiffon draperies of this woman who was denying her a chance floated by her with a faint odor of lilac. Lilac, of all odors! If they would stop talking about her now, she might go in and ask for a ride home. The other man was Marshall Jones. If he came out ahead of the others he would take her home gladly. Perhaps North, with both the casting manager and the publicity man there, had been preparing to launch an announcement of a new actress. Something warm fell on her hand, and to her surprise she found it was a tear. But she was so horribly disappointed. She had been there long enough now to know how unusual such a chance was and what it would have meant to her to be picked by North for a Virginia Lowndes story.

"Let me tell you something, gentlemen," North was saying—"something that makes me know this girl can act. I was a little shaver when the Grays took the place next to us. It was a funny old place—all on one floor in days when Kentucky had not heard of bungalows. And there wasn't even a bathtub in it, for Connie and Spud, her brother, used to take their baths Saturday night in the washhouse, but it had four acres of ground, with something blooming every week. Connie's father was the editor of the morning paper and he slept in the daytime, and that was the reason her mother had chosen a house with so many inconveniences it must have given her countless hours of extra work, but in spite of that, set in the midst of flowers and silence. Her father was a marvel to us. He could do anything, from building a house in boughs of the trees to telling an old story so differently it seemed new. And almost as marvelous were his free passes to the theater. I went to my first play with Connie and Spud. We went all alone because her mother had no cook and had to get breakfast for her father. His breakfast was at two o'clock in the afternoon. The play was Davy Crockett, and there were wolves trying to get through the door. We went home and acted it. You might not believe it, but Spud and I were the wolves and Connie Gray was Davy Crockett. She was directing me. We covered ourselves with the bear rug that was a trophy of one of her father's expeditions to Puget Sound, when Puget Sound was undiscovered."

He lighted another cigarette and leaned forward over his desk. "Mrs. Gray took us to Uncle Tom's Cabin and then The Silver King and an Irish one called The Ivy Leaf, where the hero climbed up the tower on English ivy and the tower turned around so the audience could see the inside. But it was Mr. Gray who took us to Ruy Blas and showed us the art of the younger Salvini's acting and the psychology of the hero when he pounded the table and said, after so much humiliation: 'I want you to know that I am master here.'"

He rose. "And Connie Gray laughed at me when I tried to pound the table. 'You don't hold your head up high enough,' she said. 'Do it this way.' And then we went to see She. And draped in the red felt table cover, Connie as She blasted Spud, who had to be Ustane, though he howled over being a girl. But I know Connie Gray can act. I have acted with her. And I know she has grit. I was there the day they brought her father home, killed by a drunken politician he had opposed in his paper. She has grit all right. Let's look at Mrs. Lowndes' contract and see what we can do."

Out in the shadowed room Connie Gray clutched at the secretary's desk. She could not ask for a ride home after that. But how was she to get out of this room and how was she to get home? There must be some way, for all the other extras had gone and only a few of them had cars and men friends. Better to walk home than to sit here like this, only she was playing tomorrow and if

Continued on Page 145

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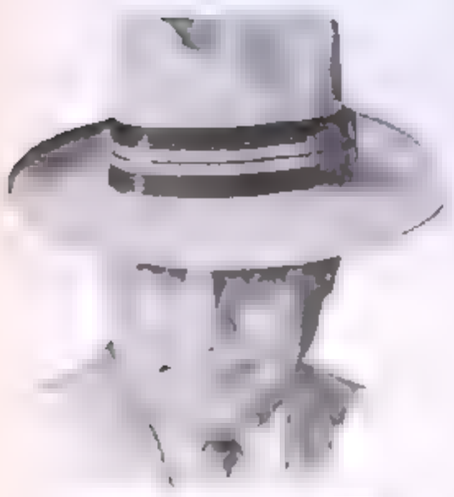

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OF ALL THE PLEASURES MAN ENJOYS PIPE SMOKING COSTS THE LEAST

(Continued from Page 142)

she exhausted herself it would show in spite of the grease paint. She rose undecidedly.

But she had not counted on North's eyes, accustomed to measuring light. She made no sound, but there was a movement of shadow across the bar of light beyond the door and he was in the room like a shot, his hand on the girl's wrist. The merest pull and he had her in the light. It was so easy he felt ashamed to have exercised such strength. He stared down at her.

"Constance!" he exclaimed. As wave on wave of shamed color flooded her face his eyes narrowed.

"I waited so long on the corner for a bus!" she panted. "We worked tonight, you know. And no bus came, and I began to be afraid I could not get home. I saw a light here and I came to ask for directions, but when I got to the door—well, my nerve just gave out."

Throbbingly she recalled that Mrs. Lowndes had said she had no grit. But North was angrily addressing the director.

"Soames, weren't the extras provided for?"

"Yes, Mr. North. Miss Gray, there was a special bus for the extras."

"I—I must have missed it. It takes me longer to get out of my things ——"

There was a faint glint in Soames' eye as North put up his hand. For a moment his look met the publicity man's, then both men studiously looked away.

"I will take you home," said North. "We'll go now."

In the car he said little. The moonlight cut the road into blocked shadows and she sat still, unable to fight against his heavy silence, for all her Kentucky upbringing. No man, where she came from, drove a lady through the moonlight without at least saying it was a pretty night, and a boy who had lived fifteen years in Kentucky ought, as a man, to have been stamped with this warmth. She felt cold.

"To the right here," she said presently. She brought him to a stop before a three-storied apartment building. He surveyed it frowningly.

"I'm coming in," he said. "I want to see how you live."

To save her life she could not have helped her startled hesitancy. Truly he was no longer a Kentuckian. He did not ask if he might come in. And she was living alone. A man caller at a seasonable hour was within the bounds of decorum, since she herself was decorous, but a man caller so late at night—it might be decorous enough, only, being unused to it, she hesitated.

He sent a faintly humorous glance from the shabby entrance to her doubtful face, but he made no other recognition of her doubt. He walked at her side up the endless steps to the third floor and watched her thin little hands manipulate the key nervously and switch on the light, fumbling a little. He closed the door and looked about him, moving his eyes and not his head to take in the depressing one-room apartment with its tiny kitchenette.

"Do you cook your own food? You look as if you did not eat enough."

"Oh, yes, I do. May I show you that I can cook?"

For a moment he hesitated. Then he said gently: "I'm as hungry as can be. Can't I help you?"

There were only two burners on the little gas stove and they put the coffeepot on one while Constance beat the eggs for an omelet. She took the eggs and the butter from a window-box refrigerator that she shut hastily that he might not see how little there was left in it; and while the coffee was setting she gave him a tiny frying pan and showed him just how hot to get it before he put in the strips of bacon. She set the table in the living room and he carried the things in.

"We should have jam," he said, "and you should spread it on thick bread and butter for me. My word! How easily you flush and how the color increases your beauty. You should rouge, my dear."

For she had been ashamed that there was no jam. "You must come again for tea and I will give you pop-overs and jam. Do you remember our pop-overs?"

"Do I?" He frowned as if the memory brought back something that was on his mind. He looked down at her pointed chin and wistful eyes. "Your father used to call you Delling, the Dawn Elf. Do you remember?"

"Yes. I would not have thought you would have remembered—so long ago."

"Why, we acted it all out after your father told us the story, and I was King Arthur and then you, because you couldn't be a king, were Merlin the Enchanter. Merlin had power even over Arthur."

He took his pipe out of his pocket and asked if he might smoke it. "Do you know if you were happy and ate more and lived—say, down on the beach with a garden—you would be enchanting in no time. I think I must arrange for that. I should like to give you the lead in The Searchers. The part was made for you. But it's a little too rapid an advance. I won't be able to do it this time, but I'll find something else for you."

He fell silent. Then he said abruptly: "You have no one back home you want to marry?"

"Why, no—no. I have no one back home but Spud, my brother, and he doesn't need me. He lives in the old house and he runs the paper father used to edit. But he likes living alone."

She stopped because he did not seem interested in what Spud was doing. He was watching her, but not listening to her. She got the idea that he was watching the way her lips moved and the expression in her eyes as she spoke of her brother, and that he was measuring these as they might look on the screen and not considering at all the feeling that produced them.

"You would be leaving us by and by," he said, "if there were somebody back home whom you wanted to marry. There would be no use training you for leads. Curious you have not married."

"No. There was nobody I wanted who wanted me."

"I wonder." He put his hands about her face, cupping it in them and looking down at her. Presently he kissed her, lightly, gayly. "Good night, Delling. I will think of you at dawn."

She closed the door and leaned against it. It meant nothing, that kiss, here in Hollywood. Everybody kissed anybody.

"Me, I have the largest kissing acquaintance in Hollywood," Guarda had said. "But it gets me no jobs."

Constance pulled her bed out from the wall and let it down to the floor. It would have meant more in Kentucky—that kiss.

VII

SHE rose the next morning much earlier than she would have risen in Kentucky after staying up so late at night. She had her make-up to get on and a long trip to the studio before 8:30. She had learned enough by now to get her make-up on before she went to the studio. Then if she could not get a place before the mirror it did not matter. And in Hollywood nobody paid any attention to a made-up face. She did not take time to make coffee. She had forgotten to pour out the grounds in her coffeepot last night and there was only a tablespoonful left in the can and she couldn't seem to cope with both these difficulties. There were no eggs left either. And whether her head ached, as she sat under the Klieg lights, from lack of sleep or from lack of coffee, she could not tell. It might be just lack of food, but for some reason she could not please the director. Either she was not so apt at catching his direction, or he was more particular about her this morning than he had been before. She caught him watching her several times as she sat among the extras, watching whom she talked with and what she did.

She noticed one little change. Guarda Daran had time for her. Guarda had never been unamiable, merely occupied with other things, but today the director must have spoken to Guarda about her. For Guarda looked back at her as Constance sat watching her rehearse.

How foolish to deny actresses the possession of the good old steady virtues, Constance thought. Guarda's patience as she went over and over the sequence, her intelligence as she caught the director's doubt or his approval, her courage as she flung herself into expression, were all character attributes and quite outside of any art she might possess. The director was dismissing them for luncheon and Guarda came toward her.

"Come to lunch with me, kiddo. I want to talk to you."

In their make-up and their costumes, they went out the studio gate and across the street, where Guarda picked a corner table and ordered a sandwich and milk.

"It's a long time since I had a square meal. But I'm down to one hundred and fifteen again. I think I'll order you some beefsteak, Lady Gray. You don't look just right to me and I want to say something to you that oughtn't to be said if your stomach is empty. Now, swallow that rare meat while I tell you you haven't the slightest idea how fast gossip travels in a studio; especially if it's connected with the boss. What's this I hear about your waiting in Blaise's office until midnight to ride home with the chief and making his present flame so mad she up and left him flat?"

Out of the sentences Guarda had punctuated with sips of milk Constance drew but one thing. "His present flame! Is he—is he interested in Mrs. Lowndes?"

"Look at old wide-eyes! She looks so innocent it's a shame to speak of sex to her. Don't you know this is said to be a fascinating female that the chief is working with night and day on love scenes and thrilling sequences? What do you think he is—an animated ice chest? I don't say he's interested in her—whatever that is. But I say she has his private ear. And I take notice what she wants she gets, around here."

Constance sighed. "She doesn't want me," she said.

"She doesn't want any other woman. The only reason she lets me in is that she knows I'm tied up with another man."

Constance leaned forward. "Are you really, Guarda? Do you care for him?"

"I don't know yet. So far he's just my director. You can't separate caring for a man and trying to please him, the first dash off the bat. If I please him in my work, I will probably care for him. Funny how you like people better if you're suiting them. Maybe I'll marry him—I don't know—but anyhow I'm not trying to please anybody that will stop looking at Mrs. Lowndes on my account. It's why I hate women authors or women directors or women anything. If you just say a pleasant word to their men they're off of you for life, and they don't like you sometimes for nothing more than the hat you wear. There's one thing in this business—you work for men and not for women."

"All the same it looks as if I might lose a pretty good chance because I can't work for this woman."

Guarda narrowed her eyes. "What's that to you if you can take the scene right away from her and go home with the chief! Say, you country girl, wake up! Haven't you seen the signs this morning?"

It occurred to Constance that if she lost a chance to be in The Searchers, Guarda would get it. But all she said was: "No; what are they?"

Guarda stared at her with a certain flatness in her look. "I believe to my soul you are giving me the straight goods. Haven't you even noticed Soames? As your director he is worried. He's working with you more than he would if you were just an extra, and he's worried over your being just an extra, under the circumstances. Maybe he ought to have put you into something better."

"But what does he think the circumstances are?"

(Continued on Page 147)

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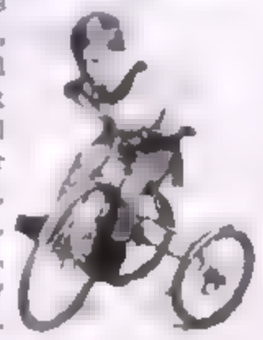

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OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 145)

"Oh, bunk!" Guarda ate her sandwich. The restaurant began to be crowded and those who went by their table did not give all their attention to Guarda. "What if you should be talking straight? Listen, don't you know the studio thinks you are to be the next star in spite of your inexperience, and don't you know they don't think this is all caused by the craze for new faces the dear public is supposed to have? Don't you know you come in here and pick up without any effort chances the rest of us have worked years to get? What do you think that will do to your reputation, Miss Prim?" She fell silent, frowning at Constance. Then she asked a curious question: "Are you taking the bus home tonight?"

"Yes."

She pondered over the answer. "Where do you live? What do you say, I drive you home tonight and then I'll find out for myself where you live? It doesn't sound very spiffy to me. Maybe you'll have to move if you sign a contract, and stop going home on the bus."

"I can't move until I do. Right this minute I'm thankful somebody made it a law that extras were to be paid every day."

For a moment Guarda did not answer. She looked about at the bedizened crowd eating sparingly and chattering volubly. Then she appeared to make a resolve.

"Let me tell you something, Lady Gray—something you honestly ought to know, and that I don't believe anybody will tell you, and I don't believe you'll get it yourself even after it happens to you. If this gossip isn't true—if you haven't got the boss back of you to shove you into places you couldn't reach yourself and to stand by your mistakes—for you're sure to make them—you are going to have a hard time. I'm telling you, kid, because it's the kind of time I've had. If they know you're the straight goods, that's one thing. But you start a lot of talk like this and get your jobs on influence, and it turns out not to be influence, you're dished. You take me—I'm too good for the stuff the casting manager hands out easily. And I haven't got anybody back of me to give me the jobs that take pull or fame. That's why I said maybe I'd marry Soames. I've run my own boat a pretty long time and I'm getting older now. You wouldn't believe it, because I drive a car and have clothes, but half the time I don't know where my rent is coming from."

"Don't you save your money when you have a job, Guarda?"

"Listen to her! When I have a job I pay some of the debts I have to pay if I'm to go on, and I get some decent clothes. This is a business where you have to put up a front. It makes a difference in what you get. You'll come to getting yourself studio dresses and shoes and hats, and taking them off when you get home so that they'll look fresh. What I'm telling you is that if you're seen with the chief here and there, nobody will give you the kind of job you are getting now, for fear it's not good enough for you, and the work that would bring you where the directors would notice you won't come your way. Then, unless the Old Man is looking after you, you won't get any work at all. Do you get me?"

"But maybe he will look after getting me work."

The older woman sent a swift glance into the younger one's eyes.

"Maybe, you say. Then it isn't already attended to. Say, kid, what makes you think you will like this thing, even if you got the lead in The Searchers tomorrow?"

"I don't know yet whether I will like it or not, but I have to support myself."

"Well, isn't there something else you know? I'm not a croaking crow, but honestly, kid, there's nothing in this game for a girl like you. It's chasing for a job until you're heartsick. It's getting only jealousy when you get the job. And always—well, most always—it's this other thing you don't even seem to savvy. Isn't there something else you'd like to do?"

"All my life I have wanted to act."

"Isn't there some nice young man back home that you feel like marrying?" Guarda asked. "A husband's much better than a job in the pictures."

Constance shook her head.

"You see, my—my mother died while I was in college and it hasn't been the same at home. There's nothing for me to do there except to make it comfortable for my brother, and he has a man to do that for him who has been with us for years."

"Wouldn't your brother support you?"

"I don't want him to, and he hasn't much to spare. I wouldn't like to ask him for anything. He didn't approve of my coming here."

After a while the other girl said: "I suppose you'll think me a regular buttinski, but do you care for the boss—you know, really care?"

For one moment she caught in Constance's eyes a light that went through nerves and flesh to something that shone with its deathless message of the greatest of all things in this little world. Guarda let her painted lids close out the strange vision of reality that so dwarfed the artificial world wherein, day by day, she tried to simulate love that it might be photographed. After a while love became a mere word—a word needing tangible signs to make it credible, but this girl did not know this.

"Well, stick it out," said Guarda. "If it means anything to you, you don't have to bother about anything else. Maybe he will remember to back you, but he's awful busy, kid. You go after him if he forgets."

VIII

BACK in her brain one phrase began to repeat itself: "I'll give you a ring." Constance went over her meager resources. She must have a telephone. The janitor was a casual creature and he could not be expected to keep a record of her calls. For Guarda had been right; when she finished with Mary, Quite Contrary, there were no other jobs to be had even for the asking. She had thought that with each added job it would be easier to get another, but it was not. All that she met was the look that hesitated about her. If it had been a look that turned her down flat she might have known what to do with it, but it did not. It said: "You have arrested our attention." And then came that promise: "I'll give you a ring."

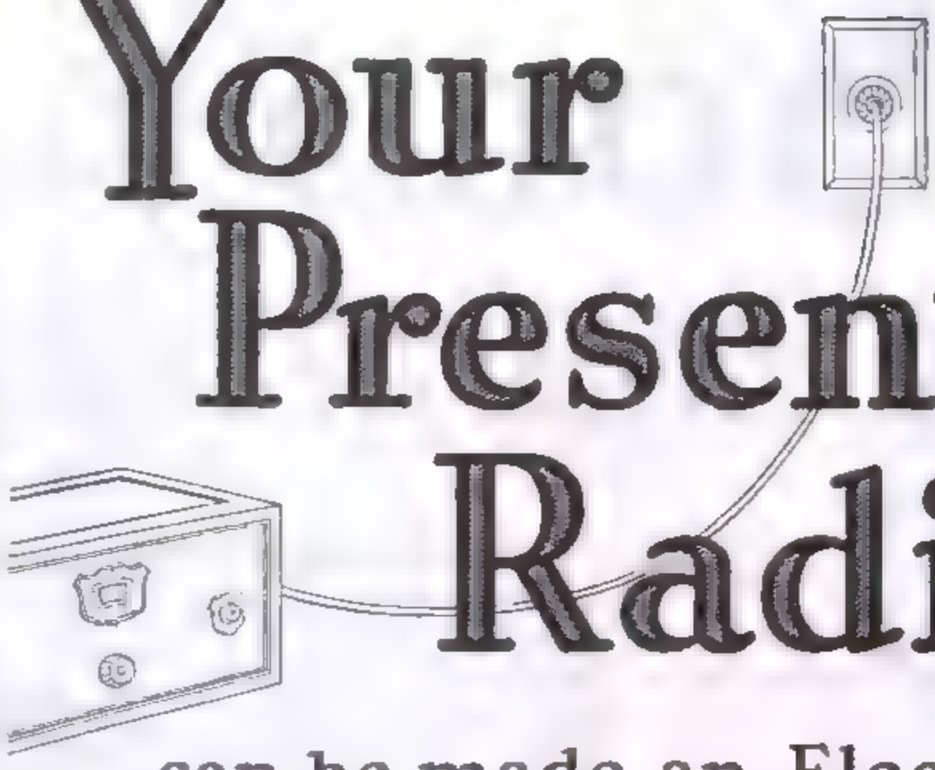
She had so little money left she hated to spend it on the telephone, and yet if you were unreachable you were sure to be left out. She had not wanted to appeal to North. He had been so sure there was something for her the night he ate supper with her. Scarcely a day went by that she did not expect to hear from him. Until her money began to run so low she had even kept little things in her window refrigerator in case he should come in hungry again. He had always been hungry when he came into her house years ago. But he had not come and he had not summoned her, and in the blue-and-golden town the days became leaden.

And then she heard he had gone to Chicago for some big convention. It was not a big studio, but things could happen, and you would not hear unless you were going about with the other people, and she knew so few of them. She had not seen Marshall Jones since that night North had taken her home. But perhaps the publicity man had also gone to Chicago.

There were days when she thought of applying to the other studios, but what if she should get work some place else and then because of it have to turn down something North had planned for her? She had not come to Hollywood to work for anyone but Gabriel North, if he would have her. And he had just gone away in a hurry, supposing she was working—getting her training perhaps—and when he came back —— This was a strange place, this blue-and-golden town. You kept believing tomorrow would be better than today. You were so sure in the morning that the job you

(Continued on Page 149)

Your Present Radio



. . can be made an Electric A.C. Set *without changes in wiring or even the cost of new tubes*

NO HARNESSES
OR ADAPTERS
NO NEW TUBES

Of course you want electric A. C. radio reception. Radio was never so convenient, never so pleasureful as now when its only demand upon you is the snap of an electric switch.

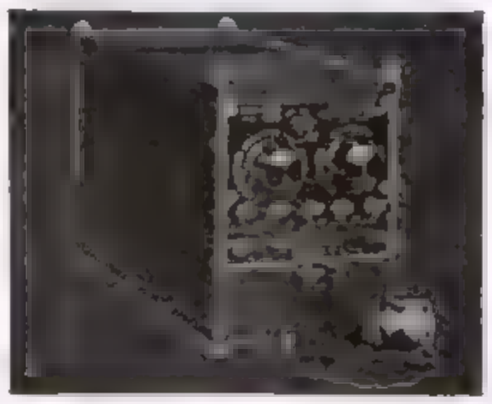
But if you have a good radio now don't discard it. A good time-tried circuit with efficient time-tried tubes is naturally better than new untried circuits and tubes. There isn't a better A. C. set made than your present radio converted to use A. C. power.

And Kuprox has made conversion so easy! You don't have to change a single wire or alter the set in any way. Not even new tubes are necessary. Just connect the Kuprox A. C. Power Pack between the A. C. electric light socket and your set, and your radio operates entirely from A. C.

And what reception it gives! Everything your radio did before, it will do even better. And there's nothing to bother about . . . the entire set turns on and off at your light switch.

The Kuprox A. C. Power Pack contains no moving parts, nothing to wear out or break down. It is a permanent addition to your set that will double your radio enjoyment. See the Kuprox A. C. Power Pack at your dealer's. You will find several models, some supplying filament current only, some plate current only, and several compact units that make the entire set A. C. In case you first desire more information we will be glad to send it to you if you will write for it.

Kuprox is being used by leading railroad, telephone and telegraph lines in voice, code and signal transmission. It is rapidly replacing many other forms of power units



Your dealer also has the new Kuprox Multi-rate Trickle Charger and the Kuprox Replacement Unit for eliminating the acid jar on all standard wet trickle chargers.

The KODEL ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO.
Formerly The Kodel Radio Corporation
521 E. PEARL ST. CINCINNATI, OHIO

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KUPROX
A.C. POWER PACK

SOLD *for* JUNK... *six months before its time*

Driven scarcely eight thousand miles . . . and yet ruined beyond possible repair! Such is the price that millions of motorists pay for this serious tire neglect!

THE JUNK MAN PROFITS from underinflation!

THIS COSTS MONEY! Photograph at the left shows an underinflated tire jammed against curbstone. A common cause of fabric ruptures.

TO one cause and to one cause alone, authorities now attribute at least eighty per cent of all tire failures.

Recent scientific findings have proved beyond shadow of doubt that premature tread-wear . . . broken-down side walls . . . fabric ruptures . . . rim cuts . usually result from improper inflation.

Thus, simply through carelessness and neglect, millions of tire miles are wasted every year.

To combat this loss . . . to help motorists save the extra mileage that modern science has built into their tires Schrader is bringing this situation to public attention

Now a nation-wide campaign

This advertisement is part of a nation-wide educational campaign . . . endorsed by tire manufacturers

In detail it describes the causes and effects of improper inflation . . . and suggests three simple precautions that will help correct it.

So, read what follows carefully. It will take only a few minutes of your time . . . and it *may* save you a good many dollars

The menace of improper inflation cannot be exaggerated. Without question it reduces tire life tremendously.

When a balloon tire is run five pounds below its proper pressure its life is reduced by hundreds of miles

According to actual tests a balloon tire in this condition loses just as much mileage as a high pressure pneumatic tire underinflated by twelve or fifteen pounds

Premature tread-wear is one of the most common and costly results of all Broken-down side walls . . . rim cuts . fabric ruptures . . . stone bruises, also.

How to avoid this premature wear

And yet improper inflation can be easily avoided if three precautions are taken.

It's simply a matter of establishing the correct habits of tire care . . . as easy as keeping water in your radiator or checking your oil supply.

First, ask your dealer the exact pressure you should carry front and rear. Then test your tires regularly . . . once a week at least. For this purpose use the Schrader Gauge

This gauge is built on simple scientific principles. It is accurate and durable Easy to read. Easy to use

Second, make sure each valve stem is covered by a genuine Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap . . . air-tight up to 250 pounds.

In the case of a damaged valve inside, this unique cap will prevent the escape of air at mouth of valve until the valve inside can be conveniently replaced.

And third, change your valve insides once a year. See that you have the genuine Schrader . . . standard all over the world

See that a genuine Schrader Valve Inside, in good condition, is screwed into every tire valve. This valve inside is dependable for either balloon or high pressure tires. Box of five—25c

Screw an improved Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap tightly by hand on every tire valve. This valve cap keeps dirt from damaging the valve inside and is air-tight up to 250 lbs. Box of five—25c.

This little mechanism is really amazing in its efficiency but naturally it will not last forever

Follow these three rules of tire care

Thousands of motorists have adopted these scientific rules of tire care recommended by Schrader engineers. They are saving money And by guarding against *overinflation*, their cars ride easier, too.

Now we urge you earnestly and sincerely to follow their example . . . in fairness to yourself and to your tires.

So go to your tire dealer. Ask him what pressure your tires should carry.

And then see that this pressure is maintained by the use of the three Schrader products described above. Sold by more than 100 000 dealers throughout the world.

Let us send you our valuable little booklet, "The Air You Ride On." Address A. Schrader's Son, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y. (Makers of Pneumatic Valves since 1844 . . . Tire Valves Tire Gauges.)

(Continued from Page 147)

were looking for was waiting for you. And at night you thought it would be there next day. She became a familiar figure on the lot, studying the actors and watching the plays. Everybody was kind to her, even when they could not find work for her. And then one day she ran into Marshall Jones just outside the gate. To her amazement, all he said was that it was a pretty day.

She did not trouble to hide her surprise. "Well, I think the pretty day is rather like what goes on in the studio. Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it."

He gave her a curious look. "Aren't you working?"

"No."

"Been working?"

"Not for several weeks."

"I suppose you know the chief went on to New York for the première of Mrs. Lowndes' new play. I believe he went to see if he would buy the screen rights, but I am not sure."

Her face grew wistful. What a gorgeous life! A play opening in New York and Gabriel North going all the way from California to see it. She found the curious news-gathering eyes watching her and she tried to make an answer.

"When does he get back?"

"Who—the chief?" He frowned at her as if there was something he did not understand. "Next week, I think."

He watched her as she moved down to the corner where the bus stopped, then he went after her. "Puddinmetaim," he said solemnly, "are you doing what the rest of these silly girls are doing—starving yourself thin? You look lots thinner than you did that night you danced with the chief."

"Do I?" A faint flush touched her cheek bones.

"Say, if you will wait until I clear my desk I will drive you home."

"I'll be glad to. I'll wait out here."

She sat down on the bench in the sunlight—ten cents saved. She had had a hard half hour. The Searchers was ready for production. Soames had been given the direction and he was casting. But he had asked her to wait until the chief came home before he gave her a part. She knew she was not to have the lead after all. Guarda was to play it. The studio buzzed with it. There was all kinds of talk; even talk about Guarda and Soames and a possible marriage. It wasn't a very large part—the story was written for a man—but it seemed to be a feather in Guarda's cap to have obtained it. Constance thought she might have played it and that it would have meant more for her than a mere feather in her hat. It would have meant confidence and food and drink and life itself.

She stared out into the bright sunlight to the row of directors' offices, and the sandy space before her became chicken gravy on heaped-up mounds of white meat. She pulled herself back, alarmed. When she got a job she would stop dining on sugar rolls. And if she were busy perhaps she would stop thinking night and morning of green grass on hills decked with trees that had leaves and not the evergreens and the tropical foliage about her. The bare foothills of the Sierras that cupped Hollywood were picturesque enough, in spite of the slashes the new roads were making over them, but lately she was annoyed by their bareness. Whenever she looked at them she was beginning to see the woods and grass back there in Kentucky. What she needed was a job.

Surely if North had thought her almost good enough for a lead in The Searchers he would think her good enough for a minor part. But what if he stayed in New York for several weeks? When her rent was paid there would hardly be bus fare to come out every day. And Spud had wired her he could send no more money, that she had better use what she had left to come home. She thought about this a moment. Not yet. Her chance was so close—just around the corner. She counted her money as she waited for Jones. Maybe if she asked Mr. Soames again tomorrow to give her something and not to wait for North, he would. The Searchers might be several weeks in production before North came back.

But a director who is casting is harder to see than a king waiting to be crowned. Constance waited for a long while next morning, leaning her head back against the wall because she was so dizzy. And then the assistant director said Soames would not be back any more today. And she had wasted twenty cents. She moved slowly toward the drug store where Blaise had given her that first cup of coffee on the way to luncheon with North. A glass of milk would not cost much and somehow she had no strength left.

And then her heart began to beat fast again. It did that often these days. She had taken to pressing on it with her hand because the least excitement set it going. Coming out of the drug store was Soames—what luck! She did not let him escape.

"Mr. Soames, I understand Mr. North may not come back for some days, and perhaps by that time The Searchers will be under way and there will be no place for me at all." Constance found herself unconsciously wringing her hands. She discovered it because the director's eyes followed her motion, flashing a little at those thin, exquisite hands weaving their agony over having to ask for help. She let her hands fall. "Couldn't I be tested for another part? Surely if Mr. North thought me almost good enough for the lead, and surely if he has let Mrs. Lowndes and you and Guarda have your way about giving Guarda the lead, nobody could object to my having a minor part, not Mr. North surely, and perhaps neither you nor Guarda."

He gave her the look she was becoming achingly familiar with. Perhaps a director hated doubtful material; the look held some strange kind of distaste, and yet, as he considered her, the look faded. So thin—almost gaunt. What could he do with this gauntness in a play like The Searchers, even if North wanted him to use her? The face held no beauty, save perhaps its wistful eyes, but below the eyes the cheek bones were beginning to show and they would catch the light. Yet for a moment he could not take his eyes from her. She had the look of—of what—of one on the edge of something very great—was it success? He pulled himself together. It was North's job, not his.

"My dear little lady, you don't look very strong. You are too thin; you must feed up a bit. It wouldn't do to give you a part and find you had to quit in the middle of the picture."

Again those thin hands began their weaving in and out. "Oh, I won't! Truly I won't. You have no idea of my endurance."

On the edge of something—something great—something big. Her voice held the same thing that was in her face. He had been well trained on the stage. He knew voices.

"But, you see, the only thing I have left calls for vivacity, pep, ginger. I don't believe you could play it."

He had the horrible feeling a man might have if he accidentally knocked a crutch from under the arm of a cripple. For her face, that had been white, became gray. Perhaps its color went into the eyes she made sparkle.

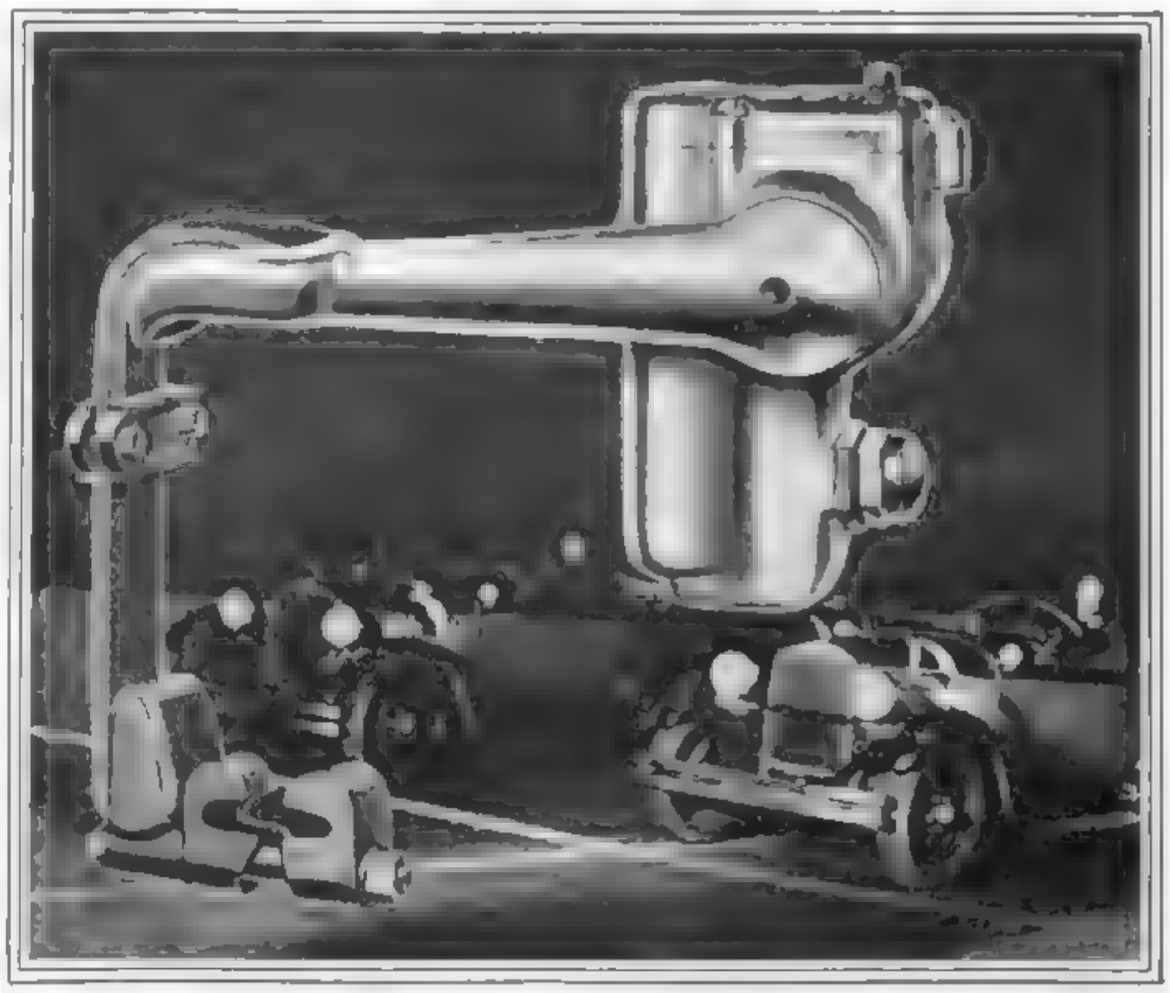
"But I know I could be vivacious. All I need is the promise of a part and all my vigor will come back. It's hard—it's hard to work against blank walls, you know. If only ——"

He was an old-timer, but this was unendurable. "I'll give you a ring." One picked up a crutch. "Yes, really I will. Listen, if I give you this job, will you feed up? I'll ring you up—not tomorrow—say, say, the day after. I'll put it to the chief myself. He gets back day after tomorrow."

"I have a new telephone. I just got it; it isn't in the book. But you'll find it, won't you?"

He had said he would find it, and all day she waited for her new telephone to ring.

MONROE HYDRAULIC SHOCK ELIMINATORS



Provide comfort in record run of Studebaker Dictator

ON the Atlantic City Speedway, April 20-23, two stock model Studebaker Dictators traveled 5,000 miles in less than 5,000 consecutive minutes—establishing a new record for cars of this class!

Monroe Hydraulics—standard equipment on all Studebaker models—contributed materially to the success of this speed and endurance test.

Absolute control—the elimination of all rocking and sideway by Monroe Hydraulics—was of vital importance in maintaining a long sustained speed of more than a mile a minute. So were the greater safety and ease of handling which they provided—the lessened strain and fatigue for the drivers.

Monroe Hydraulic Shock Eliminators match the outstanding performance of any car with peerless riding comfort and driving ease. They make available for all motorists hydraulic spring control in its simplest, sturdiest, most economical form. Why not install a set today and enjoy new pleasure in fast travel?

$25 to $40

PER SET OF FOUR

West of the Rocky Mountains, $5 additional. In Canada, slightly higher. All prices quoted exclusive of installation

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Please send me your booklet describing Monroe Hydraulic Shock Eliminators and their benefits.

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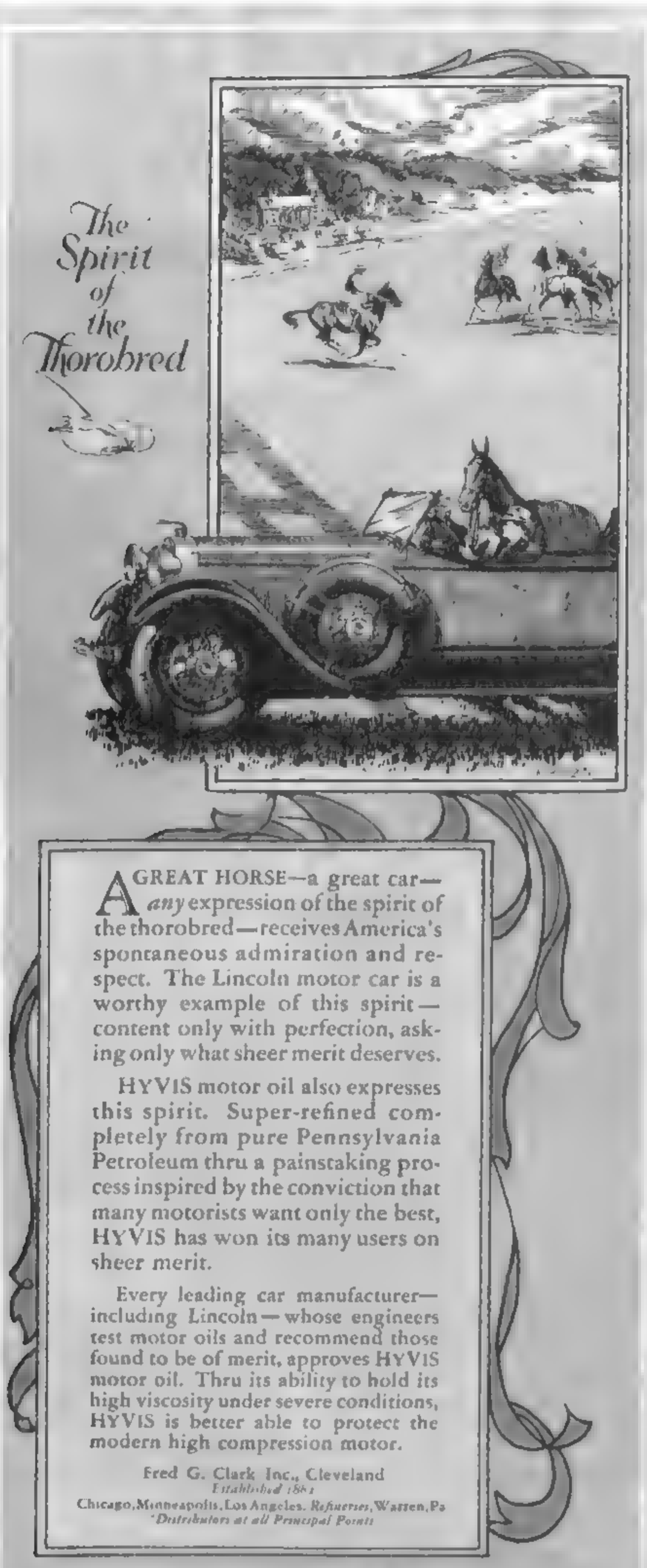

A GREAT HORSE—a great car—*any* expression of the spirit of the thorobred—receives America's spontaneous admiration and respect. The Lincoln motor car is a worthy example of this spirit—content only with perfection, asking only what sheer merit deserves.

HYVIS motor oil also expresses this spirit. Super-refined completely from pure Pennsylvania Petroleum thru a painstaking process inspired by the conviction that many motorists want only the best, HYVIS has won its many users on sheer merit.

Every leading car manufacturer—including Lincoln—whose engineers test motor oils and recommend those found to be of merit, approves HYVIS motor oil. Thru its ability to hold its high viscosity under severe conditions, HYVIS is better able to protect the modern high compression motor.

Fred G. Clark Inc., Cleveland
Established 1881
Chicago, Minneapolis, Los Angeles. *Refineries*, Warren, Pa
Distributors at all Principal Points

35¢ *per Quart*
At Better Independent Stations and Motor Car Dealers
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HYVIS MOTOR OIL
Pure Pennsylvania
PENNSYLVANIA OIL

glad that she had chosen a telephone instead of just money to spend. Toward evening the waiting became less hard. A curious kind of numbness began to make it seem unessential whether the telephone rang or not. She had waited so long now—a whole week. She tried calling him, but she could not get past his secretary and she did not dare waste twenty cents to go to the studio, only to be denied.

Out of the numbness she came to the telephone to call Blaise. Perhaps North had come back.

"Oh, yes, Miss Gray. He's here. He got in yesterday, but he's up to his ears after all this absence. I'll call you the moment things ease down a bit."

She hung up the receiver and went into the kitchenette for a drink of water. This fluttering dizziness stopped when she drank water. It stopped now long enough for her to go downstairs to the little bakery next door. Sugar rolls were becoming a little nauseating to her, but they cost so little and they did not need butter. She bought two for five cents.

She walked out in the sunlight, slanting to dusk. After five she would not be called by telephone. For this day she was rid of the tension of waiting, and the faint sunlight felt good after the gloom of her room, where she had waited so long. She was so chilly these days.

She would have liked to stay out in the sunlight, but walking was not much of a success. It was not that she was tired; she was just breathless. If she was to have a vivacious part, she must be careful of this numbness. She pulled herself erect and began to climb the stairs to her room, but she had to stop after one flight.

She sat down on the second flight and waited for the numbness to pass. It was, after all, nothing to worry her. It was just not having anything but rolls and getting so she couldn't eat them any more. Five more steps.

If she wasted her little hoard on meals she wouldn't have money to get to the studio; and she wasn't hungry; she was just discouraged, and that was what made her so tired.

And then, from behind her door came the ring of the telephone. It was her door. Sharp and clear came the ring.

If she had only had the sense to leave the door open! Her idiotic fingers trembled so and the key worked so hard. The bell kept on ringing and for a moment door and key swam before her.

"Oh, don't," she breathed, hard-drawn breath cutting her throat. "Oh, don't let them ring off. Please, please! This lock cannot really keep me from this." And then she was in the room, shaking fingers on the receiver.

"Nobody here for you."

She sank down on the chair before the telephone. "Please!" she begged. "It is so important. Are you sure?"

"Somebody was calling, but they rang off."

"Could you—is it too much to ask? could you find out who was calling?"

"Sorry, there's no way I can find out, now."

She sat quite still. The numbness was not unpleasant now. When it came you did not care so much. She yielded to it, her lifted eyes on the window where the slanting sun had gone. Curtain and frame dimmed, but not the space of light. That had flakes of brighter light in it. Apple blossoms! They floated down from crooked boughs, touched with light. She felt them on her hands. She had to put down the sugar roll to gather them to her as she sat in the swing waiting for Gabriel to come.

There, it began to sway softly, like the blossoms of light falling on her. Beneath it the moving green—wait—it was not grass. It was life, flowing, flowing; life that asked but one thing of her and of Gabriel—growth. Life that gave them work that they might become part of this flowing. Not work that failed or work that succeeded—she knew that now—just work that made them grow. That was the reason for all this pain, for the fight you had to make. It was life work. It created life; it took inanimate things and made them live. Gabriel did that. He took light and shade and made them move and bear a message, and he grew more alive as he did this. But she—what had she made live? Out of all this deadness about her, out of all this imitation life, what had she created? Drifting light and flowing life, petals falling and an unanswered question.

And there came one to answer her: one she loved and believed in; one who soothed all the ache in her heart with her first soft word: "Little daughter, you must learn what life is before you can create life. You have feared it and so you have not learned Face its failure and learn of it as well as of its success. Failure is God's gift to teach you what is real."

TO BE CONCLUDED

Irish Lake and Saddle Mountain, Near Bend, Oregon

A SPECIMEN OF STENOTYPY
exactly as it appears when written leisurely or at a world's record speed. Every word, figure, fraction or mark of punctuation in plain alphabet type, perfectly legible now or ten years hence. No "cold notes." No guesswork. Easier to learn. Easier to write. Easier to read—much faster and much more accurate and more legible.

STENOTYPE

The Machine Way in Shorthand

This is the machine age. In business, as in every other field, progressive people do by machine what was formerly done by hand. Because the machine way is faster, more accurate, more efficient. The machine way in Shorthand was inevitable.

Along with the typewriter, the calculating machine, and the bookkeeping machine has come the Stenotype, the machine way in shorthand.

And like all other machine ways, the Stenotype came to eliminate waste, lost motion, inefficiency; to do more and better work. In short, to do for shorthand what the typewriter did for longhand.

The Stenotype is a handsome little machine—absolutely quiet—weighing less than six pounds. It can be carried with one hand . . . easily.

It does not write the kind of shorthand you write with a pencil. It is not a system of straight lines, curves, hooks, loops, circles, all with different meanings when written light, medium or heavy, on, above or below the line.

Nothing so complicated as that; nothing so troublesome.

Words—Phrases—At a Stroke

Instead, it writes Stenotypy a system of plain English spelling with the silent letters dropped. The Stenotype writes words—often whole phrases—at a single stroke. It is possible to strike three, five, or ten keys at the same time, if necessary. Think of the possibilities for speed.

And in plain alphabet type—absolutely legible and capable of but one meaning.

The sentence illustrated above, "She wor a red hat," written on ten thousand different Stenotypes, hurriedly or leisurely, by ten thousand different Stenotypists, would give you ten thousand identical notes, perfectly legible now or ten years hence, to ANY Stenotypist.

For You, Mr. Business Man

The Stenotype means:

1. Letters that say what YOU said.
2. Better letters because you dictate at YOUR speed.
3. Today's mail out today.
4. You enlarge your capacity for other work.
5. More even distribution of work. Pass the notes around. Any Stenotypist can transcribe them. Everybody producing all of the time.
6. Quicker transcription of letters.
7. If you're catching a train, let one Stenotypist transcribe letter No. 1 while you dictate letter No. 2.
8. Nothing to worry about in case of sickness. Any Stenotypist can transcribe those unfinished notes.
9. Lower correspondence costs.

Wins National Contest

In its infancy the Stenotype had its first competitive test in an official national contest.

On the one side, there were twenty-two veteran court reporters—the pick of the century—the fastest and most accurate of millions of shorthand writers; from 30 to 50 years of age—with ten to twenty years' experience. They were champions, near-champions, former champions. On the other side, there were nine Stenotypists from fourteen to eighteen years of age. Not one had ever been in a contest before. Not one had two years' experience. Some were out of school but a few months.

Notwithstanding their tremendous disadvantage of youth and inexperience, the Stenotypists made virtually a clean sweep of the contest and forever established the supremacy of machine speed, machine accuracy in recording speech.

Thoroughly Tested in Business

Soon the silent little marvel found its way into hundreds of offices—then into thousands.

Banks, trust companies, insurance offices, railroads, manufacturers, packers, the automobile and tire companies adopted it.

Lawyers, doctors and scientific men—welcomed its speed, its legibility and its unerring accuracy.

Jurists—accustomed to the crossfire of excited witnesses and wrangling lawyers; association secretaries in need of reliable verbatim transcripts of conventions; lecturers with stereopticons and movies (yes, Stenotypists report equally well in the dark)—all welcome the modern machine way in shorthand.

Today's mail out today with Stenotypy—the machine way in shorthand

200 Selected Schools Teach Stenotypy

Stenotypy is taught in more than 200 leading business schools—every one carefully selected because of its ideals, its instruction standards and its community standing. Any of them will be glad to demonstrate the Stenotype to you—give you a trial lesson free. Send the coupon. Learn how easy it is to read Stenotypy. Learn how quickly you can write simple sentences at high speed, and how quickly, with practice, take difficult dictation. Learn how the Stenotype has helped thousands of young people into high places in business—how it can help you.

Be sure you go to an *authorized Stenotype school.* In no other way can you get authentic, unbiased information. Ask us for a list of authorized schools in your vicinity.

The best way is to send the coupon.

BETTER POSITIONS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Business is your richest field of opportunity. And in business salaries and promotions are based on efficiency.

The Stenotype makes you faster.

It makes you more accurate.

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And YOU get the credit in prestige and income.

It is easier to learn, easier to write and easier to read.

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Send the coupon today.

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Without obligation send me a card of introduction to nearest Stenotype School for free lesson and demonstration in Stenotypy

NAME . . . . . *AGE*

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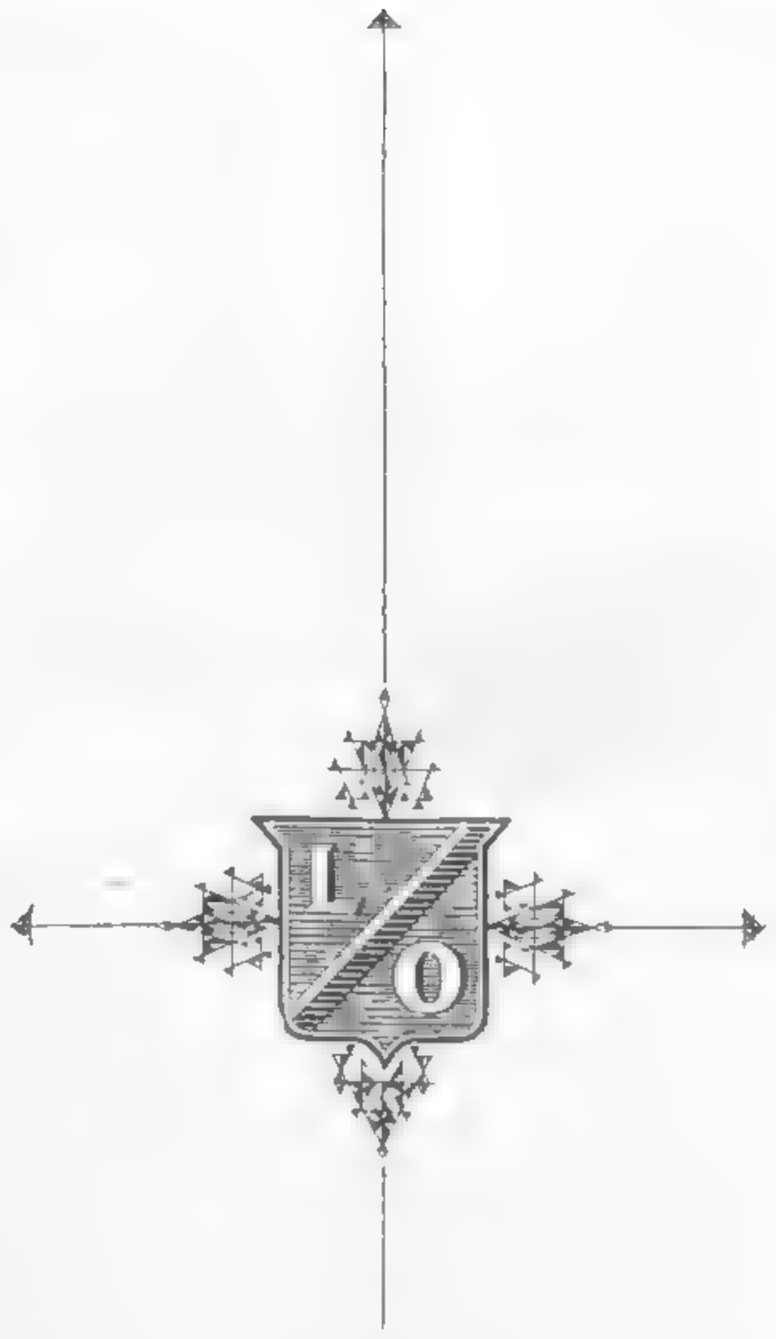
THE STENOTYPE

A DIVISION OF LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY · CHICAGO



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FLAT-DRAWN CLEAR SHEET GLASS

THIS KING BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 39

the time it was certainly anything but a laughing matter.

Every Tuesday my brother, the king, was accustomed to have dinner at the house Nicholas and I had taken in Kephisia. This dinner was a family affair and other people were asked in afterward for bridge or conversation. One Tuesday morning the report spread over the palace, probably through the excited backstairs route, that wine in the house had been poisoned as part of a plot to assassinate the king. We were terrified. The butler and I went into solemn conclave. I instructed him to serve none but old wines at dinner that night, bottles that had been in the cellar for years. White and shaking, this devoted Greek servant heard my story; then, without saying a word to me, went down into the cellar and began trying out every bottle of wine on himself. The liquor had absolutely no effect except the natural one—the old boy began to get rather drunk. By dinnertime he was fit again and serving personally tested wines.

Even so, we had our scare. Directly after dinner my sister-in-law, Ellen, turned to me and whispered, "Cristo, I've got the most terrible pain'"

I nearly dropped. Of course I thought immediately that one bottle had escaped our human poison test and in the midst of my agitation was already wondering how in the world I should break it to my brother in Russia that he was a widower. However, somebody gave Ellen a pill and she soon felt better. It was plain stomachache. We never heard any more of the poisoned wine.

My brother was now practically a prisoner of the Allies. And then came Monsieur Jonnart, Special High Commissioner, with authority to demand abdication, threatening that Athens would be bombarded if the order were not immediately executed.

The Prime Minister brought the news to my brother. They had a long talk, reviewing the situation. At last my brother agreed to leave his country rather than bring any new calamity on his people.

He did not abdicate, but appointed his second son, Alexander, as king pro tem. The boy took the oath of allegiance in the palace. Unlike other occasions of the kind, the ceremony was hurried, stealthy and sad. There were no officers in dress uniform, no clergy in bright robes, no cheering populace to lend gayety. Even the metropolitan, or head of the church, who was to give the oath, never reached the palace. Some of the king's loyal subjects guessed why the old prelate was hurrying through the streets and halted him. Our household chaplain was finally smuggled in through the back door and gave Alexander the oath in the ballroom. We were all feeling too miserable to witness the ceremony, and the boy himself, bewildered and sore at heart, went through it in a daze.

The King's Escape

The people worked themselves into a frenzy when they heard their king was leaving Athens. Frantic groups met in the streets to lament aloud and discuss means of preventing the national tragedy. For twenty-four hours a howling mob surrounded the palace. Nobody was allowed to go in or out. Nicholas, Andrew and their wives and I were shut up there too. We started to leave once, but were driven back. That mob was a terrifying sight.

"Take your bath here!" they screamed at Nicholas when he asked them to let him go home for fresh linen. Every so often somebody shouted a threat to kill the king rather than permit him to go.

He finally escaped to Tatoi by a ruse. We let word be circulated that he would leave by a back gate of the private garden. Carriages and motors were sent there, but other motors were sent at the same time into the big palace garden.

The mob rushed toward the private gate, crying that they would keep his corpse if they could not keep their king alive. Then we all made a dart for the other gate. How we ran! Two of us seized Queen Sophie, who was not well, under the arms and almost carried her along. We could hear the wooden railing cracking as the people, realizing they had been tricked, hurried back.

I do not know how they all crowded into the machines. The crown prince almost did not get in at all. He was just able to fling himself on the floor of one of the motors, and when it drove off his legs were waving wildly out the open door.

When the people saw that their king had really gone two or three tried to stab themselves with knives, and others threatened suicide with revolvers. In the midst of the confusion it suddenly began to rain and the lamentations broke out afresh. For it never rains in summer in Greece and the people took the slow-falling drops as a bad omen.

Next day the Greek world and his wife came to Tatoi—on foot, on donkeys, bicycles and horses, in motors, buggies and carriages. Everybody was in floods of tears. The king stood in the garden, shaking hands and weeping. People knelt and besought him to stay with them. He shook his head and bade them be courageous and look forward to his return. They could not understand that he was leaving them to save them.

Gratifying Assurance

At the pier, when he boarded the yacht, men and women were pushed into the water by the straining of the crowd in back. Some jumped in and tried to hold the boat. But it was too late. Sorrowfully the king sailed away and the rest of us went back to Athens.

The capital was like a city of the dead. Nobody walked the streets and the theaters and shops were closed. From that day the exile and arrest of everybody who had been faithful to my brother began. People in every walk of life—judges, lawyers, statesmen and writers, both men and women—had to go. Many were sent to remote islands, where they had to contend with intense physical discomfort. Others were held in Greek prisons.

In a little while Nicholas was asked to leave Athens. I went with him and his family to Switzerland. There we were joined by Andrew, who had also been ordered away. Before we left we were assured that Mr. Venizelos would not come back into town.

The very next week he came from the sea in a motor protected by French troops, his car guarded by soldiers with revolvers. The pro-Venizelan press claimed that he had been called back by "his people." But the Greek people remained in their houses with doors closed—and foreign troops lined the streets to protect the returning hero from them.

Later, Mr. Venizelos took the oath of office before King Alexander and showed himself on the balcony, but only school children and loafers, who had been paid to do it, gathered to cheer him.

For three years we lived in Switzerland, spending our summers in Zurich and Lucerne and our winters in St. Moritz. We had little news from Greece. There were practically no letters and the few that did seep through were torn to ribbons by the censors. A mother in Greece wrote her daughter in Switzerland:

> There is much more I should like to tell you, but I am certain this letter will be read by the censors.

Just underneath, the censor had written:

> I am glad to assure you, madam, that your letters are never read by the censors.

As political exiles, we were spied upon, our freedom of movement was curtailed

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and we were treated as dangerous, suspicious characters. French and English friends cut my brothers and all of us dead in public and apologized in private. A visit to us was conducted with as much secrecy as calling on a bootlegger. Worst of all, our private incomes were stopped and we had to borrow money to live. And then my brother, the king, already weakened by his previous illness as well as by worry and overwork, fell ill again of pneumonia. For days he was near death, but he recovered slowly.

For many months together we had been without news of my mother, an additional agony. At the beginning of the war she went to Russia, to Pavlovsk, the house where she was born and where I also had come into the world. Most of her time was spent in the hospital which she had established and in which she nursed during the war. The patients loved her and clamored for her to change their bandages, or at least hold their hands when the doctors were attending their wounds.

The Bolsheviki came into power and the Red Army heard there were arms at Pavlovsk. The commander sent soldiers and sailors to investigate. They came at night the first time and my mother was asleep, but her faithful maid, a Russian who had been with her fifty years, met them. Picking out individuals in the crowd to whom my mother had showed special kindnesses during periodical visits of theirs to Greece on Russian men-of-war, the old woman gave them a good tongue-lashing, telling them what she thought of their coming to threaten her lady.

Apparently her shafts succeeded in arousing some sense of shame, for the intruders went away. In a few days, however, they came back in a mob that included several women, ransacked the place and wrote their names in my mother's guest book, with an accompaniment of foul and insulting remarks.

When my mother got word that we were in Switzerland and my brother Constantine critically sick, she began to make preparations to join us. The Danish minister battled with the Bolsheviki until he finally got permission for her to leave Russia and a railroad carriage for her to travel in.

A Package of Books

Miss Baltazzi, her capable and clever lady in waiting, helped mother get her jewels away. They were worth thousands of dollars and included one particularly magnificent set of emeralds, a present to my eldest brother on his silver wedding which my mother had taken with her at the beginning of the war to have reset. The lady in waiting made a box for the jewels and hid them in it. One day a Greek student came to the house with a package of books which was the exact size and shape of the box of jewels. When he went away he apparently carried what he had brought, but the jewels were gone and the books were left behind. He took the jewels to the Danish legation, whence they were forwarded to Copenhagen.

My mother left Russia attended by her lady in waiting and two maids. Her carriage was attached to the end of a military train filled with German prisoners of war. During the first night she woke and heard talking outside the window. She thought it was the trainmen and went back to sleep. The next day, to her surprise, she found that her carriage had been put in the middle of the train for her protection. What she had thought trainmen were Bolsheviki, come in the night to undo her carriage and leave it standing on the track. Only the vigilance of the officers in command had foiled the attempt.

She was like a ghost of her old self when she came back to us. The months of anxiety had worn her to skin and bones. Added to her heartbreak about the Grecian situation was sorrow for her loved ones in Russia.

She had seen the emperor, her nephew, dethroned and sent to Siberia with his family, there to meet a horrible death. Seventeen of her relatives had been brutally killed. She had lived for weeks on tinned sardines, with an occasional bit of stale bread to sop in the fish oil. She craved sugar so much that when a box of chocolates was given to her in Berlin she ate every piece, with the most horrible digestive results.

After my mother's arrival Mrs. Leeds also came to Switzerland and we were quietly married at the Russian church at Vevey, with only the family to witness the ceremony.

Meantime Greece was supposed to be succeeding in the attempt to forget us. So vigorous had been the effort to extinguish our every trace that the police even confiscated my brother's photographs from the walls of houses and shot such of his former subjects as insisted upon singing The Song of the Eagle. One day they wrung the neck of an unfortunate parrot that had learned to warble the piece.

A Prisoner in His Palace

The plight of King Alexander in the ruin of all that had been dear to him was tragic. The young man was only twenty-four when he was called to take his beloved father's place under such frightful circumstances. He was an independent, thoughtful boy, fond of being by himself and of puttering about with machinery. Since he had run away from a German cadet school because he so disliked restraint, it is easy to imagine that his life in Athens after his family had gone must have been one long torture.

He knew he was only a figurehead king. His orders were disregarded, and if he showed the slightest partiality for any human being, that being immediately disappeared from his household. All the people about him were enemies of his father and family. They stuffed him with lies about his loved ones and it was useless for him to protest. There was nobody to listen. The few friends who saw him said his face was prematurely lined and saddened.

From the time he had told his mother good-by until the day of his death, three years and four months later, she never heard directly from him. In 1918, when he was in Paris, she tried to telephone him from Switzerland. The Greek Minister, Romanos, answered and said, "The king is sorry, but he can't come to the telephone."

In October, 1920, Alexander was bitten in the leg by a monkey. The wound was not considered serious but blood poisoning set in and he died. On the day of the accident he had gone out dressed in the overalls which he wore for tinkering with his motor cars. His police dog followed him, and as they passed the cottage of the vineyard keeper, the monkey, a household pet, attacked the dog. The king interfered and the monkey bit him in the forearm and calf.

The keeper's wife dressed the wounds and a surgeon was called to Tatoi, but the greasy overalls had poisoned the bite. The king would not allow his leg to be cut off to save his life and so he died.

Queen Sophie, in Switzerland, was frantic with grief from the first word about the injury. She had a premonition her boy would never recover, but the authorities refused to allow her to leave Switzerland, although she implored them to let her go to his bedside. Then she asked my mother to go to Athens. This was permitted, but my mother arrived in Greece twelve hours after her grandson's death. The young king was laid to rest beside his grandfather on the hill at Tatoi.

Again the Greek throne was vacant, and again the government took the unconstitutional step of putting aside the rightful heir. My nephew Paul, third son of King Constantine, was offered the crown. He refused it, saying his father and eldest brother had not renounced their rights

While my mother was in Athens, November fourteenth, the day for the general

(Continued on Page 157)

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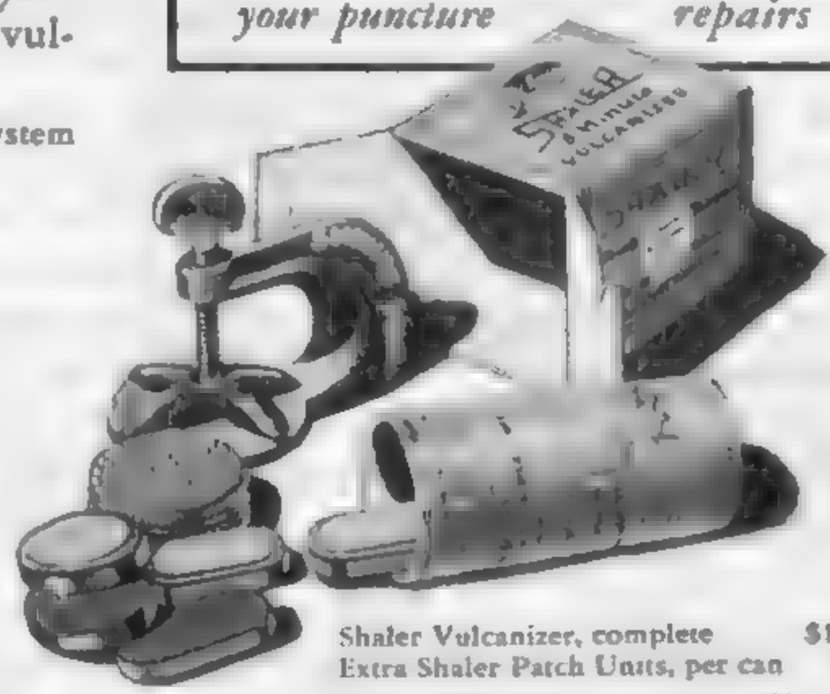

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(Continued from Page 154)

election, came. Contrary to the expectations of Mr. Venizelos, the people rejected him and chose Mr. Ralli Prime Minister. The new Prime Minister, with the consent of the cabinet, offered my mother the regency of Greece and she accepted it.

The people demanded that my brother come back, but he felt that he wanted an even more definite expression of their will first. He therefore demanded that a plebiscite be taken for or against his reaccession to the throne. In the meantime my mother telegraphed the rest of us to come to Athens at once. My wife and I were in Rome at the time.

Andrew, my sister and I led the return. We boarded an Italian boat which carried us from Brindisi to the entrance of the Corinth Canal. As we entered the canal a volley of gun salutes woke us. Tremendously excited and emotional over our return, we rushed, half dressed, on deck, to find that the Hawk, a torpedo boat, commanded by Admiral Joannides, whom my sister later married, had come to meet us. As we boarded it the huzzahs grew in violence until they were continuous. The sailors wept as they greeted us and we were reduced to pulps of emotion ourselves.

All Corinth had turned out with flags, flowers and photographs of the king. They ran along the side of the canal and from the bridge pelted our heads with flowers. When we got to the Piræus we found the harbor filled with steamers overflowing with joyous people and so thick with boats you could have walked ashore on them. Church bells rang, factory whistles blew and the cheering never stopped.

In the midst of the general delirium we spied a launch flying the royal standard. It came toward us. Aboard was my mother, there to welcome us as regent. At sight of her we all began to cry again. The launch came closer, we transferred to it and drew up to the landing stage.

Forty yards away a motor waited for us, but it was three-quarters of an hour before we reached it. Everybody wanted to kiss us and shake hands. We had to form a guard about our mother to keep her from being crushed by her enthusiastic subjects. When we finally got to the car it became a total wreck at once, for the celebrators tore off the mud guards and running board trying to get at us. Even the clutch was put out of commission.

The Home-Coming

Finally an army car rescued us and managed to worm its way into a side street. Looking back we saw that the broad avenue from the sea was a moving serpent of automobiles driven four abreast. Our admirers followed us. Just as we were entering Athens, some of them lay down full length in front of the car to make us stop and insisted upon carrying my brother and me the four miles to the palace.

We said "Let us take the queen home."

They said "We'll carry her."

She protested, "I don't want to be carried."

I said to my brother, "We'll have to be the sacrifice, otherwise no telling what'll happen."

We got out of the car but never set foot on the ground, being simply floated off in space on people's shoulders. I was so stiff I could hardly walk for weeks afterward. Nobody who hasn't experienced it can imagine what it is like to sit on seven persons' shoulders at once.

A smart-looking woman in a mauve tailored suit got hold of my leg and I screamed to her, "For heaven's sake, bring it back!" I thought she would surely drag it off. Our trousers were pulled up to our knees by the tugging and somebody tried to capture Andrew's garters for a souvenir.

This wild excitement kept up for an hour and a half. Once one of my bearers fell down and I was shot over his head, landing on somebody else's shoulders. A woman gave me a small American flag and I arrived in Athens with the Stars and Stripes sticking out of my pocket, a compliment to my American marriage.

The same day we went to Tatoi. Every village we passed through had its own welcome ready—arches, flowers, greenery, flags and pictures of the king. Everybody chanted "*Erchetai! Erchetai!*"—which means "He is coming"—accenting it like a college yell.

The bells, sirens and whistles sounded to the same measure. You went to sleep with it and woke up to find it still going. People leaped to the running board of the car with flowers, rabbits, partridges—all sorts of gifts were chucked in. We reached Tatoi torn to shreds but perfectly happy. Seven complete strangers kissed me the first day I tried to take a walk. The people wanted to keep up the jubilee forever.

The King is Dead

My wife and Andrew's family came on in a few days and my brother Nicholas a week later. Riotously happy crowds greeted them all. I lost my wife in the throng that met Nicholas, and went about crying "Has anybody seen my wife?" which amused the people.

The plebiscite demanded by the king resulted in a stupendous majority for him. Only 10,883 out of 1,010,788 electors voted against his return. Then he came back. The man-of-war Averoff was sent to Venice to get him and his family. It brought him as far as Corinth and there he took a train. The mob that day was wilder than ever. Even the engine was flower-decked and the people kissed it as it steamed in bearing their king. The royal family was met by a court carriage with four horses, but all you could see of the turnout was the coachman on the box and the horses' ears. The crowd almost carried the carriage. The king was taken first to the cathedral, where an official Te Deum was sung, with a special prayer by the archbishop. Then he was driven through the town back to the palace.

There my mother waited to receive him, dressed in white. Our joy had much of sadness, for we were all thinking of the pathetic life and death of Alexander. The moment was especially sad for his mother, Queen Sophie. But it seemed wonderful to be together again in Greece. When the excitement quieted a little we began to settle down into a routine which on the surface resembled old times. My wife and I rented my brother Nicholas' house and lived in it with him and his wife. The others returned to their homes.

In November my wife fell ill and there was an operation which lasted an hour and a half. Wandering about disconsolately during this time, I found my mother on her knees in front of the Madonna. The operation was successful, but my wife's recovery was long and tedious. When she was able to stand the journey, we chartered a Greek gentleman's yacht and went to Brindisi and from there on to Paris.

We were not in Greece, therefore, during the trying weeks of the Asia Minor campaign, which lasted through the summer and autumn of 1922. Lack of funds and material support ended it in defeat for Greece. The people, discontented with this result, turned on their king, who, heartsick, finally abdicated. He left from Tatoi for Palermo. George II came to the throne. Three months later King Constantine was dead of a broken heart.

In Paris, my wife shrewdly foresaw what would happen in Greece after my brother's abdication and advised that I go to Athens and get my money out of the country while there was yet time.

In proof that conditions were already badly unsettled, I found when I sent my passport to the Greek minister to be visaed that I could get permission to stay in Greece only eight days. I decided to go first to my brother Andrew, who was living with his family at Mon Repos, in Corfu, a place we had all loved as children and which had been left to Andrew by my father.

I found my sister-in-law alone with her children. She said Andrew had gone to

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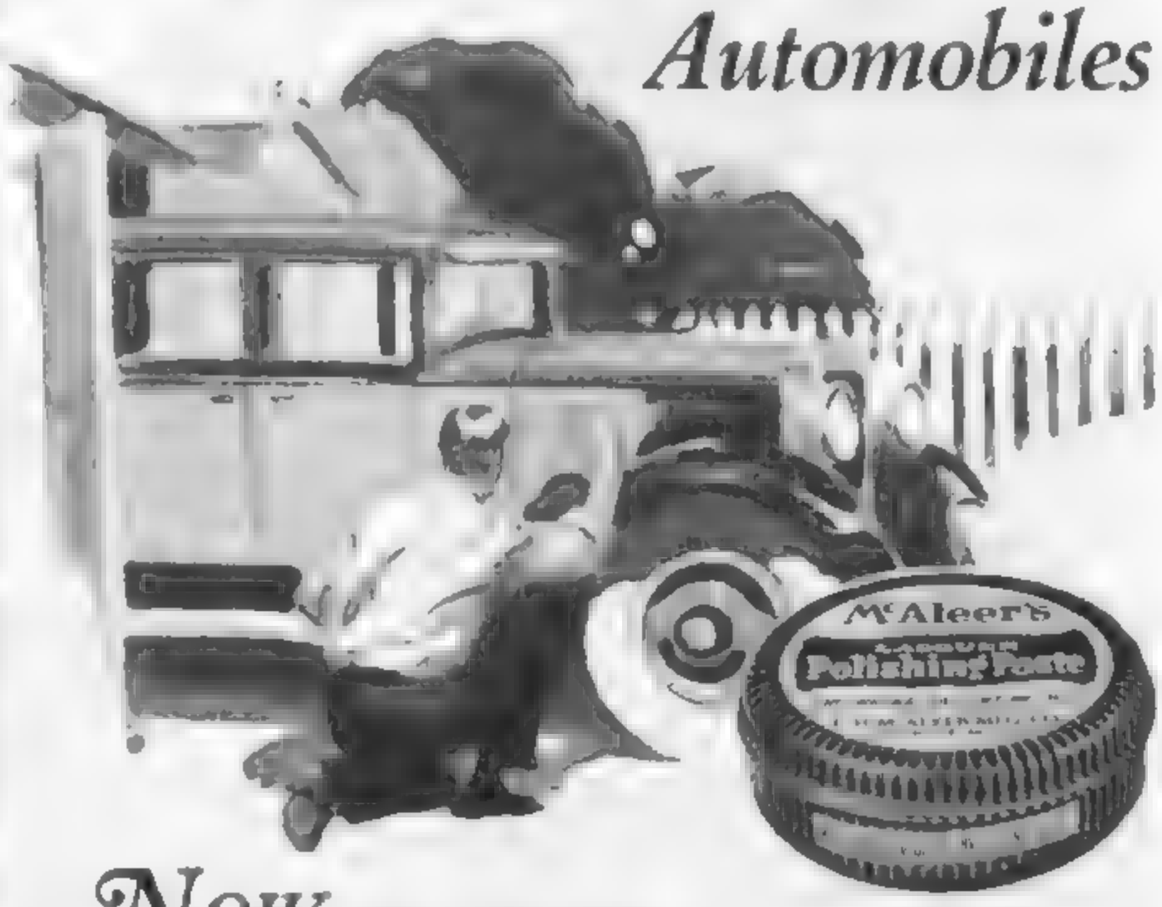

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Athens, where he had been summoned as witness in a trial against certain ministers who were accused of having instigated the Asia Minor campaign. This sounded reasonable enough on the surface, but I could see that my sister-in-law was uneasy, and I, too, felt worried.

No sooner had I left her house to go to Athens than the whole police force descended upon her, demanding to know who I was, why I had come and where I was going now. This increased her well-founded suspicion that trouble was brewing.

In Athens, I found my worst fears confirmed. My brother had been brought there under false pretenses. Summoned as a witness, he had, upon arrival, been locked at once in my brother George's house and then taken under close guard to the home of a friend, where he was kept in solitary confinement. I wasn't allowed within a mile of the place. The Greek authorities looked upon me with no friendly eye anyway, and I think the only reason I, too, wasn't locked up was the substantial check for the Greek Red Cross that my wife had given me to present to Queen Elisabeth.

Athens was under a spell of apprehension and unrest. The ministers of my brother's régime were all shot after a fictitious trial. Every day I expected to hear that my brother was on the execution list.

Naturally, I was in a state of concentrated and impotent rage at the treatment he was enduring. I tried every expedient I could think of to reach him with messages. Finally one letter that I wrote on cigarette paper and put into his valet's cigarette case got to him.

The epistle seethed and boiled with wrath. By the valet, Andrew sent back a calm, quiet answer, full of courage. But he did not really believe there was the slightest chance of his getting off. He was certain that his old school friend, Mr. Pangalos, Minister of War and instigator of the trials, had determined to make an example of him. In this belief, he was confirmed by a conversation he had with Pangalos.

"How many children have you?" he was asked.

When my brother told him, the minister shook his head, sighed and said, "Poor things, what a pity they will be orphans so soon!"

Andrew's guards were so afraid he would trick them and escape that though he broke a tooth and suffered excruciating pain, he was at first refused permission to see a dentist. Finally this concession was granted, but a policeman stayed in the room while the dentist worked.

Two days before I was scheduled to sail with my own stocks and bonds and the jewel case and cat of my brother Nicholas' wife, a friend cautioned me: "Get away! They want you!" However, I stayed on to the end of my alloted time.

The Reporter Interviewed

When the sailing day came I was driven by my chauffeur in plain clothes to the pier. I rowed out to the ship in a small boat and got aboard. A sentry with a rifle asked for my passport. I gave him a shove. Apparently he was so flabbergasted at this treatment that he let me by.

In Paris, we heard that Andrew was now charged with disobedience of orders and complicity in instigating the Asia Minor campaign. They gave him a mock trial.

King George of England sent an emissary into Greek waters on a cruiser to intercede for my brother. My mother appealed to the French president. The King of Spain also was interested.

Agonizedly we waited for news. Reporters besieged us. One tried to force his way into our hotel suite and there was a smash-up. It got so that I disappeared under the piano every time the door opened. Then I changed the tactics. I told the reporters that they probably would get the news before me and asked them to let me know whenever they had anything. It worked like a charm. After that they called me up to give news, not to get it. We sat up all night the Saturday that we expected a definite decision. The next morning my mother, wan and spent, went to the Russian church to pray.

At ten the telephone rang. My hands shook so I could hardly hold the receiver. It was a reporter—a New York Herald man, I believe.

"He is to be exiled, not shot," I was told.

Oh, blessed reporter! I then and there forgave his whole tribe any future sins!

My sister and I sped to the church Mother was just coming out. She saw us and her hand flew to her heart.

We shrieked "He's safe!" She turned back toward the church, made the sign of the cross and burst into tears.

Of course it was not long before the inevitable happened. King George II was exiled, too, and the republic came in. The dynasty was ended. Even our nationality was taken from us. We travel now with Danish passports. Our connection with Greece is ended, although King George has never abdicated.

It was very hard for us to see a hash made of everything we had tried to do in Greece, for we gave the country our hearts. The work of my father for fifty years toward organization, education and construction was swept away overnight. My mother's hospitals were confiscated. They were her greatest interest, especially the Annunciation Hospital in Athens, where she had gathered all the best surgeons and doctors and where she went every morning to visit the wards. In the Piræus she had built with her own money a Russian hospital in memory of my sister Alexandra. The Black Sea fleet always stopped in the Piræus and any sick sailors were cared for there. This hospital was seized. So were the boys' reformatory and nursing homes she had built.

An International Alliance

All the charities in Greece were founded or run by members of the family. Queen Sophie had a children's hospital, soup kitchens and schools of nursing. Because of the devoted committees in each town, this work was carried on even after she left. Nicholas' wife set up schools for the making of embroideries and linen and lace. These flourished and sent the products of the Greek peasants all over the world. Alice established a shop for carvings and embroideries, a sort of woman's exchange. This, too, has been kept going by some of the young women, who understood what she was trying to do and were devoted to her.

We still love Greece as much as ever and read with sad hearts of the conflict, dissension and confusion that persist. Will the country ever know peace and prosperity? Every member of my family fervently hopes so.

My father met Mrs. W. B. Leeds in Aix-les-Bains several years before I ever saw her. He found her charming and spoke of her to me, though casually. Afterward I found that he had also mentioned me to her. I have always thought that somewhere in the back of his mind was a premonition, perhaps even a hope, that we might come to be fond of each other. But like all the marriages in our family, this one was arranged by the principals—for love.

I finally met Mrs. Leeds in Paris in 1913. She was staying at the Ritz Hotel there and I was lunching with Lady Paget. After luncheon, the two of us were introduced by Lady Paget, who was formerly Miss Stevens of New York and who, incidentally, exhibited in her daily life one of the finest examples of pluck I've ever known. Up to the day of her death, she never knew a moment's ease from excruciating suffering as the result of a fall down an elevator shaft. Yet she went everywhere, limping along with a cane, always bubbling over with humor and kindliness, and never a whimper out of her.

Mrs. Leeds and I became engaged in London in 1914. We had planned to be married soon afterward, but then the war broke out and everybody's plans were upset. Even if the war had not interfered, we should

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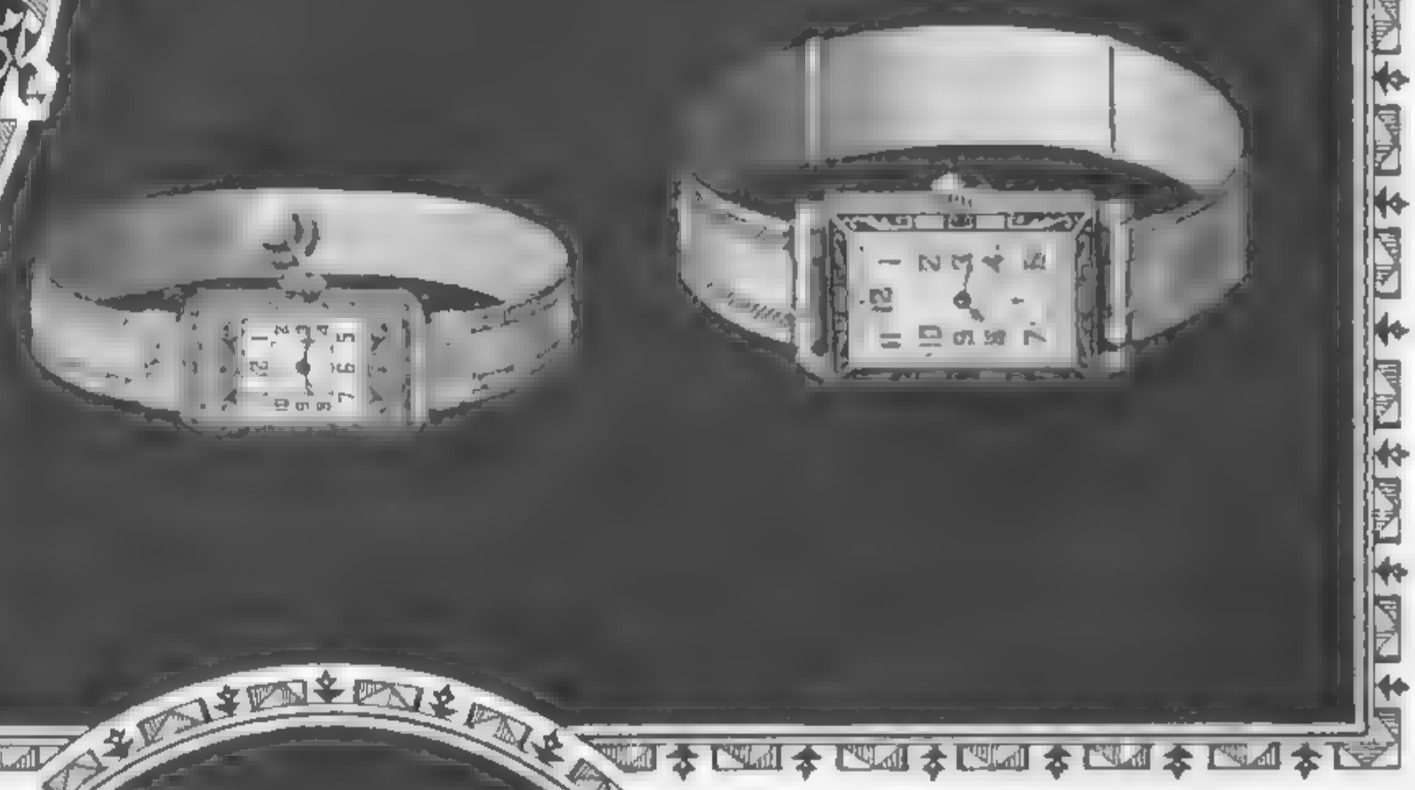
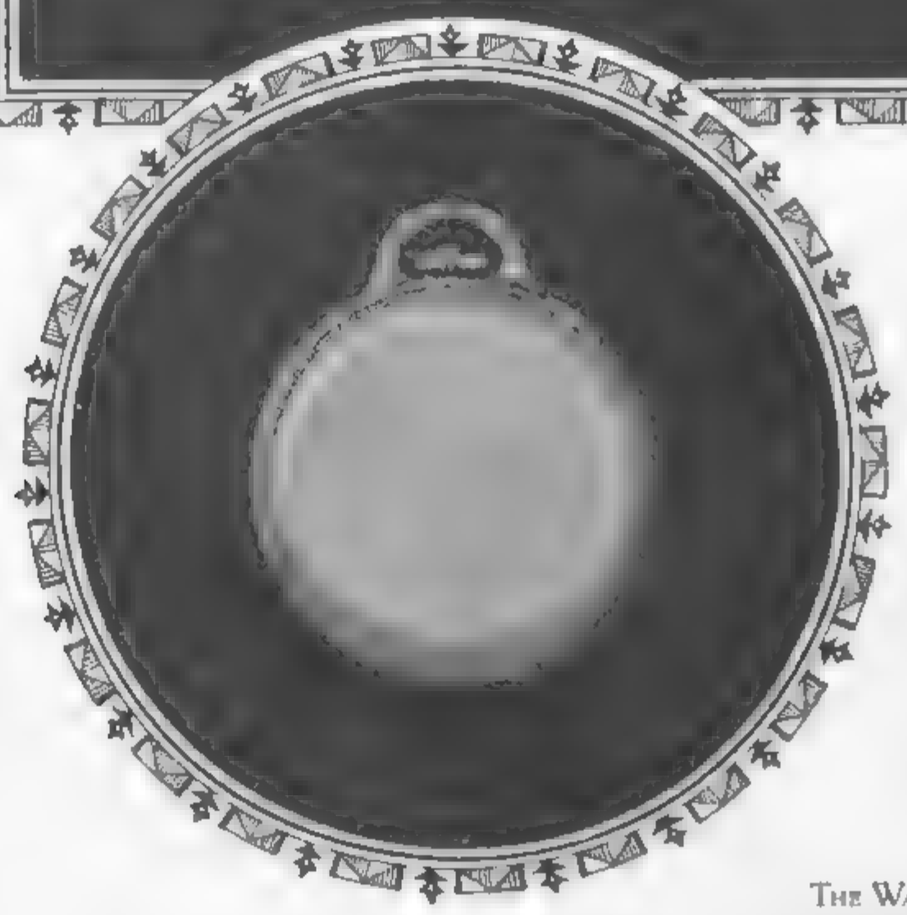
Wadsworth cases are sold to the makers and importers of good watch movements only.

Therefore, one way to be sure of getting a good watch is to look for the name Wadsworth in the case.

Woman's Wrist Watch
CASE BY WADSWORTH
Fitted with Wadsworth Watch Band
Amazon Model

Man's Strap Watch
CASE BY WADSWORTH
Fitted with Wadsworth Watch Band,
Olympian Model





Man's Pocket Watch
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THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY
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Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL

Your Boy can put up Tac-Ezy

Weatherstripping doors and windows with Tac-Ezy is so simple that any bright boy can do the job. And it will make such a difference in your home. Reduced coal bills, no draughty rooms, less soot and dust, greater comfort. All these advantages really cost you nothing because Tac-Ezy so quickly pays for itself. You can prove this for yourself.

Here is our Proposition

—Put Tac-Ezy Weatherstrip on all your doors and windows. If in *your* judgment Tac-Ezy hasn't saved its cost within two years in fuel alone, just return it to us and we will refund your money without question. Now is the best time of the year to put on Tac-Ezy. It comes already to install, just cut it off and tack it on.

Get Tac-Ezy from your dealer now, if he hasn't yet stocked it, we'll supply. *Send Money-Order or Check; $1.30* each for ordinary windows; *$1.80* for average doors. State width and height of doors and windows.

GENERAL WEATHERSTRIP CO.
5100 Penrose St., St. Louis, Mo

TRADE MARK
Tac-Ezy
Metal Weatherstrip for Doors & Windows

A Dixon
Ti-con-der-oga
pencil makes easy
writing and easy
reading!
5¢ each
60¢ a dozen

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Three for a quarter in Canada

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Pencil Dept. 8-J, Jersey City, N. J.

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Large manufacturer desires to appoint now successful Personal Christmas Card representatives in large and small towns; selling direct to consumers, the best sample book in U. S. A., guaranteed largest

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BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 724-9th St., Washington, D.C.

(Continued from Page 158)

have had to wait a while, for there are a number of formalities to be complied with when a prince of a royal house sets out to marry a commoner.

And the situation was even slightly different in Greece from what it would have been in any other monarchy. There is no such thing as a morganatic marriage there, so that when a prince marries, his wife automatically becomes a royal highness, but first he must obtain consent of the king and of the metropolitan, or head of the church. This permission is not easy to get. King Constantine, my brother, was himself perplexed as to just what was best to do about the matter, but finally suggested that I settle it by changing my nationality back to Danish.

In Denmark, my cousin, Prince Aage, had married a commoner, the Countess Calvidi Bergolo, whose brother later married Princess Yolanda of Italy. To do this, Aage relinquished his claims to the throne, gave up his title of royal highness and became known simply as Prince Aage, Count of Rosenberg. Later, my cousin Viggo married Miss Green of New York. Still later, another cousin, Eric, married a Miss Booth of Canada.

I could follow Aage's example if I gave up my Greek nationality, but even then, of course, it would take an endless period for all the preliminaries. At the same time there were so many complications in Greece that I did not like to leave my brother, the king.

So time passed and the marriage was postponed. After we were sent into exile, Mrs. Leeds came to Switzerland each winter for three years to visit her son, William B. Leeds, who was in school at Le Rosey, near Geneva, and she and I saw each other then.

At the beginning of 1920 I grew impatient of all the dawdling and red tape and decided that I was going to marry without any more delay.

I went to my brother and said, "If you've no objection, I'm going to marry with things just the way they are."

He said that he was perfectly willing, but asked me to comply with the formality of telegraphing to my nephew, Alexander, then acting as king in Athens. Alexander sent back permission to go ahead, and on February 1, 1920, Mrs. Leeds and I were married at the Russian Church in Vevey.

Rumors Round a Royal Wedding

The news of our plans got into the newspapers and correspondents on both sides of the Atlantic were soon busy writing comments. All of them were, of course, especially concerned about the possible financial angle of the affair. They said a great deal about the "colossal fortune" which Mr. Leeds had left his wife and speculated as to the uses to which it would be put now. It was true that the fortune was a large one, but not nearly so large as many of the big American fortunes of the present day. As we were still in exile, writers who knew nothing about it assumed that the Leeds fortune would be used immediately for political propaganda, for buying arms to support insurrections against the existing régime in Greece and to restore King Constantine to the throne. Why else should a Greek prince marry an extremely rich American widow at such a moment? It was obvious that he must have some deep-laid ulterior motive!

Love? Pah! It's well-known that princes have no human feelings of any kind. As for the American bride, her object was easily explained.

My wife and I were so happy, anyway, that such things had little power to depress us. We went to Caux for our honeymoon and later came back to Montreux, where many of the family visited us.

In December, 1922, we decided to come to America. We had had so much of unrest, of sorrow and confusion that we wanted to see something new and if possible forget the horrors we had endured. Besides, my wife had many friends and relatives in America and they were all anxious to see her again, and incidentally, I suppose, to look me over. It was only fair, of course, that I should take my turn at undergoing a critical inspection. She had gone through her share of it in Europe, certainly.

A House of Ill Omen

Coming to America seems to me a good deal like opening a window in a stuffy room. The cool air pours in and the cobwebs are blown out. The highest compliment anybody can pay me is to mistake me for an American. That has happened to me often abroad, by the way. Perhaps the mistake comes about because of the way I go for anybody who disparages America. I get purple with fury when I hear some of the unjust things that even Americans themselves say.

Three weeks after our arrival in New York we got word of my brother Constantine's death at Palermo. This naturally plunged us into deep mourning and put an end to entertainments, but before that I must have met literally thousands of strangers.

Never in my life have I seen such hospitality as is to be found in America. It is always whole-hearted and so colossal that it is almost overwhelming. There is certainly nothing like it in Europe. Of course, one reason is that there is more money in America. But even so, that does not entirely explain the gracious generosity of Americans, which seems to me to be the result of something they feel in their own hearts—something that cannot possibly be forced or simulated.

A few days after the announcement of King Constantine's death my wife and I were joined in New York by Andrew and his wife, who also had felt the need for a thorough change of scene after all the pain and suspense of his long detention in Athens, while she waited in Corfu, expecting every moment to hear that he had been sentenced to death. On the Olympic, they had received news of our brother's death and the meeting was a sad one.

Shortly after this my wife and I went to Palm Beach with Andrew and Alice, Lady Sarah Wilson and my young niece, Princess Xenia, who had in the meantime married my wife's son, W. B. Leeds. The others stayed a while, but my wife and I had to turn around after thirty-six hours and come straight back to New York because she got word of the death of a relative.

My stepson and his wife had come over just after we did, spending their first Christmas together on the water. They were married in October, 1922, in Paris, after having become engaged in Athens, where my wife's son had come in order to be with her when she was ill. My niece Xenia, daughter of my sister Marie, was eighteen and my stepson was nineteen. It was an impetuous boy-and-girl romance, and though all the elders urged the two to wait until they were older, the young couple insisted upon having the wedding at once.

Upon our return to the other side, my wife and I went to London and established ourselves in Spencer House, which we had leased. There I had the misfortune to lose my wife. She died on August 29, 1923. In September we brought her back to America to be buried in Woodlawn Cemetery, in New York City, where I, too, hope to be buried.

I went immediately back to London to close Spencer House. There were many things to be packed and others that had to be sold. My wife's possessions were divided between her son and me, share and share alike. My stepson and my niece, his wife, were wonderful to me during that dreadful time. If they had not been there I should have gone off my head at times, I really think. Incidentally, the Leeds fortune, about which the newspapers made so much to-do, reverted to her son at my wife's death.

Spencer House has now become a public institution, I am thankful to say. It was an ill-fated dwelling. Something happened to everybody who lived there.

I left London and its sad associations as soon as my affairs were settled and went to Italy. I had decided that I wanted to buy a house and make a home in Rome for my mother and myself. I found a villa in an attractive section and set about remodeling it. My mother, who had been staying with my sister in London, came on to Rome to be with me as soon as I was settled. I fitted up rooms for her which duplicated as nearly as possible those she had loved in Athens. All her cherished possessions—icons, family photographs, books and favorite pieces of furniture—were arranged exactly as she had been accustomed to have them in her old home. Even the hangings and wall papers were reproduced.

I think that my mother was as contented in our new home as it was possible for one who had suffered so much to be anywhere. She was visited frequently by other members of the family and lived much in her memories of other days. Up to the day of her death, June 18, 1926, she was an understanding and interesting companion. I miss the little jokes and confidences we shared.

In a New Sphere

My mother was buried in Florence beside her son, King Constantine. Her death severed our last link with the old happy home life in Athens. Like our Russian relatives, we have scattered in all directions. One of my Russian cousins serves guests in a tea room in Rome. My Russian niece, Marie, runs an embroidery shop in Paris. She started it as a tiny enterprise with six workgirls. Now it does an enormous volume of business.

Those Russian women, reared in the greatest and most luxurious court the world ever knew, have been wonderful in the way they have met the slings and arrows of fortune. You will find them working hard and efficiently in the tea shops and dressmaking concerns of every city in Europe. They do not whimper about fate and they are interested in what they are doing and making good at it.

My own family is scattered. My brothers are in France. My sister lives in Rome. My nephew, King George, is in Rumania. His mother, Queen Sophie, lives in Florence with her three younger children. I divide my time between Rome and New York City. We all await the next chapter, whatever it is to be.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles by Prince Christopher.

SWEET SOUNDS ON THE AIR

(Continued from Page 8)

dealt out accordingly. That, I am afraid, would fit ill with the temper of the—comparatively—United States. Here, naturally, men are free; liberty is their sacred possession. Twenty stations, a hundred, it is insisted, were privileged to broadcast, to use the common air, at whatever time and on whatever lengths they elected. The result, naturally, is chaos. Every selection was overlaid entirely or at its edges with other inappropriate selections. A comic recital is accompanied by a death march, a passage of strings blared into silence by trumpets, an address on the foreign debt is trimmed—I must say, to its improvement—by the Two Black Crows. Worse than that there are films, layers, of sound; sound alternating and fading and rising

from station to station, city to city. You begin by listening to Maryland; that is overcome, generally speaking, by Boston; Boston fades for a moment in favor of Canada; and in a breath Ottawa becomes Council Bluffs, Iowa. There is variety, but little coherence. The chaos, as a matter of fact, is fairly complete. It is, as I have pointed out, the result of an optimistic conception of the meaning, the possibility, of liberty.

In this I was totally selfish—I wanted the best stations, the best programs, untroubled by theoretical, or even justifiable, rights. I sincerely hope that might, privilege, will triumph. If a small broadcaster, with narrow facilities, must fall a victim to the rapacity of a soulless combination, I am, where the clarity of the air is concerned, delighted. I am for it. If there are only a hundred channels open for successful broadcasting, I am against any hundred-and-first citizen of the republic. On the plane of the Constitution there is, as well, the right of the listener, the citizen who has bought a radio. He, too—and there are millions of him—has a property in the air. There is no reason why he should either be condemned to an almost unbroken series of terrific howls or to no radio at all. The situation, of course, with freedom for everyone, is impossible.

A Clubby Atmosphere

That was largely a legal problem, but there is no such dignified aspect of the problem of announcers. Announcers can be—they are—worse than an electric pump or summer lightning. There are so many bad ones—they are so inconceivably bad—that it is impossible to do them even a remote justice. The worst, perhaps, is the announcer who thinks he is an important, even the most important, part of a program. He is, as a rule—in his own mind—witty; he is especially witty about the titles of songs; he tells stories that have no discoverable connection with his purpose. He is at all moments triumphantly himself. No one, as a matter of fact, except perhaps his mother, cares what he is. He is an unbearable nuisance.

In addition to the wit—if you say it fast—he is friendly; the radio is exuberant with his friendliness. His listeners, he announces, are all one big family. He has a telegram from W. S. Sills and lady in Omaha City: "How are you, Bill? It's fine to have you listening to the boys tonight. Glad to hear the program is coming in fine. Now I tell you what we're going to do, Bill, just for you. I see you want the boys to play a little piece called In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. Well, there ain't any mountains around here—we're out of mountains, if that's plain—and we're going to play Among My Souvenirs. How's that!"

There is, too, the announcer who regards his station as a variety of club. He is always admitting, with the insane ringing of a bell, someone to its privileges. His voice is loud and flat and, in spite of its assumed heartiness, clearly perfunctory: "Jack Layfiller wants to join from Raleigh. What do you say, boys? I guess Jack's a pretty good fellow." A prolonged harsh ringing of the bell. Jack's a member. "How about Wesley Tollman, in Richmond? Sure, Wes, come right in." More and intolerable bell.

I once, to be completely candid, heard Brownsville, Texas—that is, I knew it was Brownsville. I was gambling on long-distance reception; it was necessary to identify both the call letters and the location, and I had heard only part of the latter. Well, in Brownsville there was a club in progress—a coat-hanging club, it seemed; any number of Jacks and Wesleys were being interrogated and invited to hang up their coats—to come right in. It was evidently hot in Texas, but in Pennsylvania, in winter, I was hotter. I could have reconciled myself to music, survived a lecture, but a coat-hangers' club! Loud and shallow, stupid joviality.

The question of station identification, it seemed to me, was quite simple—at intervals of two or three numbers the station identified itself—the station and not the announcer. That was all. Anyone could listen to the announcements of WOR or WEAF or WJZ, and hear it done perfectly. Three things, and three only, were important—the call letters and location, the ownership or purpose of a station, and what was broadcast. An announcer was a fact announcing those simple facts. I could not believe that, given an articulate voice and the possession of an average knowledge of words, announcing was a difficult profession. It is probably, at its best, monotonous—that is, when it is held within its proper, its narrow limits.

The flamboyant individual created his own opportunities and the profound discouragement of others.

There was still another harassing variety—the learned announcer—the individual who, before the playing of music, repeated its history, together with facts about the composer. During the Beethoven celebration the air was heavy with information. While it was in progress I turned from city to city in vain effort to avoid again hearing that Beethoven's genius was greatly influenced by his deafness. I began to be annoyed with Beethoven; he was too much in the air. I felt that he was overexplained. Fine music evaded words; it transcended even knowledge; the composer—and especially in a radio—lived in his music. There was scarcely a night when I was not instructed which Strauss, in the world of waltzes, was which. The facts about Victor Herbert began to oppress me seriously. Edvard Grieg, the celebrated Scandinavian composer, assumed the unfortunate properties of a nuisance. Edward MacDowell—well, the charm of a wild rose had long ago wilted. Explained away. Statistics! The only exception to that, for my own taste, was Mr. Walter Damrosch. He, I thought, accomplished the impossible with an utter simplicity. His tact was always more apparent than his learning. He was, too, so handsomely engrossed with his subject.

The others drove me into profane space. I began to fish exclusively for stations where there were levity and nonsense, for music without history. I listened to selections called Pardon the Glove and The Girl Friend with enormous relief. I turned to the frivolities of late Chicago stations, where there was small chance of being improved by a lecture. I hung around the disembodied strains of brass bands. I didn't want to be educated in my dining room. I wanted music unencumbered by laborious dissertations. Yes, the pedantic announcers were as tiresome as the promoters of imaginary clubs. They, too, made the mistake of regarding themselves as a part—and no mean part—of the show. The honest commercial gentlemen, with something to sell, were infinitely better. I preferred breathless announcements from echoing dance halls and night clubs. I got a vivid pleasure from the information that the cabaret was filled to its last available inch. It gave me a fresh sense of the incalculable benefit brought about by the radio. I could realize, in a tranquil room in the country, how dreadful the cabaret must be.

Always on Its Good Behavior

Formal entertainment—affairs planned with the assistance of a radio—was another source of disappointment, largely on account of the static and other arbitrary and informal, unlovely sounds. There are still a great number of people who affect—affect is my precise meaning—a total superiority to all radios. Good and bad. They come to my house and exhibit a great surprise—a surprise largely colored with condescension when they find a radio there. How, they demand, could I put one into an Early American interior? Even the cabinet was not in harmony with transition chairs and a Hepplewhite hunting board. They listen for a moment to actually fine music and then turn away to a clatter of their

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As you dock at foreign ports, or cross frontiers, you will see officials of the country you are about to enter waiting to examine your government passport.

At these principal points of entry you will also see the uniformed representatives of the American Express. They, too, are on hand to meet you, but their purpose is not to examine, but to assist. The "Passport" that entitles you to their helpful service is your wallet of American Express Travelers Cheques—a "Passport" that knows no frontiers or nationalities.

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Get acquainted with Phillips Milk of Magnesia. It is not a medicine for dyspeptics! Just a creamy, milk-white emulsion every stomach needs at times. Thousands have learned to depend on it whenever they've over-indulged; or at any time when acidity seems to call for gentle correction. When starches and sweets overheat the skin; or turn too readily to fat.

To get perfect results, get *Phillips*. Imitations do not act the same; at least that is what many say who have tried them.

PHILLIPS
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There is no Substitute for Experience

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For safety in Exercise
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What folly to rob exercise of its fine health value . . . by exposing delicate cords and membranes to serious strains and wrenches!

In exercise of *any* kind, from tennis to the "daily dozen" . . . *play safe* by wearing an athletic supporter.

• • •

Wear a PAL! It's the preferred athletic supporter of leading colleges, "gyms" and physicians . . . Cool, light, porous, non-chafing. And extremely flexible, affording firm support and *safety* at all times . . . *Physical security* means peace of mind and freedom of action. Wear a PAL and improve your game . . . At all drug stores . . . one dollar. *(Price slightly higher in Canada.)*

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own. Sometimes they develop a trace of interest. "That," they would say, "is the best radio I've ever heard. Usually radios are a succession of idiotic squeals." "Not this one," I'd modestly reply: "it is always just what you hear now." They would, tentatively, turn the dial and get, perhaps, WCX in Detroit. A growing interest, an excitement, would own them, and I'd ask them back to hear a remarkable concert announced for the following week. I would stop at the radio before they arrived, before dinner, and try it. WJZ would be splendid. I'd shift on the dial; Newark would be fair. "Perhaps," I'd tell myself, "it will clear up." It never, of course, did; after dinner, after a moment of expectation, illogical thunders, sounds like the tearing of a heaven of stout canvas.

It was, however, difficult to account for the prejudice that undoubtedly existed against radios. It couldn't be explained on the base of an experimental and unsatisfactory stage; the radio had left that far behind. The complaint that a choice of program—the choice open to a talking machine—was impossible, had no justification at all.

There were always an infinity of stations broadcasting and an extraordinary variety of sounds on the air. It was not, naturally, possible at any hour of the day or night to listen to Gregorian chants or recondite chamber music; a devotee of the harpsichord might be disappointed on Thursday; but the chances were, there would be a harpsichord on Saturday or Monday; certainly there would be Gregorian chants and string quartets within a night or two. Such music existed, I suspected, in the exact degree of the demand for it. The demand was limited.

Our National Humor

What, quite as much as the sweet sounds, engaged me in a radio was its triumphantly national character. It furnished me with an inexhaustible supply of native humor. The materialism of America had always been widely discussed, but its peculiar humor was either disregarded or patronized by learned doctors of international knowledge. American humor was and is the humor, the spirit, of a lately vanished frontier, instantaneous, dry and more than a little brutal; it has the explosive quality of gunpowder and often the sharp gleam of a knife. It is not a materialistic humor; it is better than cynical, since it was bred in an extraordinary bareness of circumstance; it was made out of starvation, not out of rapacity or plenty; out of deserts and floods and Indians, out of burning plains and mountains of ice. It is a humor based in philosophy—the recognition of the bitterness of an existence without safety or the luxury of ease.

With changing conditions, with ease, naturally the national humor changed, but it never lost its first characteristics. It was still utilitarian and doubtful, it still mocked at ease and elegance, and delighted in disasters to affluence. It still had the spirit, the warmth, of the border, the quick uncritical warmth of a land, a time, where men existed without credentials and with no previous knowledge of one another at all. Everyone was accepted by faith and the assistance of their wits and various knives, derringers and six-shooters. The derringers and six-shooters, as national symbols, disappeared, but they induced a habit of thought; they affected the American humor indelibly. Yes, with ease the humor lost its sharp punctuation, but it was still recognizable.

I caught its faint accents again and again out of the air; even the tiresome proceedings of clubs were partly saved by humor. The Girl Friend, played on an organ, though it gave me no aesthetic pleasure, was humorous. It was humorous to any American who understood the fundamental spirit of his country. Yes, the air was full of that—of the heritage of old instantaneous and uncritical friendliness, the belief that everyone was exactly alike, that everyone from Montana to Massachusetts was entranced by Miss Birdlyn Weems singing Tonight You Belong to Me. Miss Birdlyn Weems would then proceed with an uncertain and sentimental soprano, her voice would drip thin and sweet out of my radio: "'Though you belong to somebody else, tonight ——"

It was inevitable that the condition which gave birth to the humor would, at the same time, create a national sentimentality; a quality, perhaps, not as tonic as humor. Simple people, simple states of existence, were always sentimental. They had, in place of actuality, cherished and conventional images to which they bitterly adhered. A mother was, perhaps, most universal; sacrifice for friendship was another; a lost lover—lost in battle or at sea—a third. These themes, in the face of a totally opposite current tendency, still remained beneath all others in the American heart. They were always successful, always touching, with an enormous majority of the public in America. Qualities that largely had to do with home. A mother, naturally, could not exist without an erring boy; without such a property she couldn't keep untiring vigil, there could be no lamp in the window. She could not, robbed of them, be a mother. Today such a theme would still overcome America, but what would happen to a song where a faithful son waited at home for an erring mother, I couldn't imagine. Certainly it would never reach the air.

There were, then, inseparable from the radio, humor and a country-wide sentimentality, but certainly they constituted no reasonable bar to its enormous scope. Except, perhaps, to snobs, to the superficially superior. Snobbery in that sense, in any sense, was worse than sentimentality. It was worse because it was not so honest. The people, I discovered, who did not like my radio fell into two classes—those who had never heard a good one on a good night, and those who affect an aesthetic superiority to the spirit and the pleasures of a nation. I saw, unfortunately, a disproportionate number of them, curiously enough in the ranks of the rich and privileged. The function of riches, it seemed to me, ought to be the securing of peace and a freedom of mind; money should create a pleasant absence of prejudice and bigotry. Privilege did, of course create a selective mind. But for one mind that was finely selective, for one individual who could not honestly be satisfied by the musical resources of a radio, there were a thousand who pretended, out of various degrees of musical ignorance, to be superior to such common means of entertainment.

It was they who raised their eyebrows at the presence of a radio in my Early American dining room. They protested against what they called ruining the atmosphere of my house. They approved of hot water running out of pipes, of heat rising from an elaborate furnace, but they could not reconcile themselves to the capture of music—often lovely music—out of thin air. It was—and God alone knew how they arrived at such an astounding conclusion—vulgar. But it was not, I suppose, sufficiently exclusive—men desperate with loneliness and silence in lonely places could share it with them.

The Voice in the Wilderness

The men and women in lonely places, perhaps, were the fundamental, the great reason for the enormous development and wide extent of radios. Beside them the necessity for a very special music was a very small thing indeed. The first radio I heard was in the Yosemite Valley, in the park rangers' house. The valley was still filled with snow, the winter had been long and difficult, the rangers cut off from almost every communication with the world. They had their radio in a bare garretlike room, a precarious affair of naked wires and laborious experimental drums. The aerial was strung around the wall. I waited a

(Continued on Page 165)

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF REFRIGERATORS FOR ALL PURPOSES

McCRAY
REFRIGERATORS
FOR ALL PURPOSES
For
Grocery Stores·
Meat Markets·
Hotels · Restaurants · Hospitals·
Institutions··
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Homes · · · ·

More than 250,000 Satisfied Users

The illustration above of the store of John Schalz, Aurora, Ill., is typical of thousands of food stores throughout the country in which McCray refrigerator equipment delivers efficient, economical service. The refrigerator shown is the No. 185 cooler, the most popular of all McCray models for meat markets and meat departments.

"Our Profits are Greater With McCray Equipment"

IN RECORDS of daily business Food Merchants everywhere are proving that McCray refrigerator equipment makes more money for them. Their letters in our files give the actual figures of big gains.

These merchants are making more money by serving customers better... increasing sales by tempting display ... cutting down spoilage losses ... lowering operating costs ... with McCray equipment.

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McCray builds refrigerators for every purpose—in stores, markets, hotels, restaurants, hospitals, institutions, florist shops, and homes Quality in every hidden detail ... pure corkboard insulation sealed with hydrolene cement insures perfect air-tightness.

See the new models at the McCray salesrooms. Send the coupon now for catalogs and information about equipment for your specific needs

FOOD MERCHANTS, Get This New Free Book, *"How to Make More Money in Food Retailing."* Full of vital facts about every phase of the business. Send coupon for your copy, no obligation.

SALESROOMS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES *(See Telephone Directory)*

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Please send free book, [ ] How to Make More Money in Food Retailing." Also, without obligation, send information about refrigerators [ ] for grocers, [ ] for meat markets, [ ] for restaurants and hotels, [ ] hospitals, [ ] institutions, [ ] florist shops, [ ] homes.

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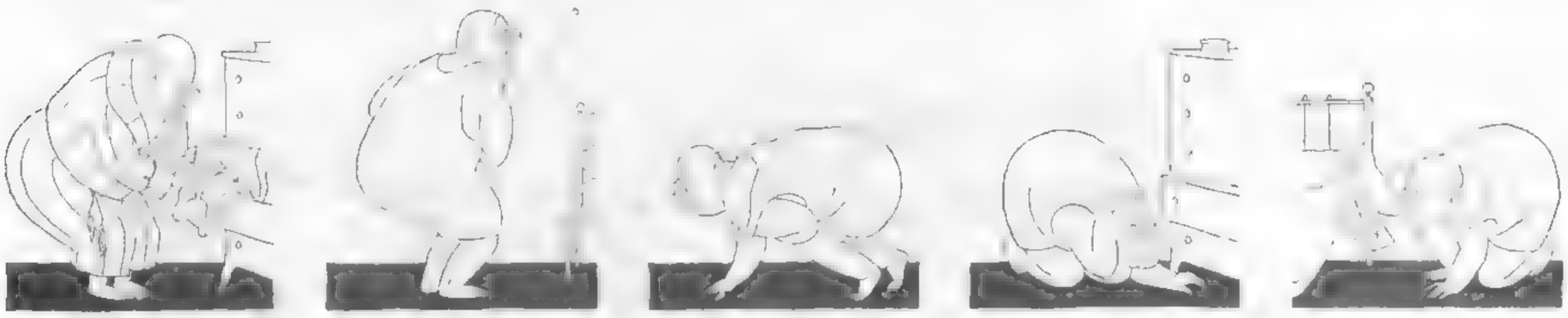
City _____
State _____

BUTTON, BUTTON, WHO'S GOT THE BUTTON? by Gluyas Williams


WISHES WIFE WERE HOME TO HELP HIM DRESS FOR IMPORTANT BANQUET
ONE AND ONLY BUTTON POPS OFF LAST CLEAN SUIT OF UNDERWEAR
STARTS LOOKING FOR BUTTON WITH VAGUE NOTION OF BEING ABLE TO SEW IT ON AGAIN
SEARCHES UNDER CHIFFONIER, CRACKING HEAD SMARTLY ON CORNER OF DRAWER
THINKS HE SEES IT GLEAMING IN FAR DISTANT CORNER UNDER BED
STARTS UNDER BED, GETTING HIMSELF FIRMLY WEDGED IN. RETREATS WITH DIFFICULTY
GLUYAS WILLIAMS
REMEMBERS WIFE'S BUTTON BOX IN LIVING-ROOM DOWNSTAIRS. HURRIES DOWN. SPIES JUST THE RIGHT BUTTON AT BOTTOM OF BOX
AT THIS MOMENT REALIZES THE SHADES ARE UP, AND HE CAN BE SEEN FROM STREET. DROPS BUTTON BOX
DECIDES TO PIN HIS FAITH ON A SAFETY-PIN AND SNEAKS HASTILY UPSTAIRS
IS SURE THAT PIN'S GOING TO MAKE HIM UNCOMFORTABLE AND THAT HE'S GOING TO BUY SOME SEALPAX TWIN-BUTTON UNION SUITS, WITH THE BUTTONS ANCHORED TO STAY—WHICH HE HEARD ABOUT

A BUTTON *on* your underwear is a little thing. A button *off* your underwear is a big nuisance. No buttons down the front of Sealpax Twin Button---just two on the shoulder---both anchored on with linen thread---a new suit if one comes off. That's why men everywhere hail Sealpax Twin Button with the greatest delight. "Step thru, button two"---that's the speedy Sealpax way. There's cool comfort on the hottest day---a smooth, unbroken front without hard buttons to annoy you---no lapping---no gapping. Extra good news---$1.50 Sealpax reduced to $1.00. In de luxe cloths up to $5.00. Quality unchanged. Boys' sizes, too.

~and $1.50

THE SEALPAX COMPANY, *Makers*
Baltimore

Sealpax
twin button
is now $1

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(Continued from Page 162)

long while for an infinity of patient adjustments, and then: "There she is," the operating ranger announced. There she was! A thin and metallic and distorted version of a trivial song from a San Francisco café. The rangers present were solemn with triumph and delight.

I remembered isolated sod huts in Idaho, dwellings no more than freight cars in the forest clearings of North Washington, high and lonely cabins in Montana, adobe houses crushed in the intolerable still heat of the Southwest. They all had now, in their way of thinking, sweet sounds; the mere sounds, the sign of life, of people and cities, were miraculous. To such isolation the radio brought the most important of all reassurances—the voice of humanity, of a common living sound. That was infinitely more important than the voice of art. Art, in its final and elaborate forms, was not a property of simple life, of simple people largely supported by symbols and homely country memories. To the majority of them The Old Oaken Bucket was more important than a tone poem.

And so, fishing in the air with a powerful radio, hopeful of very special and lovely sounds, it was necessary to recall the cabins and sod huts and inhabited freight cars. It was necessary to remember the row upon row of houses in cities, each house with its aerial and its radio, each with its unit of the public. After all, the complete truth was, the exclusively minded had a small if any property in the radio. They were perhaps right about themselves—it wasn't for them.

Enjoying the Unexpected

It was even possible that there was a place in the air for lectures, for the repetitious facts about Ludwig van Beethoven. A great many people took their pleasures seriously, frugally—another trait lingering from the frontier. Pleasure without benefit, they felt, was a waste. Even songs for them had to be uplifting rather than an entertainment. This, however, was far enough from my attitude. Pleasure, in itself, it seemed to me, was a great good. Music was not primarily concerned with the head, but with the emotions; not with learning, but with the qualities of courage and understanding, with memory and the passion of love. I got, too, an enormous benefit from the purely ridiculous. In short, from the Two Black Crows. Sheer nonsense. It was immensely reviving and national, together with the sharper, the sparer, variety of humor. At times, very late at night, the formality of a station in the Far West would break down and a nonsensical song or absurd dialogue would follow. A silly and impromptu parody. There were, too, even more informal, totally unplanned comments, moments of forgetfulness on the part of performers. I heard, at three o'clock in the morning, the elaborate introduction to a song on the piano and, low but very clear, the exhortation of the accompanist: "Bite it off, Henry."

Such things give me pleasure—more than that, I got an enormous benefit from them. Yes, and from men's voices singing, from harmony. I have never met anyone who could not listen with inexhaustible attention to a quartet—a good quartet—of men's voices. In, it is useful to remember, the oldest songs. Thank you, no novelties there! Old familiar words and basic chords, trite facts preserved in an amber of sentiment. The Spanish Cavalier and labors on a railroad. That immemorial journey South or West with a banjo. There was no wit, no quality of intellect, in such quartets and their songs; it was purely emotional, laid in the region of the heart. In that they were perennial. The new songs, the new singers, were wholly different.

The new songs depend almost entirely on a quality of galvanic wit—an inhuman wit totally other than the brutality of the border. It is a city, an urban, performance and not from the country. The essential American spirit is based on country life, on country people and country, local, circumstances. It is, I think, still that, but cities are getting to be more and more nationally important; a city attitude, city songs, are multiplying with extraordinary rapidity. The radio has made that inescapably plain. The songs—they still fall largely into three varieties: The passionate, the humorous and the sentimental. But the distinct current quality of a song of passion is its abject materialism, its insistent realism. It is utterly without romance. It deals with fact rather than with regret or hope; it has a purpose without illusion. No doubt is expressed about an outcome. The humorous songs are epileptic in time, in words and in performance. The suavity of the Bab Ballads, the pleasant absurdities of minstrel humors, are, it appears, gone forever. In their place, so far as I am concerned, there are tormented irrational measures; designedly, inescapably idiotic words. Songs, men, in a world of acute mental disorder.

Only the sentimental songs are largely unchanged, but there are minor differences even in them—the breath, an accent, of materialism in place of an old idealistic attitude. I have spoken of one—Tonight You Belong to Me—that is characteristic. There have been lately, in addition, what I suppose might be called songs of loneliness—Me and My Shadow. Loneliness, however, in cities. They are popular interludes in a minor key. Yet, against all this contrary current, older forms are invariably enormously greeted. Mr. Irving Berlin is an example of that. Mr. Berlin's songs are in the widest popular American tradition. They could have been sung floating down the Ohio River, in the clearings of Kentucky; they might appropriately have accompanied the prairie schooners across Kansas.

I like them better than the newer school—it is true that I am close to fifty—better than the new passion, the new wit, the new bald sentiment. There is something hair-raising in the songs of the present, a something that might have risen from over the wall of an insane asylum. There is, now, an almost complete lack of reticence. Reticence and prudery are not alike. They even fail to resemble each other. Reticence is a word descriptive of a decent and courageous attitude toward life. Without reticence personal dignity is an impossibility. It alone makes existence possible under what, optimistically, is called civilization. In crowded places. It is, in addition, as necessary in art, in songs, as it is in reality. Art simply cannot exist without reticence, without a perfected control of emotion and statement.

DX Lends Enchantment

The newer humors are not—at least they are not yet—American; America is not yet in tradition urban, an affair of cities. It may become that, but fortunately I shall not live to see it. During my life the radio, anyhow, will be rich with familiar racial humors—old sentimental laments will vibrate through the air from Tennessee; the broadcasting from Chicago will include a reassuring immemorial rhythm; lately Mr. Al Jolson has again made the mammy song nationally popular; polite waltz measures with appropriate and sad words will be always persuadable out of the spaces of night.

There was still another capability of the radio which had nothing in the world to do with sweet sounds—the fishing for distant stations that had come to be called DX. This, surprisingly, was looked down upon by innumerable owners of receiving sets. They insisted that a radio was a source of music and entertainment, that programs were made to be listened to for themselves, that the reasonable thing to do was select the best program and listen to it. I did know a number of people who set their dials at WJZ and, except for an occasional short excursion into the field of WEAF, never shifted them. They consistently heard, they argued, the best and clearest

A DeLuxe Screen *for* VV Windshields

Thousands of motorists have been looking for a V V Windshield Screen to keep out bugs and bees, dust and soot. Here at last is a screen that provides this protection, at the same time permitting full windshield ventilation.

Breeze Filter is made of extremely fine (30 mesh) pure copper screen cloth, mounted in a rugged steel frame, all finished in black Duco to match the windshield frame. Installed in five minutes—slip it in place without drilling holes or altering the car in any way. No interference with the operation of windshield or windshield wiper. A size and shape for each car equipped with V V type of windshield.

Breeze Filter screens both upper and lower ventilating openings. Comes well below the line of vision. Its welded steel frame is as rugged and sturdy as the windshield frame itself. Cannot rattle; becomes a unit of the windshield frame, blending in design and finish.

Chevrolet, Oldsmobile, Pontiac, Chrysler 62 and 63 — $3.75

Buick, Oakland, Cadillac, LaSalle, Graham-Paige, Chrysler 72 and 80L — $4.25

If Your Dealer Cannot Supply You, Write Direct to:

ALBION METAL PRODUCTS CO.
ALBION, MICHIGAN

Breeze Filter

Your Money—

Suppose you could earn an extra $100.00—what would you do with it? Would you use it to pay bills, to start a savings fund, to buy a radio, tires for the old bus, new clothes?

How to Earn It

Whatever your answer, here's a plan which will help you to earn $100.00 or more—easily, pleasantly—just as it has helped Ralph L. Sterner, for example. Ralph is a watchmaker and jeweler by profession, but in his spare time earns a good many extra dollars every month as our subscription representative.

So if you are interested in an extra hundred or so—and who isn't?—just mail the coupon below, *today*, for all the details of our offer.

To R. L. Sterner of Pennsylvania, an odd hour is worth up to $1.50 or more.

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627 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I'm interested in your money-making plan. Tell me more about it.

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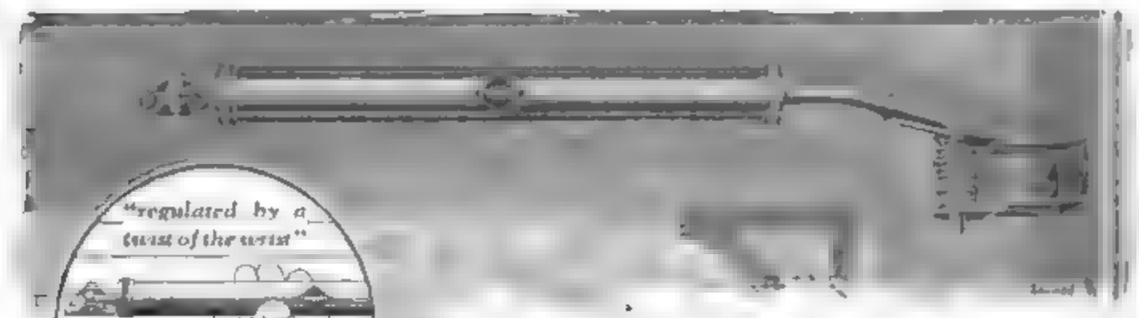

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No More BANGING Screen Doors!

WITHOUT banging or slamming and with no whistling sounds you can have all your screen doors closed automatically, noiselessly and surely by installing the powerful—

EVEREDY Pneumatic Silent Door Closer

This ideal Silent Door Closer gives absolute satisfaction. Operates right or left hand doors. Handles lightweight house doors with ease. Ornamental and handsomely finished in dull nickel. Easy to attach. May be removed without tools. Allows door to open wider than any other light door closer. Always silent in action and never fails to work. Adjusted to any closing speed by a simple turn of the cylinder. Will last for years, and at the low price of One Dollar you can well afford to equip all your screen doors. Price slightly higher in Far West and Canada.

Buy one from your Dealer. If he cannot supply you send us his Name and $1.00 and we will mail one to you postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Dealers—Ask your jobber or write us for special proposition.

THE EVEREDY COMPANY - Frederick, Md.

Also Manufacturers of the famous EVEREDY Bottle Capper, Syphon Filler and Strainer Set, which are Endorsed by Millions of Users as the Standard.

If You Want Work Here's the Place to Apply

WHAT have you been doing the last hour or so? Probably you have been enjoying the latest copy of *The Post*. Which is what nearly 3,000,000 men go home to do every Thursday night. A good many of these men buy their copies from the news stand. A good many subscribe by the year.

BUT—news stands are sometimes sold out. And subscriptions have a habit of expiring. To forward the subscriptions of such folks is a mighty easy and profitable way of making money without interfering with your regular work.

Many of the men employed on salary in our Home Office gained their first magazine experience just as you are invited to do. More of our former part-time workers are now regularly employed by us in the field, on a salary and expense allowance basis.

Whether you are married or single, 17 or 70, inexperienced or a trained salesman, we have a proposition you should look into—just clip the handy coupon below.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
626 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

What, please, is your offer? I assume no obligation in asking.

Name ..... Age .....
(Please Print Name and Address)

Street .....

City ..... State .....

entertainment available in the air. In the sense they meant they unquestionably did—the reception of WJZ, in Pennsylvania, was practically always perfect; its broadcasting included every sort of vocal and instrumental arrangement possible.

That was all true, incontrovertibly, and yet I could not understand why an interest in distance reception was not allowed to hold an equally engaging pleasure of its own.

The operation for enjoying near-by stations was no more, no better, than mechanical; almost any radio, in almost any condition, would do; the only difference lay in the quality of reproduction. But fishing for distant stations required for its full enjoyment the best radio possible in a perfection of sensitive condition. More, it needed a certain art and an endless patience in the operator. It was not a question of sitting before the dial and turning it from number to number. A careful ear was necessary, and a delicacy of touch. I liked such fishing quite as much as the sweep of a philharmonic orchestra. It owned a quality of romance; it included a variety of adventuring into the unknown that, it was hardly too much to say, was a sort of voyaging, of exploration, not over strange seas but in the stranger air.

A Radio Travelogue

My own adventures, without an especially constructed radio, were moderate, but wholly satisfactory. They would not have supplied the material for a characteristic advertisement in any of the radio magazines. I never, sudden and clear, heard the voice of Australia; bending over the dial late at night no one hailed me in the Dutch of Holland; I had not been privileged to listen to Pinafore broadcast on the light beams of England. Through the past, however, I had been familiar with the island of Cuba; I knew it well—the vivid life of Havana, the hot drama of sugar centrals, and particularly the music. The music of Cuba was strange; it was at once native and Spanish; anyone who had listened to the strains of the *danzon*, the drum in the rumba, would never forget them. They were sounds that performed the unnatural feat of staying in the blood.

Well, I hadn't been to Cuba, I hadn't heard a *danzon*, for perhaps five years. I was seated in a house in Pennsylvania with the shutters closed against a blackness of winter sleet and wind; and idly twisting the dial of my radio, instantly the room, the lower floor of my house, was filled with the sharp rhythm of steel-stringed guitars, with a *danzon*. It stopped and a voice in polite Spanish—a Cuban voice—said that I had been listening to a Mexican quintet in Havana, Cuba. They played again, a Mexican dance, and then there was a song, a characteristic Latin-American song in a high melancholy key. No other music written could have given me the pleasure, recreated the memories, of those five Mexicans in Cuba.

That, however, was a little aside from the fact of distance reception; what it did was to emphasize the romantic possibilities of a radio. In three years I heard Cuba only four times, and it was that difficulty which made DX engaging. With the perfection of radios, the simplification of the air lanes, the difficulties would vanish; in a few years, or perhaps a few months, the voices of Australia and London might be a commonplace; and then the charm, the excitement, of distance reception would vanish. It would then all be no more than a question of program. Even Cuba, heard at will every night, would soon lose its power to entrance the mind. No such perfection, happily, existed both to assist and to nullify my efforts.

I first heard California—KFI—very late at night; a radio had been put experimentally into my house, and, with expert assistance, I had been fishing for two hours in an air heavy with static and full of fading. We changed the battery adjustments, shifted and reshifted the dial over a minute arc, and at last caught a faint smothered music—it might be a trumpet. It was two o'clock, morning, in West Chester and eleven in Los Angeles. A thunder of static drowned every other sound and then died away, and in a breathless moment of comparative quiet I heard an infinitely distant and small voice: "KFI, Los Angeles."

Later I heard California more easily, often but not too often, at any time from midnight forward. KFI and KNX in Los Angeles, KPO in San Francisco, KGO in Oakland. I was willing to gamble on the reception of KFI three nights in any consecutive five. There were stations almost at my door—within twenty miles—equally elusive. I fished for Wilmington, Delaware, for three months before I heard it. Any of the Pennsylvania-Dutch towns was a triumph. A game was being played in Chester County which, as proficiency increased, became more selective and difficult. It was first a mere contest to get the most stations within a given time—a week—stations more than a hundred miles distant followed, and then stations more than five hundred miles away. This was elaborate; it required great patience, accurately measured maps and a careful recording.

Five hundred miles counted one point; every additional hundred made another count. Council Bluffs, for example, was ten hundred and seventy-two miles from Philadelphia, the standard of measurement; I hadn't yet heard both its call letters and announcement of locality both were necessary—and I returned to its place on the dial again and again. I tried it at different kilocycles and then almost had it. I heard the letters, I thought, KOIL; then there was an interference. It was lost again. A different music had broken faintly into the strains I was anxious to hear. About to leave it, I could distinguish KO—KOIN. That was the first time I ever listened to Portland, Oregon, in West Chester. Portland was twenty-four hundred and nineteen miles from Philadelphia. It counted twenty-four points.

Adventure With Imagination

That variation of aerial chance and play was again changed to include only stations whose call letters began with K. There were two stations in that category easy to reach from Chester County—KDKA, Pittsburgh, and KMOX in St. Louis. The next in my record was KRLD, Dallas, Texas; then KWKH, Shreveport, Louisiana; KVOO, Bristow, Oklahoma; KOIL—I was finally successful there. Then, on a very good night, I added Hastings, Nebraska; KFI; Denver; Brownsville, Texas; another K in St. Louis; Muscatine, Iowa; St. Joseph, Missouri; Shenandoah, Iowa, and Lincoln, Nebraska. A half minute before the agreed time had expired I found KMMJ, Clay Center, Nebraska. I did not win.

All that, it seemed to me, was tremendously engaging; it was exciting. A large indifference, of course, was created where the quality of any program was concerned—the dreadful performance of a dreadful song in Oregon was far sweeter than Mr. Damrosch in New York. An ideal broadcasting, naturally, would have been a succession of announced call letters and locations. The greatest possible luck was to pick up a selection just as it was ending; all music, any eloquence, was heard with worse than indifference. Impatience grew with the night. Symphonies, long and fine pieces, continuous dance music, were simply and purely curses.

All that, I was certain, was better than admirable; looking back, I could see that my existence before the present comparative perfection of the radio had been very different —— Yes, the radio had enormously affected and improved the life in my house. There was, on one hand, the music, and on the other, the adventuring to far-off and strange places. It was, of course, no longer an adventuring of the body, but of the mind; my body stayed comfortably at

(Continued on Page 168)

Competition Demands

that we serve *this 6 billion dollar market* from within

GREATER INDIVIDUAL purchasing power, increasing population and new and favorable sectional rate structures are changing the marketing map of the nation. Sharply defined marketing areas have appeared with a combined buying power that is demanding new standards of service.

Alert business analysts have turned to industrial decentralization as an economic necessity in meeting competition *within* these areas, and in reducing the rising cost of marketing.

Pre-eminent as one of these major marketing areas is the Great Southwest, with a population of 12 million and an annual purchasing power of 6 billion dollars. Here is a self-contained unit market with population and buying power that is *now* more than sufficient to safeguard industrial investment.

Already 1365 far-visioned American institutions have chosen DALLAS as the logical Industrial and Distribution center from which to serve this wealthy trade area. They chose Dallas---because of its advantageous central location in relation to the territory, population and buying power of the Southwest.

Dallas, interested in the success of these institutions, has constantly sought to develop her facilities as a manufacturing and distribution center. As a result, no city of equal size can show a more highly developed package car system. Over two-thirds of the population and wealth of this territory is served by one-day express. Handling and distribution problems have been adequately solved.

The complete story of how Dallas is prepared to assist Industry in economically serving the Southwest, as well as a complete market analysis of this section, is available to interested executives. Seven distinctive pieces of literature, built on facts supplied by recent surveys of two leading American industrial engineering firms, are ready for distribution (see list at right). Any or all of the seven will be sent on request. Please address:

Industrial Dallas, *Inc.*
1104 Chamber of Commerce Building
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Industrial and Distribution Center of
the Southwest–Twelve Million People
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Reasons Why Dallas

Dallas is presenting FACTS to American Industry based on two surveys of the Southwest and the facilities of Dallas to serve it All statements are substantiated by the two leading American firms of industrial engineers that conducted these exhaustive surveys

1 GENERAL MARKET MAP A graphic chart of best market area based on population and purchasing power. Shows railway and interurban lines, highways, package car, express and truck delivery zones; and size and accessibility of cities and towns within 100-200-300 miles radius

2 MARKET ANALYSIS OF THE SOUTHWEST: Economic trend, income, distribution of population and wealth, and comparison of Southwest with other markets

3. SERVING THE SOUTHWEST FROM DALLAS: A complete analysis of transportation facilities; freight rates inbound and in L C L to consuming market, cost and accessibility of warehousing; cost of office and building space, contains a number of interesting market maps

4. MANUFACTURING FACILITIES An exhaustive analysis of Labor, Power, Fuel, Raw Materials, Taxation, Factory Sites, with comparative costs for various lines of industry

5. DALLAS AS A CITY IN WHICH TO LIVE: An interesting descriptive and pictorial study of DALLAS as a place in which to live and work Dallas, frequently referred to as the New York of the Southwest, with its amazing sky line and lively bustle, is a revelation to those who think of Texas in terms of the cowboy and longhorn cattle

6 GROWTH OF DALLAS· A remarkable trend of progress based on FACTS

7. TEXAS CORPORATION LAWS Proving the favorable attitude of Texas toward industry. Legal forms and procedure clearly explained

In addition, Dallas is prepared to make special market investigations along specific lines for executives planning to serve the SOUTHWEST from within Request kept in strictest confidence

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Ask him to sharpen a pencil for you. Spread out a newspaper. As he proceeds, remark about the shavings on the floor. Tell him he should have taken up wood carving as a pastime. Then show him how much better you and your Boston Pencil Sharpener can do the job than he—a mere man.

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(Continued from Page 166)

home and distant different cities came to me on their voices. Various voices and various accents. Audible moments of remote civic pride. I was not Sir Martin Frobisher or any of the Spanish explorers, I didn't sail boats of practically no tonnage at all into totally new seas nor, in complete armor, struggle through the hot sand of New Mexico, and I wondered about that. I wondered about the function of imagination. Didn't it, as a matter of fact, take the place of actuality? The early voyaging Spaniards, I was certain, where they had the amazing actuality of their adventures, were largely without imagination. Their aims, their contemporary acts, were entirely immediate and concrete: They wanted gold and emeralds; they wanted an easy passage to lands of emeralds and gold; they wanted land for the crown of Spain; and they wanted to add to the dominion and glory of their supreme church.

They showed little enough imagination in their contact with new places and people—imagination was precisely the ability to measure new and strange quantities—they forcibly took all the silver and gold they could find and carry away; they paid no attention to the lands they found in the light of what they were searching for; they arbitrarily claimed nearly everything for their sovereigns; and they upheld the power of their church on pikes. Yes, imagination supplied an emptiness created by the absence of corporeal adventure. The comparative safety, the physical stagnation—except for golf—in which I lived lay heavily on an old inherited uneasiness.

Magic of the Middle Ages

That, where I was concerned, was in part corrected, satisfied, by my radio. It brought me a sense of escape, of almost spiritual freedom. It momentarily relieved me not only from the tyranny of heavy space but from time; it had re-created, in the sound of guitars, a tropical and lost period. A time of youth. The guitars drowned a blackness of winter wind and sleet, and substituted a happy blaze of day, of the scents of trees, the cool continuous whisper of palms and incredibly blue water. They did more than that—they obliterated the marks of a long sleeplessness. The voice of Portland, Oregon—the Oregon pronounced in an inimitable local manner—bore me instantly away from what was local and troublesome; it surrounded me with the stillness of forests of Douglas fir; I was once more in the pure cold shadows of mountains. Or I was on the levees of New Orleans, on the Lower Mississippi River.

I experienced this without the slightest knowledge of how it was brought about. I knew literally nothing about the radio itself. It had, in the short time since my first experience of it, been enormously simplified. Where, formerly, I had had to adjust four dials, I now had to turn but one, to switch on an electric current and revolve a single handle. When it was working correctly, all the tubes in its single compact box were lighted. That was the extent of my knowledge. I wasn't in the least scientific about it; and that—the scientific side—I could see, was still another miracle. Perhaps that was the most miraculous, the most satisfactory, of all its phases.

It had its beginnings in the magic of the middle ages, it was intimately connected with Doctor Franklin's experiments with electricity and a kite, it was built up in England and in Italy, France and America. It was as exciting as science had always been, and even yet it was hardly apprehended. Pictures were being sent by wireless. Pictures! Soon there would be pictures of foreign places and people in every other house, just as now there were distant voices and music. After that who could tell what? Such things, it seemed to me, were more interesting than books, more absorbing than painting; they even transcended the music the radio so beautifully, at times, served. The fact of the radio itself was more enthralling than anything it accomplished. I walked from one room into another; there were some slight movements of a hand, some sleight of hand, and my house was flooded with the orchestration of Wagner, the loveliness of Isolde. I could bring the sound to a mere melodious whisper and read or write against a faint sweet background of strings. I could hear the songs of the North Carolina mountains, the songs of Schubert, all the gay lyrics of the New York stage. You couldn't, to be as current as possible, beat that.

As a result, the presence of a radio in my Early American dining room, with the transition chairs and the Hepplewhite hunting board, didn't greatly disturb me. I managed to disregard the objections, the suffering, of people sensitive to such incongruity. Against that, I thought how delighted, how curious, Thomas Jefferson would have been with such an invention; General Washington would have danced every day in place of every other day; Lincoln, in his incurable loneliness of spirit, would have loved it. No, I wasn't inclined to make any apology. Even when, with company, the radio behaved badly, I soon recovered from an unimportant disappointment. It had a habit of behaving with a beautiful clarity at odd and unexpected moments.

I'd turn it on very early in the morning, after a dance, and Oklahoma or Florida or San Francisco would respond; I'd hear the reports of the Canadian Northwest Police at stations between trips by dog sled; I'd hear St. Joseph's broadcasting the appearance of a murderer; descriptions of lost children with blue eyes; scattered nonsense and banality and tragedy and beauty. It was so very engaging that finally I had to be severe with myself, limit the time I spent, the nights, wandering over the American world. It interfered with my sleep and threatened to interrupt my work. I got to be annoyed with people who merely spoke to me. I'd answer with a sharp wave of the hand; I would reply to nothing, intent on the possibility of hearing Sioux City. Inopportune noises in the kitchen, in the pantry, infuriated me. It was impossible, I was told, to put the silver back in its drawer; you couldn't, it was explained, command a dinner party to silence because you happened to think you were listening to Port-au-Prince.

Elusive Port-au-Prince

I never did actually hear Port-au-Prince. I fished for it all winter, but without result. Mrs. Gibson McIlvain twice was successful, and she telephoned me immediately. Port-au-Prince! It gave her a great superiority. California, even three times in five, instantly became commonplace. I had my radio freshly inspected, new tubes were put in, but no Haiti. I threatened to get a new, a bigger and more powerful affair, and wrote to radio magazines and specialists. None would guarantee Port-au-Prince. I had to console myself with the reflection that next winter there would be improvements; probably the radio would be so much better that I'd be justified in buying another. There were always the most exciting rumors. I'd have a radio room, bare and especially constructed, a receiving set for short waves, for Europe and the Australasian Islands. Perhaps. Maybe. Sweet sounds on the air. Some day static would be conquered, the air lanes properly allotted. Perfection. Music in the dining room and pictures of Tonkin, China, in the hall. But that might, after all, be disturbing. A nuisance. It was probably well enough for me as it was.

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GETTING A SHOW ON

(Continued from Page 15)

"Fourteen letters?" said Herbert, puzzled.

"Twice seven," said Mr. Clark. "I vibrate to seven."

It was a long time before Herbert could understand what the great producer was talking about at all. But finally he understood that Mr. Clark had a profound belief in a certain cult which was convinced of the efficacy of having the right number of letters in your name. It was mixed up with astrology, and Herbert never did fully comprehend what it was all about. But he did gather that Mr. Clark always consulted the high priestess of this strange science before he produced a play or put a star under contract or leased a theater.

Later Herbert was to learn that the devotees of this mystical goddess were very numerous in New York City; that scores of persons known as hard-headed business men consulted her habitually concerning the most important affairs.

"I vibrate to seven," repeated Mr. Clark—"and that reminds me—I forgot to tell Freddy Simms, but I'm changing the name of our play to The Well."

"But why The Well?" asked Herbert. "There's nothing about a well in it."

"I'll have Freddy put a well in the first act," said Mr. Clark, "and then have the second act on shipboard, instead of the first."

"But why a well?" persisted Herbert.

"Seven letters in that title, The Well," said Mr. Clark happily. Then he did some scribbling on a sheet of paper and shoved it toward Herbert. "Look," he said with an air of immense satisfaction. Herbert read:

The Well—seven letters.
Eleanor Bartley, star—fourteen letters.
Norbert McManis, author—fourteen letters.
Frederick Simms, co-author—fourteen letters.
Danesbury Clark, producer—fourteen letters.

"But my name isn't Norbert McManis; it's Herbert McInnis," protested Herbert.

"Oh! Of course! Excuse me." Mr. Clark made a hasty calculation and then said brightly: "Same number of letters—twice seven—will do just as well. You know, I would have had you change your name if it hadn't added up right. I changed mine."

"You did?"

"Yes, indeed! My name was originally Danbury Clark. But it wouldn't do—only twelve letters. So I was advised to change it to Danesbury Clark, fourteen letters, twice seven. By the way, it was a wonderful idea of yours—having seven characters in the play. Of course, now, with these changes, we'll have to have more people; we'll have to have fourteen characters."

"But why make all these changes?" asked Herbert. "I think they're ruining my play!"

"Now, now, now," said Mr. Clark reproachfully, "don't be stubborn and obstructive; don't, please, be just the typical author. Realize that we're practical men of the theater, and take our help. Be practical, Mr. McComas—be practical. You want a production, don't you?"

Herbert did—he still did. These changes would make a play quite different from his original play, but still, he could see there might be something like a play left. And there was the chance that there would be some money in it. Perhaps these strange people, in some queer way, really did know what they were doing; anyhow, they were experienced in the theater and he was not.

"Rehearsals will begin next Tuesday—the seventh of July. We're lucky we can start so early—July, the seventh month! We'll open out of town on July twenty-eighth, give it a few weeks on the road, and bring it in to New York on August twenty-first."

Herbert had never seen a play rehearsed before by professionals, and he was surprised to find these professional rehearsals so very like the rehearsals of various amateur organizations in which he had been implicated in his earlier youth. At the end of the fourth day Miss Eleanor Bartley threw her script in the face of Mr. Willis Pendleton, the director, called him a loathsome, fat toad, and thereupon walked out, never to return.

"I wish, Willis," was the only comment of Mr. Danesbury Clark, "that you'd change your name to Wills Pendleton, instead of Willis."

"Why?" asked Mr. Pendleton.

"For the sake of harmony," said Mr. Clark. "You're the only unharmonious note in this production. You don't vibrate with the rest of the show. Fifteen letters in your name—Wills Pendleton, fourteen letters! Perfect harmony!"

Mr. Pendleton got ready to walk out in his turn.

But that was patched up, and the next day Mr. Clark announced joyously that he had secured the services of Miss Annette Whipple for the rôle of Olga.

"But Miss Whipple is a comédienne!" said Herbert, aghast.

Mr. Danesbury Clark gave him a grieved look and turned his back. Mr. Frederick Simms led him aside.

"See here, Herb," he said, "you don't want to antagonize the old man that way. He's pretty soft-spoken, but don't kid yourself for that reason. He'll get his own way about this show, no matter what I and you may think. Now, this Whipple is a good little trouper. Knows her onions. See, Herby? They like her, kid—they like her. And if there's some of that heavy stuff you had in the script that Whipple can't do, it's easy enough for I and you to take it out, kid, and put in some of her old line of comedy. You got to be practical in the theater, Herb—you got to be practical. You want a production, don't you?"

The next weeks were bewildering to Herbert.

One Woman's Way had been a tragedy—a tragedy "drenched in beauty"—when he had taken it to Mr. Clark.

The Well, which had gone into rehearsal on July seventh, was still a tragedy, but there was a good deal of melodrama mixed in with it.

The Well, on July eleventh, the day Miss Bartley walked out, was entirely a melodrama.

On July fourteenth, Miss Whipple demanded that some of the comic lines which had been given to the lady bootlegger introduced into the plot by Mr. Simms be taken away from the lady bootlegger and given to herself as Olga. This was done.

On July seventeenth, Mr. Willis Pendleton decided that the parts of the comic lady bootlegger and of Olga should be amalgamated. He had discovered that, with her humorous lines stripped from her, the part of the lady bootlegger was no longer humorous, and it puzzled him. So Olga herself, much to the amazement of Herbert McInnis, became a lady bootlegger. But Herbert no longer protested. He watched the proceedings in a hopeless daze. Herbert was sunk.

On July twenty-first, The Well was a modern melodrama with a strong element of comedy in it.

On July twenty-fourth, The Well was a modern comedy with a certain element of melodrama in it.

On July twenty-fifth, Miss Whipple asked Mr. Clark: "Couldn't I sing a song here?"

The Well opened at Stamford, Connecticut, on July twenty-eighth, as a modern comedy, with a certain threat of serious melodrama in the background and with two comic songs and one sentimental song, sung by Miss Whipple.

Something seemed wrong. Mr. Clark, Mr. Simms, Mr. Pendleton, Miss Whipple, and three members of the cast all told Mr. Herbert McInnis that something seemed wrong with his play; they weren't raw with

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33x4½	38 00	16 05	30x4.50	26 40	18 35
30x5	50 60	19 50	30x5.25	30 40	18 70
33x5	54 40	20 65	31x5.25	31 55	19 05
34x5	56 65	21 00	32x6.00	35 20	19 80
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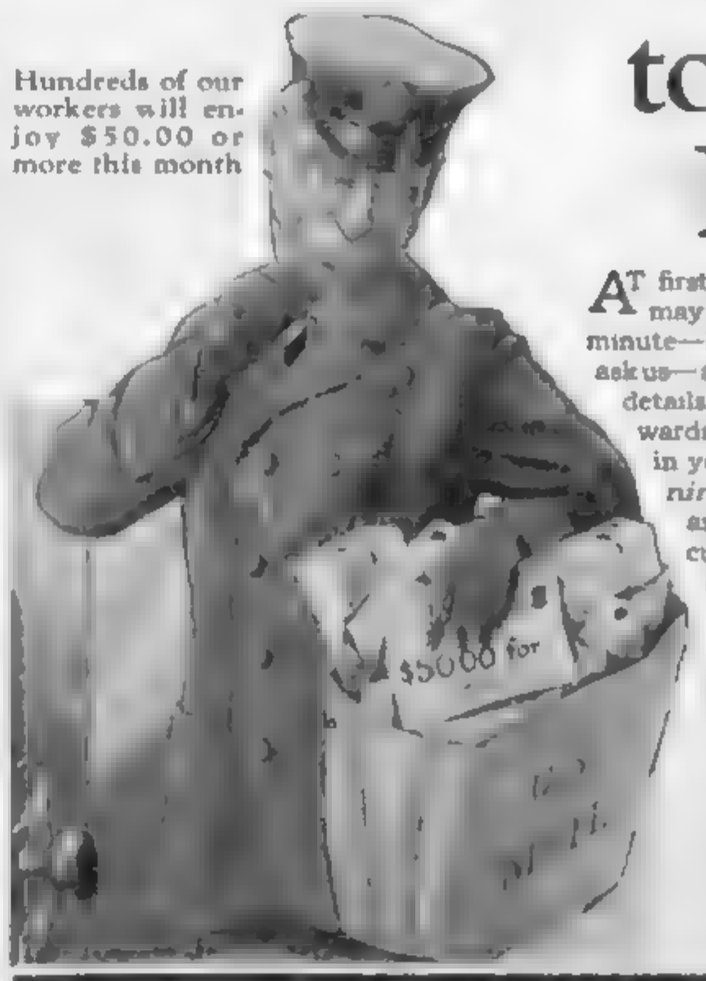

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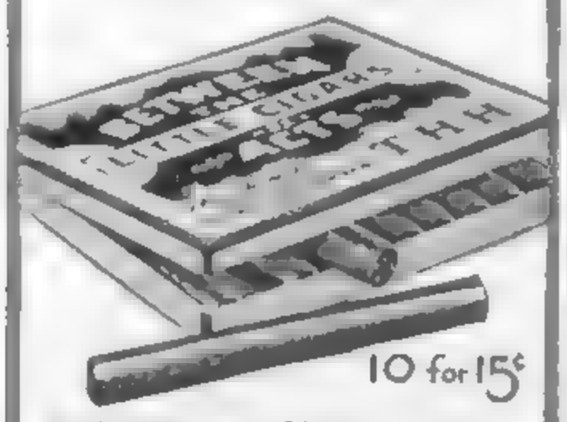

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him, but they were definitely reproachful. At Stamford, "they"—the public—hadn't liked it.

That week it was rewritten. The following week it played one night at Great Neck, Long Island, with two more singing parts, besides a hoofer like the hoofer in Burlesque in it—a new character introduced by Mr. Simms—and "they" liked it better.

The following week it opened in Atlantic City with its name changed to You Naughty Olga. Fourteen letters, count them!

It was now a comedy with music—not a big vulgar girl show, or anything of that sort, but a jolly, tuneful little thing, full of mischief and kicks and capers—and there still remained about it an air of quaint satire directed against the kind of tragedy that One Woman's Way had been.

It opened in New York on schedule time with a chorus of fourteen milkmaids in bathing suits, with milk pails and milking stools, in the shipboard scene, who sang a most amusing song explaining that they were going to dive overboard in a minute and milk the sea cows. This and other merry little conceits of the same nature, and Miss Annette Whipple's popularity and undoubted gifts as a comédienne, put the show across. And presently Herbert found himself in receipt of half royalties on a gross business of $25,000 a week, Mr. Simms getting the other half. The ads in the papers carried the information that the show was "drenched in beauty."

"You see," said Mr. Danesbury Clark to Herbert, after You Naughty Olga had been running three months, "you brought your play, McComas, to the one man in New York City capable of understanding it."

"McInnis," said Herbert.

"Of course. Excuse me. Suppose I call you Norbert, Mr. McInnis."

"All right," said Herbert.

"Do you know this other McInnis," said Mr. Danesbury Clark, "whose play is running down at that little theater in Greenwich Village?"

"Yes," said Herbert. For, after You Naughty Olga had gone on, he had taken his original script to these other people, renamed the heroine, retitled the play Hedwig's Exit, and it was now doing pretty well—not making much money but attracting some attention. They had put it on as Herbert had written it.

"Yes," said Herbert. "I know him. In fact, I wrote that play myself."

"You did?" Mr. Clark was surprised and he was hurt. "I should have thought," he said, a little sourly, "that after all I have done for your first play, you might at least have let me have a look at your second one. But then, I suppose, all authors are alike. Fight their battles for them, bleed for them, die for them, lose hundreds of thousands of dollars for them, and what's the result? Ingratitude! Always ingratitude!"

He sighed and turned sadly away from Herbert, injured to the core and quick of his sensitive and sympathetic soul.

"I had thought that you were a little different from the others, Mr. Gillis," he concluded with tears in his voice.

Getting On in the World

Executives in the Making

THERE are several reasons why Andrew Carnegie became an outstanding captain of industry, but the one most talked about was his ability to make executives of his men.

Many firms have learned this trick of training their own executives. Practically all have learned its value. Stories get around and set them to thinking. For instance, a railroad company whose stock is on every list of gilt-edge securities is said to have followed the practice, for many years now, of training its men from the ranks up and making them into leaders.

At a recent convention a small group of manufacturers were talking this over at the luncheon table.

Finally one of them said, "I'll show you a man we are keeping under observation. There—the slender young fellow by the window. He's going to be an executive some day."

We looked at the man, but saw nothing unusual about him.

"Rather young," one of the group remarked.

The other chuckled. "In this gathering, yes. I wondered if that wouldn't strike you. The firm doesn't send 'em to conventions as young as that, you know, but this one asked if he could have a week of his vacation now. Said he was interested in some of the problems we were going to discuss and wanted to hear them. He is paying his own expenses."

"Humph," the cryptic one remarked. "Unusual." We looked at the youngster again.

"He's picked a good crowd to lunch with, and they don't overawe him either," someone else noticed.

"Distinction Number Two," his chief said. "That's the way he began to dawn upon us—one little thing after another. First time I heard of him was when I called on the file clerk for a trade magazine and she told me that D had it. 'That man reads,' she said, 'almost every good thing we take.'

"Next thing I heard—quite by accident—was that D was taking an evening course in management. He has joined a good luncheon club and meets men who are doing things. I notice they like to talk to him too. Probably get ideas in exchange for their wisdom."

"Are you training him for leadership?" someone asked.

"Not yet, but we're keeping an eye on him. A man must prove himself, up to a certain point. Besides, he must know a lot about a business from the ground up before he can become one of its executives."

There was a chorus of agreement.

One of the largest public-service corporations in the country has finally arrived at the method of selection hit upon by the manufacturer quoted above. One of their efficiency men had told me about it not long before.

"We do not employ people now for executive ability per se," he explained. "Instead, everyone is hired to do some specific job. It is those who fill their jobs with distinction who are kept under observation in the hope that we may discover the much-desired outcropping of executive ability. If it does appear above the surface you may be sure we nurture it with care."

I quoted him to that luncheon group, and they all fell to discussing how they discovered executive ability and how they helped it on. One believed in feeding out responsibility as fast as it could be shouldered.

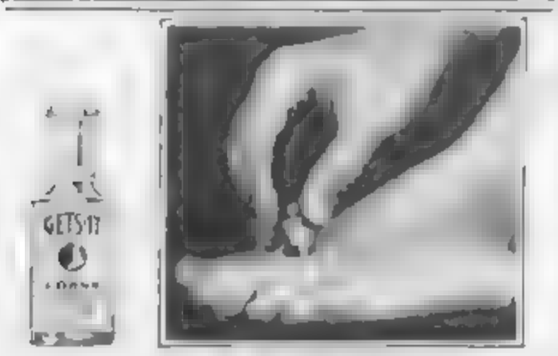
"It's queer, though, how it affects some men," he said. "It doesn't take long to find out how much responsibility can be carried—and how far. Some of the most promising men get their heads turned if they're given a little authority. You would never think it of them beforehand either."

Everyone agreed to that. There had evidently been plenty of experience with authority given before men were seasoned enough to carry it, but there were encouraging stories too. One was told of a young man who asked for advancement. Because he had done his own work extremely well he was put at some that was more difficult. Before long he asked for the job ahead.

"But what about your own job?" his chief asked.

"Oh, Jones can handle that. I've tried him out." Jones could. He had been well taught. The young man in question got the

(Continued on Page 174)



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IF you find MOLLÉ *does* "lubricate the shave" with a protective film of healing* cream between razor's edge and skin. If the same razor seems to have a keener edge. If you zip through the old whiskers faster than you ever shaved before, but without danger of cutting the face. And if you like the way MOLLÉ makes your face feel all day, afterwards—

Then you will have the message no human art can write into a mere advertisement. *For the delight of a* MOLLÉ *shave cannot be described.*

Mail the coupon—get a week of MOLLÉ shaves.

Then see how your face likes MOLLÉ.

A whale of a tube—50 cents —your druggist has it

The MOLLE Company, Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

Every MOLLÉ *shave "a facial treatment"* Makes your face feel like after a master-barber's facial massage.

7 Mollé Shaves FREE!

Look for these advantages:

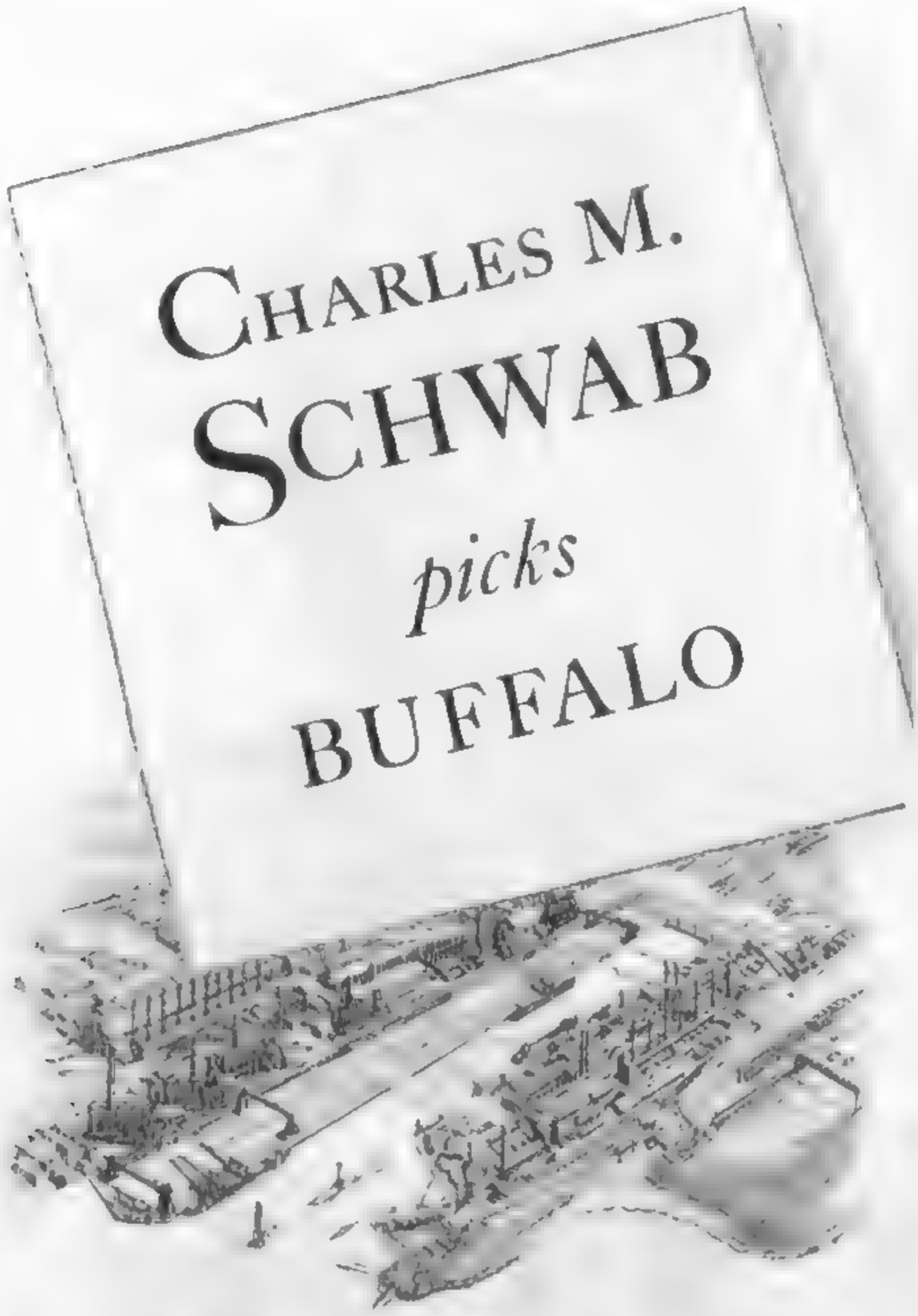
1. No brush—means quicker, sanitary shaving
2. No lather—instead a healing cream
3. No rubbing in—no waiting
4. No steaming—no lotions—no powder needed
5. *MOLLÉ means HEALING (from word emollient)
6. MOLLÉ lubricates the shave.
7. Especially fine for tough beards and tender skins
8. Seems to give your razor a keener edge
9. Makes the face feel like a million dollars

The MOLLE Company
Dept. A-1 Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.
Please send free and postage paid a week of MOLLÉ shaves to

Name

Address

CHARLES M. SCHWAB *picks* BUFFALO



THE extraordinary advantages of the Niagara Frontier attracted the Bethlehem Steel Corporation to the outskirts of Buffalo.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB and his associates further proved their faith in this district when they recently invested many more millions to increase operations here.

Lake Erie, the Barge Canal and 11 great railroads meet at Buffalo. Electric power costs less than in any other industrial center. Buffalo industry is versatile . . . over 60% of all classes of manufacture are represented. The labor supply is adequate and steady.

With all its other advantages, Buffalo has financial institutions of the first order. The Marine, organized in 1850, is closely linked up with the prosperity of Buffalo. More than *$225,000,000* of Marine resources are at the service of Buffalo's industries.

Ask the MARINE *more about* BUFFALO.

MARINE

TRUST COMPANY

OF

BUFFALO

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS OVER $27,000,000

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

The budget said, "DON'T GO"

From the day they started their budget it was evident that some of those columns would have to be left blank.

So when they came to the item headed "TRAVEL" they ruefully wrote alongside, "Not this summer."

But that was before the postman handed them a booklet illustrated with pictures of clear and bubbling brooks, wood-shadowed valleys, rolling mountain golf courses.

For a month or so that booklet lay at the bottom of a pile of letters. Then, as the weather turned warmish, they looked at it again. This time they laid it aside with a little less determination.

The warmer the weather grew, the cooler those printed trout streams bubbled. The more the city sun beat upon their slate roof, the more temptingly did those wooded valleys beckon upon the booklet page. Even the photograph of the mountain golf course began to lift father's mind from the overpiled desk in front of him. . . .

What do you sell? Vacations that must be pictured? Merchandise that must be shown? Whether you want to interest trade in the Rocky Mountains or in goods from the factory, printing will help.

Call in a good printer. Let him use good paper to carry the story to the folks who have been building budgets all winter—just to have money now. Just as surely as money was made to be spent, budgets were built to be broken. Good printing will set them tottering.

TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, PRINTERS, AND BUYERS OF PRINTING

A number of books dealing with different phases of the use of direct advertising and printed pieces have been prepared by S. D. Warren Company. Any of these books that you require may be obtained without cost through your printer. Write to him asking that you be put on the regular mailing list. Or write S. D Warren Company, 101 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

Warren's
Printing Papers

This mark is used by many good printers to identify productions on Warren's papers. These papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding and binding

But the booklet said, "COME ON"

WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS {better paper ~ better printing}

REINFORCED WITH 48 EXTRA STRANDS OF TWISTED LONG FIBRE COTTON

Make your dream of a beautiful lawn and garden come true at this time of the year. Use plenty of water. Keep a length of garden hose attached to each tap because every time you drag hose over your lawn or flowers you injure them.

CRACKPROOF is the most economical garden hose you can buy. Long life is built into CRACKPROOF by means of *48 extra strands* of twisted long fibre cotton—for cotton is the backbone of garden hose.

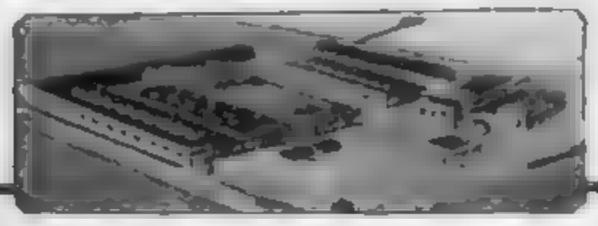
There is a CRACKPROOF dealer in your community. You'll know his store by a window poster showing our little colored gardener with his cheerful "*tain't gwine rain no mo'.*"

Be sure to ask for

CRACKPROOF

Sunproof · Rubro · Wearso

GARDEN HOSE



PIONEER RUBBER MILLS

Rapidly becoming the world's largest manufacturer of garden hose

Also manufacturer of *Skookum* cross expansion piston rod packing • *Copper Queen* rubber transmission belting • *Reliance* rubber covered conveyor belting • *Victor* fire hose.

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • DENVER • LOS ANGELES • SEATTLE
PORTLAND • TACOMA • SALT LAKE CITY • SAN FRANCISCO

Distributors thruout the world

(Continued from Page 170)

job ahead and before long was teaching it to Smith. He was finally made head of the department—climbed to the job by following the silent partner's advice to learn the work yourself and then teach someone else to do it for you.

Another employer said that his rule was to let men find themselves. "Every year we comb the engineering schools for their most promising young graduates, after which we dump them down at their desks and let them as strictly alone as we can—for a while. It's interesting to watch them pick up," he chuckled. "Some are worried at being ignored and have to be personally conducted up several rounds of the ladder of success. Others try to run the place at once and have to be conducted down, but there are always a certain number who have leadership ability that comes out in some perfectly natural way.

"It was that way with young Hill. He had been with us less than two months before I had him spotted—one of the most unassuming fellows in the rookie group, but with a quiet confidence that everybody seemed to feel. One day an emergency occurred. The line men had caught up their tools and were waiting for orders, but nobody seemed to know what orders to give.

"Then the rookie said, in that deliberate way of his, 'Something has got to be done before things get worse. We are not any of us sure what it is, but if you fellows will go with me, I think we can find out.'

"They did. When a distracted chief finally reached that particular scene of trouble, he not only found the trouble at an end but found young Hill completely master of the situation and of all those older men. That was ten years ago. Just the other day we made him a vice president. He's still young and still unassuming, but there is something about him that gets the men every time. I think it's that attitude of his—'if you will go with me,' or 'we'll do this thing together.' Just watch a man and it won't take long to find out whether he is one of the leaders you are looking for. After that you can begin to train him."

That man put his finger on one of the greatest needs of the world today—the need of leaders. If one digs ever so little below the surface in business, politics or the social services, he is sure to discover that somewhere progress is slowed up for want of more and better leaders. And he is almost equally sure to find a steadily growing conviction that, on the whole, the best method is to develop one's own executives.

—S. E. WALLACE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1 00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1 00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

Men like its ease—its speed—its smart good looks. Slip it out of your pocket—this handy smart tobacco pouch. Just an easy pull on the tab of the Talon slide-fastener and your pouch is open. No fussing. Dip in your pipe—load up the bowl. An easy slide and your pouch is closed. Tight as a drum. No pungent fragrance can drift out. No loose tobacco crumbs will sift into your pockets.

You see the Talon Fastener everywhere you turn. Men like the speed, the snugness, the convenience of the Talon Fastener on golf bags, gloves and wallets. Smart luggage comes equipped with it. It is the same dependable slide-fastener you've seen or used on Goodrich Zipper Boots. It is rapidly replacing buttons, hooks and eye-snaps, ties and laces—straps and buckles . . . You can identify the Talon the original slide-fastener, that always works—that never jams or rusts—launders perfectly by the word "Hookless" or "Talon" on the pull.

Brief case, canvas cash bag, riding boot, toilet case and pullman slipper case fitted with the Talon Fastener

Write us, the original manufacturers, for the names of companies making articles fitted with the Talon Fastener

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

CHICAGO: 14 East Jackson Boulevard

NEW YORK CITY: 595 Seventh Avenue

THE TALON

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FASTENER

WHY IPANA ASKS *a full 30 days' trial*

IF IPANA were an ordinary tooth paste, we should be quite content to have you judge it from the 10-day sample the coupon brings. For Ipana has a delicious taste and a remarkable cleaning power which, we think, will win you from the very start.

But Ipana brings you another benefit—one peculiarly its own—for which a full-sized tube from the drug store makes a fairer test. That is its power to improve the health of your gums. Used faithfully twice a day, it will show you the start of firmer, harder gums within 30 days—a modest interval in which to demonstrate a virtue so important!

Under years of soft modern food the health of our gums is impaired. But with Ipana and a light tooth-brush massage, you can soon restore to the gums the stimulation which soft food denies them.

The massage alone is good—the massage with Ipana is better. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic well known to dentists and widely used by them in toning and strengthening weakened gum tissue.

* * *

So switch to Ipana for at least one month. Get a large tube from the nearest drug store and start to-night on the test that in all probability will give you an entirely new sense of oral health and cleanliness!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.,
Dept. P68, 75 West St., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

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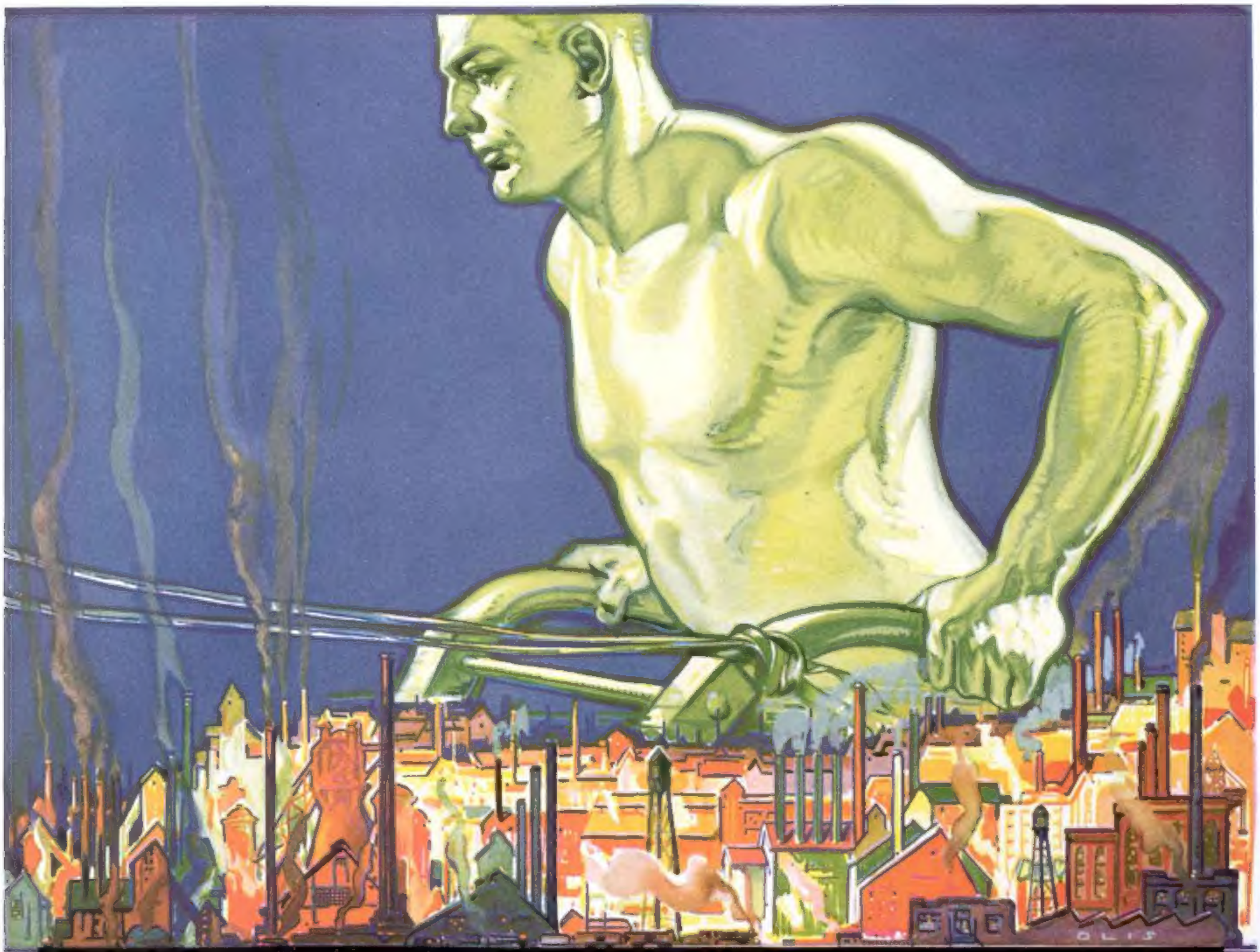

Cultivating Economies in All Operations Enables Certain-teed to Produce Products of High Quality at Low Cost

From thirty-seven large, logically located plants, Certain-teed distributes an endless stream of products to cities, villages, farms and plantations throughout the world. To maintain the standard of high quality and reasonable prices which purchasers have come to expect in Certain-teed products, requires consistent scientific planning.

Every phase of Certain-teed's extensive operations is strictly regulated to save time, labor or materials. Chemists, engineers and expert production men are constantly working over formulae, processes and methods to bring down costs, without in any way sacrificing quality.

One of the outstanding examples of effective economizing is the low cost at which the single Certain-teed sales force sells eight distinct lines. Similar results are obtained in buying, manufacturing and distributing. The savings that come from such economical methods are used in giving high quality to Certain-teed purchasers . . . backing the world-known pledge: "Quality made *certain*; satisfaction *guaranteed*."

ASPHALT ROOFINGS
ASPHALT SHINGLES
BUILDING PAPERS
BUILDING FELTS
PAINTS - VARNISHES
LACQUERS

Certain-teed

Certain-teed

LINOLEUM
FLOORTEX (FELT BASE)
OIL CLOTH
GYPSUM PLASTERS
BUILDING BLOCKS
GYPSUM BOARD
NAPARA RUGS

"I Said, 'But Doctor, Oranges are Acid Fruit'"

"'Yes,' he replied, 'so they are called, but they have an *alkaline* reaction in the body and they are, therefore, a fine corrective for your Acidosis.'"

"WELL, that was something new to me. But I thought he ought to know, so I tried it. *Three full-sized tumblers every day!*

"I didn't feel much different for about two weeks. But then I noticed that my head felt clearer. I began to go through with my morning's work without looking at the clock. Twice in the third week Jim Williams called out to me, 'Say, aren't you ever going out to lunch?' and I was dumfounded to learn that it was nearly half past one.

"Now, every day, I am surprised to learn that I've just got time to get the 'five-fifteen' for home and a good dinner.

"That's another thing. I have a real appetite for my meals. My digestion has improved one hundred per cent. I haven't had a single headache, or bilious attack, or a touch of sour stomach, nervousness or sleeplessness after that first two weeks.

"You see, it was an almost constant recurrence of bodily annoyances such as those that kept me vaguely conscious of something seemingly forever nagging at me mentally.

"I wasn't really sick—at least I didn't think I was. But neither was I ever really well. I proved that much by going to the doctor, taking his advice, and finally feeling like a different man as a result.

"And if you ask me I'll say orange juice is about as pleasant a 'treatment' for anything as I ever heard about.

"If you think you have Acidosis, give your physician a chance to 'treat' you in the same way. It's probably what he'll do."

• • • • •

Sometimes people with Acidosis need more vegetables, milk and other alkaline-reaction foods in addition to the orange juice. Your doctor will know. In other cases an adequate amount of orange juice alone greatly increases the efficiency.

To be sure of getting California Sunkist Oranges, of uniformly good eating quality, look for the trade-mark on the wrapper and on the skin of the fruit.

Write to the address below for free book, "Telling Fortunes with Foods," explaining Acidosis in detail.

© 1928 C. F. G. E.

Sunkist California Orange Juice

Richest Juice Finest Flavor

Look for this Machine

It is being distributed by the growers of *Sunkist Oranges* and *Lemons* to enable cafeterias, restaurants, hotels, clubs and soda fountains to more quickly and conveniently make for you pure, wholesome orange and lemon juice drinks.

The dealers using the Sunkist (Electric) Fruit Juice Extractor serve real orange and lemon juice drinks made to your order from fresh oranges and lemons. Watch for this machine—it is your visible assurance of purity.

Prospective Buyers: Learn about our unusual cost-price proposition on this quick, efficient machine. Write us for complete information. Terms if desired. State line of business.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE, Dept. 106, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California